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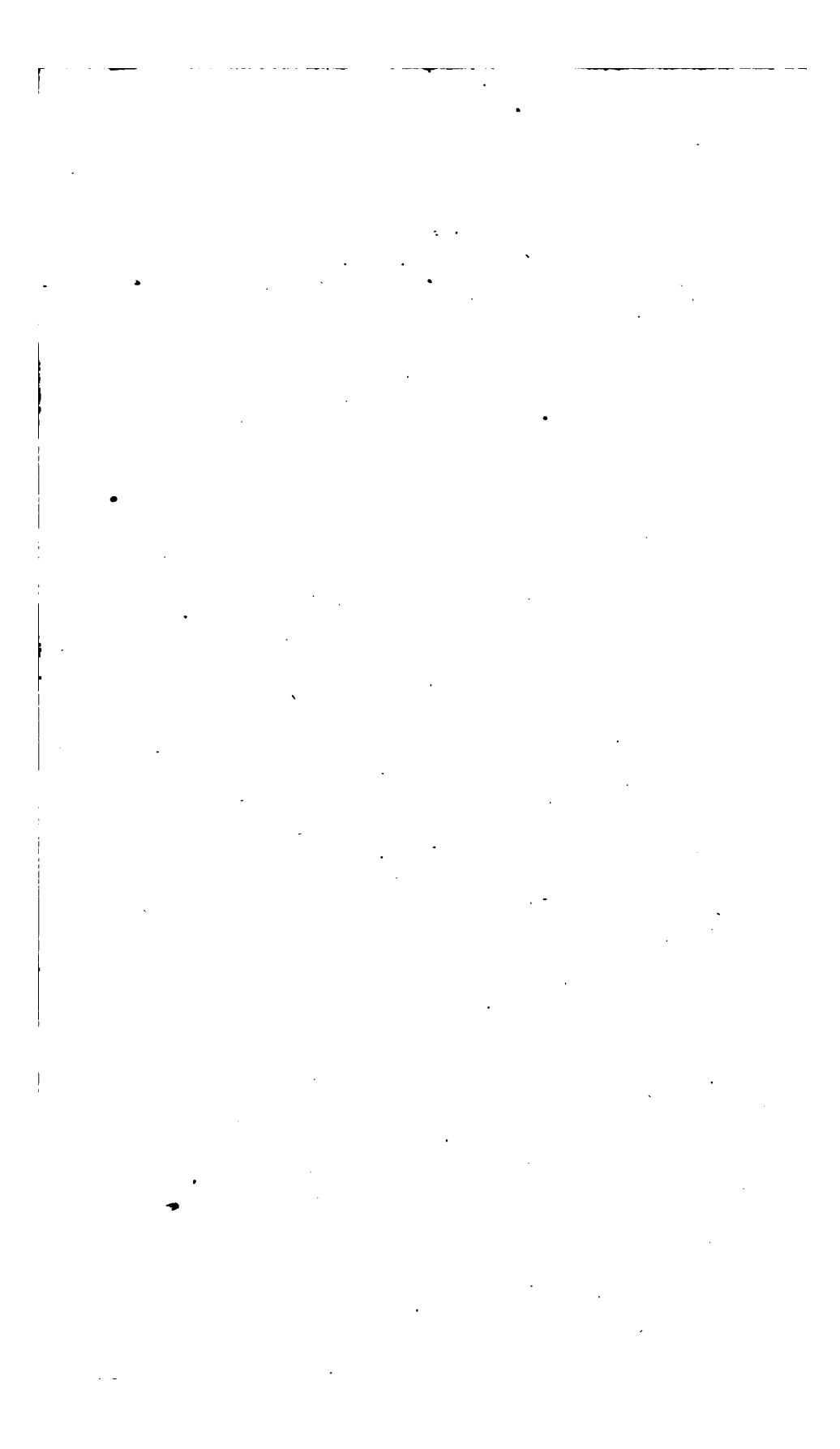




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THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,

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1824.





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THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
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ART. I. *A Memoir of Central India, including Malwa, and adjoining Provinces. With the History and copious Illustrations, of the past and present Condition of that Country. By Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B. K.L.S. In Two Volumes. 8vo. 1l. 12s. Kingsbury and Co. 1823.*

WE are informed in the preface of this work, that

"In January, 1818, the Author was placed by the Marquis of Hastings in the military and political charge of Central India; and during the four years he filled that station, his own attention, and that of the able public officers under his authority, was directed to the object of collecting materials for the illustration of its past and present condition. These he formed into a report, which was transmitted to Calcutta, where it was printed by order of Government. Several copies were sent to England, from which copious extracts found their way into periodical publications. This report having been drawn up amid the hurry of other duties, and when the Author was in a bad state of health, had many imperfections that required to be corrected: he therefore solicited permission from the Honourable Court of Directors to make it the groundwork of this memoir, which in consequence contains the substance of that official document." Vol. I. Preface, p. 3.

This passage conveys not only a history of the volumes before us, but a very accurate account of its character. In the liveliness and spirit of the composition wherever the author enters into details, concerning the manners of the people, the character of individuals, the state of the country, and other particulars of a similar nature, an experienced reader at once traces the language and feeling of one who relates what he has seen. While in the desultoriness of the narrative, the confused arrangement of the parts, and the constant recurrence of the same topics and names, and times and things, we recognize all the defects which a work newly remodelled from notes and documents, not originally intended to meet the public eye, might naturally be expected to exhibit. To suppose that this Memoir, as its author modestly calls it, *should*

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ever become, or at least continue to be, a classical authority among the students of *Oriental History*, would be, we think, to take a desponding view of the probable success of future labourers in this department; but we certainly cannot point out any single work, at present existing, from which the reader will derive so much, and such valuable information concerning the actual state of manners and society, both domestic and political, among that vast portion of the human race to whom it relates, as will be found in these volumes now before us. The work of the Abbé Dubois might seem at first deserving of being excepted from this remark, so far at least, as regards the domestic institutions of the Hindû. And, to a certain degree, perhaps, we should admit this to be true. But still, taking the Indian character as a whole, a more lively and we believe a more faithful conception of its general physiognomy will be learned from the *Memoirs* before us, than is to be acquired even in the work of that laborious and enlightened missionary. In Sir John Malcolm, the subject is presented to the eye, as if by a picture; in Dubois, it is represented to us in a more regular and systematic way; but the effect, by this very circumstance, is broken and interrupted, and conveys to the mind rather a series of facts than a general and well understood conclusion.

Sir John Malcom has divided the subject of his work into two parts. The first is occupied with an account of the origin and history of the different branches of the Mahratta confederacy, concluding with a narrative of those recent transactions which terminated in the dissolution of their power. This part of the work employs the whole of the first volume. In the second volume we are presented with several chapters, in succession, which are devoted exclusively to some general discussions concerning the administration of revenue in India, and the population of that part of India which is the immediate subject of the book; the whole concluding with an Appendix, containing reports relating to the geology of the country, copies of the treaties lately entered into with the several powers by whom it is possessed, meteorological tables, and other matters of subsidiary importance.

Of these two volumes the last is decidedly the most valuable and entertaining, as containing the greatest variety of authentic facts and anecdotes, and as throwing most light upon the state of society among the people. In the professedly historical part of the work there is indeed much curious and instructive matter; for the author's situation gave him access to documents and means of information, such as no writer upon Indian history has perhaps ever before possessed. But

viewed as a whole, the account which we have of the rise and progress of the Mahratta power, and even of its downfall is wonderfully unsatisfying. So many things connected with the form of the Mahratta government, the power and functions of its chiefs, and the whole internal machinery of its operations are omitted by the writer, as if generally understood; that we question very much, whether there are many persons not previously conversant with India affairs and manners, who will be able to follow the thread of his story. For ourselves we have undoubtedly learned many particulars from the volumes before us, concerning the manners and peculiarities of the Mahratta Indians, of which we were ignorant; but of their history or government or institutions in general, we do not think that the perusal of them has added any thing considerable to our knowledge. And we may add, that had we not known something of these, beyond what is to be found in these 'Memoirs,' we are doubtful whether we should have been able to draw from them even the information which they contain. As it is, we are inclined to think that it will conduce to the advantage of the reader, if he inverts the order of the volumes; and commences his perusal of the work by first acquainting himself with the facts contained in the second. For until the reader has learned something concerning Indian institutions, those very characteristic traits which are related of the early Mahratta chiefs and some of their successors, will scarcely be intelligible; and even then, unless he is acquainted with the principal features in the Mahomedan administration of Hindostan, in the time of Aurengzebe, when the Mahratta hordes first rose into political consideration, the interest to be taken in the events which Sir John Malcolm relates, will probably be very imperfect.

The country respecting which we are here presented with so much new and valuable information, and which has only fallen under English influence and protection within the last five or six years, is not of any very considerable magnitude in the vast scale of our eastern empire. It extends from twenty-one to twenty-five degrees of north latitude, and from seventy-three to eighty east longitude; that is to say, from Chittore in Mewar north, to the Taptee river south; and from Bundelcund east, to Guzerat west. The name of Malwa, under which the district is included, is rather the term by which the Soubah or vice-government of this portion of India, was distinguished under the Dehli sovereigns of Hindustan; than the true and pro-

per geographical name of the district itself, which, in fact, contains several provinces, of which Malwa is only one.

With respect to the ancient history of this part of India just enough appears to be known, to make us regret that we know no more. Osjein, the capital, is mentioned in the *Periplus*; and the remains which still exist of its former magnificence point to a period of which no historical records have survived. In many of the ruins that are met with in this part of India, may be traced the symbols and characteristics of the Buddhist worship. Sir John, on the authority of Indian Manuscripts, gives a succinct history of the successes of its rulers, beginning from about eight hundred years before Christ, until the present time. But the authority of his documents is more than doubtful; and even were it not so, a meagre detail of such unmeaning facts, as he has been able to collect, possesses but little value. It was not until the middle of the last century, when Malwa began to be the theatre of Mahratta exploits and incursions, that it can properly be said to be the subject of historical interest; and even then, it is the conquerors and destroyers of the country, not the natives of it who figure upon the scene.

The founder of that strange confederacy of military chiefs who devastated India for upwards of a century, was the *Potail*, or head man of a small village on the western coast of the peninsula. Availing himself of the discontents which began to prevail in all parts of Hindûstan against the dominion of its Tartar sovereigns, arising partly from the injudicious and impolitic interference of these last with the religious prejudices of the natives, and partly from the necessary abuses which rapidly spread themselves in every government when the sovereign power is delegated to individuals; Sevagee, the name of the first Mahratta chief, was able to found an independent empire in India: which beginning with that district of country lying on the sea-coast, near Bombay, in a few years spread itself over the whole of the northern part of the Mogul dominions. It was, as we just now said, by the contempt and disregard which the Mahomedan rulers of Hindûstan, and especially Aurengzebe, had evinced for the religion and customs of the natives, that a handle was first afforded for exciting them to revolt; and it was by acting the directly contrary part that Sevagee was enabled to accomplish his independence; and his example in this respect was followed by all the Mahratta chieftains, who afterwards formed the confederacy which went under that name. Not only did they affect to respect the customs, and opinions, and feelings

of Hindûs, but were careful to make an affected display of ultra Hindûism in their own conduct and demeanour.

The great and leading feature in the political institutions of the Hindûs, that which is the corner stone of their whole character, and out of which even the institution of *Caste* itself, very probably originated, is to be sought in the constitution of their village communities. Every little district in India, or as we should say in England, every parish, is a complete and regularly organized republic. Complete, inasmuch as except with respect to the military and pecuniary contribution which it owes to the state, it is amenable to scarcely any interference. It has its own civil and criminal court; its own parish temple and officiating priest; its own police. And it is regularly organized, because all its public functionaries, from the Brahmin down to the village barber, are hereditary, and paid out of the village revenue, as quietly and orderly, and by an arrangement as well understood as it is possible to conceive, and much more so than it would be possible, except in India, to practise. The cultivators of the ground, when they gather in their harvest, collect their several produce respectively into heaps: each man first lays aside so much for the Brahmin, or priest; so much for the Potali, or head magistrate; so much for the watchman; so much for the keeper of the village records, in all matters relating to boundaries and other disputed points; so much for the musician; so much for the poet; so much for the school-master; so much for the dancing girl, who is attached to the music of the temple; so much for the carpenter, smith, and barber. Having assigned each of these their allotted shares of the whole, he divides the remainder into two parts; keeps one for himself, and the other half he reserves for the Zemindar of the district, to be paid to the landlord, who, by another peculiarity of Indian polity, is, in all cases, the Rajah, or STATE. To this patriarchal form of society the Hindû is attached with a sacredness of feeling, which he entertains, not for any of the mean prejudices of his caste, not even for caste itself. If the institution was as inconvenient and hurtful, as it is beautiful and beneficial, it is now too late to attempt a change: and we will venture to affirm, that in proportion as our countrymen in England and in India legislate for the natives of the last, with a religious regard to the spirit of this fundamental principle of all their political institutions, the people under their care will be moral, peaceable, and happy. In proportion as they depart from it, they will reap the fruits of their mistake in the turbulence, the poverty, and the vices of their subjects. The truth of this observation is



at present, we believe, pretty generally acknowledged; we can only deplore that there ever was a time when its importance was not appreciated. Until, however, the mistakes which our East India legislators have committed, from their well-intentioned efforts to introduce what they, no doubt, supposed a more enlightened mode of administration in the financial and judicial departments are admitted; and until *they have traced back their steps*, we confess that we shall continue to smile, as we have always done, at the self-complacent praises which are so commonly heard and repeated, of the admirable wisdom and justice of our administration in India. We have changed the whole tenure of landed property in Bengal, and have transferred it from the hands of those who had, into the hands of those who had not, a claim to its possession.—We have altered the administration of justice as violently, and about as wisely, as an act of parliament superseding the trial by jury, in all important causes, would alter its administration in England.—We have *systematically* neglected all the means which the institution above described placed in our hands for educating the children of the natives, and by enlightening their minds, of preparing the way for the introduction of true religion at some not distant period. To be sure, we have given peace to the country, as the Romans gave peace to the world; and by giving them that blessing, undoubtedly we have rendered the people happier than they could have been, under any circumstances, without it; and in consequence, the country also is, no doubt, more flourishing and more productive than it had been for many unhappy years. But if those in whose hands the happiness of a hundred millions of human beings is placed, suppose that they can absolve their consciences by merely abstaining from any acts that will injure the revenue, we envy them not their dream. Our right to govern Hindustan remains yet to be *acquired*; nothing but the wisdom and virtue of our administration can create a title to the allegiance of its subjects; and we shall never believe that our rulers have really any thing more at heart than the mere productiveness of the country, however they may talk of higher objects, until they display some anxiety for the introduction of Christianity, *at least among their own servants*.

We have now lying before us, upon our table, the last Report of the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel. In a letter of singular interest and ability, written by Professor Mill, Principal of the Society's Missionary College at Calcutta, the following passage occurs; and we give it, not as stating a fact which has only just come to our knowledge, or

of which those in the government at home are ignorant, but one of which, both we and they are and have been long, well and fully informed;—however different the feelings may be with which we may severally regard it.

“Another reason, though not strictly belonging to the purpose for which I am sent hither, nor contemplated by myself beforehand, will not be heard with indifference by that Society which I have the honour of addressing,—it is, the miserable defect of the Ecclesiastical institutions of every kind in this central region, rendering even the casual hasty passage of an unknown clergyman of more importance than can readily be conceived in Europe. The multitudes who, within a few hours, applied to me for baptism, &c. in the cantonments of Nusseirabad and Nemuch, were enough to mark what must be the want in the other stations (equally abounding in European troops) of Mhow, Asseirgurh, Saujor, Husseinabad, Nagpore, &c. &c., all 500 miles or more distant from the nearest place where there is a chaplain, in either of the three surrounding Presidencies. The Commander at the first mentioned military station, who had applied twice in vain for a remedy of this evil, has passed, as he told me, sixteen years of his life without seeing a clergyman,—was *obliged* to perform several properly clerical offices himself, and this in some of the most populous of our stations in India. All the officers to whom I have spoken upon this subject have appeared even astonished at a neglect, from which the Dutch, the Portugese, the French and Danes in India, are so markedly free, and which I believe to be without parallel in the colonial history of any Christian nation. The prejudices of the natives have been strangely alleged at home in excuse for this; when it is known to all who have most conversed with them (as may be said without fear of contradiction,) that in proportion to their fear of interference with their own mode of religion, is their disposition to condemn and even despise those who have no religious institutions themselves.” *Rep. Prop. Gosp.* P. 197.

We have seen a letter from Calcutta within these few days, by which we learn that the schools in that capital which the zeal, and piety, and activity of its late lamented diocesan had succeeded in establishing, are already beginning to fall to the ground for want of the necessary countenance and support. The following extract will shew what is and has always been the practice in India, with respect to schools in those parts of the Peninsula into which our maxims of administration have not been introduced. The inquiry which the passage will suggest, is one which it will be less easy to answer; namely, why have schools ceased to exist in those parts of India, and in those parts of it only, to which our influence and power have extended? The truth is, our boasted caution was not sufficient to restrain us from break

ing through, with our European prejudices, into the most sacred parts of the Hindû polity, whenever it suited our fancied interest or convenience to be brave: but when our Indian rulers are asked to build up again the edifices which they have thrown down, merely to place things as they were, with such improvements only as the natives themselves would even thankfully adopt; we are then put off, as if we were so many children, with fearful accounts of unimaginable consequences.

“ In the schools of Central India the common language taught is the dialect of the Hindui termed Rangree, which, as well as accounts, is learnt by all the children of the citizens who can afford it; and in every village that has above one hundred houses there is a schoolmaster, who teaches the children of the Bunnias, or shopkeepers, and those of such cultivators as choose. With the latter, such instruction is not deemed indispensable, but they are all aware of its value, and, when they can afford it, they invariably give their children education. The teachers are paid, by the parents of the scholars, from two rupees to two annas \* per month, according to their respective ability, and sometimes receive voluntary contributions. The town schoolmaster is held in great respect, and has often an annual festival celebrated in his honour at the town, when he goes through the streets in procession with his pupils, and a collection is made for him. The office is usually hereditary from generation to generation in the same family. In villages the Brahmin Pursae, or priest, is usually the schoolmaster; in some that office is performed by a Jati (a holy man of the sect of Jain), and sometimes by a Bunnia (a man of the mercantile tribe) who has become a little more learned than his brethren. In all these schools there is considerable discipline, and some of the masters are very severe, and their authority over their scholars is deemed equal to that of a father over his children. There are no schools for females in Central India, such institutions being quite incompatible with the prejudices and usages of the natives: education among women is therefore rare; even in the tribe of Brahmins, not one in a hundred can read. The dancing girls here, as in other parts of India, are often well instructed, and almost all the principal Rajpoot ladies have sufficient learning to carry on their own correspondence.

“ Among the merchants of the Jain tribe, women are not, in general, educated; but when they are left widows at an early age, they are in the habit of devoting themselves to Jaties, or priests, with whom they abide, and from whom they learn not only the rites, but also to read the sacred books of their religion: they become, in fact, mendicant priestesses, and exercise considerable influence over the females of their tribe.

“ Neither the past history of India, nor that of their immediate

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\* The sixteenth part of a rupee, not quite two-pence.

country, forms a part of the instruction of the schools, as the Natives take no interest in such subjects; their education, when it goes beyond learning to read and write, has no object except making them acquainted with the mythology, the fabulous origin, and the rites and usages of their particular sect. A few Brahmins acquire a knowledge of astronomy, so far as it is necessary for the purposes of judicial astrology, which many of them profess; and to Kaits, Bunnias, and others, sufficient is imparted to enable them to write letters upon common business, and to keep clear accounts; the latter is perhaps the only art which is taught to considerable perfection." Vol. II. p. 191.

We ought to apologize to our readers for this discussion, so irrelevant to Sir John Malcom's book, into which we have been hurried by crossing a train of thought concerning the merits of our Indian administration. The point from which we departed, however, is not so far back as it may seem. We have said that the happiness of our Eastern subjects will be proportioned to the care which is taken to govern them in the *spirit*, and not with the mere hypocritical *formality*, of their native institutions; and particularly of that simple and patriarchal institution to which we then especially adverted. The institution of Caste is, we feel convinced, posterior to this, in the order of time as well as of importance. The former is an institution which must, from its very nature, have grown *gradually* into its present monstrous shape, just as the superstitions of Hindû worship, like every other form of idolatry, have been clearly the production of age after age; each adding some additional folly to the general mass of corruption thus feeding and growing upon itself. Be this however as it may, the history which Sir John gives us of the policy of the first, and even of later Mahratta chieftains, shows how well they understood the superior affection with which their countrymen regarded every thing connected with their village associations, and that particular order of things established in their little native communities. How strong, how indestructible this principle is in the breast of an Hindû, we shall soon see some very affecting proofs; but, in the mean while, we would direct the attention of the reader to the skill with which the Mahratta leaders always availed themselves of their knowledge of this part of the Hindû character, in the system of conquest which they pursued.

They retained the form of their village institutions, not merely in the government of their empire, but in all their intercourse with other towns. Sevagee made himself only the second person of the Mahratta confederacy; he remitted the supreme dignity to the Paishwah, who was always a Brahmin.

## 10 *Sir John Malcolm's Memoir of Central India.*

In the same policy the offices of state were all declared hereditary in particular families. The great military chiefs, who in fact were the sovereign possessors of the different districts conquered by their respective followers in the height of their power, still affected the titles, as well as the habits and manners, belonging to the village rank of their several families. Those whose ancestors had been potails, made the title still their boast; others obtained the rank by purchase. By this system, acted upon throughout, aided by the careful distinction which they endeavoured to draw, in all their excesses, between the people and the government, they infused into their followers, as well as into the minds of the natives themselves whose country they invaded, a kind of religious feeling. "It was a kind of holy war," as Sir John Malcolm observes, and the impression was aided by the appearance of Brahmins at the head of their armies. The following extract will convey a lively impression of the policy practised by these barbarian chiefs; nor is their example without importance for the instruction of those who have succeeded to their power. Sir John Malcolm is speaking of Madhajee Sindia, who died in 1794. The passage which we are about to extract refers to a date as far back as 1764. Madhajee was at this time in possession of the person of the treasurer, and of the capital of Shah Allum, and was, in fact, himself Emperor of Hindustan. The increase of his power, however, effected no alteration in the habits and professions by which he had obtained it. He still affected to govern in the name of the Paishwah, or nominal head of the confederacy, and personally claimed no rank beyond that which originally belonged to his family.

"When he came to Poona, during the rule of the second Madhoo Row, a scene was exhibited, which stands perhaps alone amid all the mummery to which the mock humility of artful and ambitious leaders has resorted to deceive the world. The actual sovereign of Hindustan from the Sutleje to Agra, the conqueror of the princes of Rajpootana, the commander of an army composed of sixteen battalions of regular infantry, five hundred pieces of cannon, and one hundred thousand horse, the possessor of two thirds of Malwa and some of the finest provinces in the Deckan, when he went to pay his respects to a youth who then held the office of Paishwah, dismounted from his elephant at the gates of Poona; placed himself in the great hall of audience below all the Mankarries, or hereditary nobles of the state; and when the Paishwah came into the room, and desired him to be seated with others, he objected on the ground of being unworthy of the honour, and, untying a bundle that he carried under his arm, produced a pair of slippers, which he placed before Madhoo Row, saying, 'This is my occupation, it was that of my father.' Madhajee, at the moment he said this,

took the old slippers\* the Paishwah had in use, which he wrapped up carefully, and continued to hold them under his arm; after which, though with apparent reluctance, he allowed himself to be prevailed upon to sit down. This was not the only instance in which Madhajee Sindia professed to feel pride, instead of shame, at the recollection of the origin of his family, as well as of its first occupations. He had added to their property as Mahratta Ryots in the Deccan, by some purchases, and he desired to be called by the title he derived from his humble inheritance. The feeling was national, and made him popular; but he had, no doubt, other motives: these indeed are described in a common saying in India, 'that Madhajee Sindia made himself the sovereign of an empire, by calling himself a Potali, or head man of a village.'" Vol. I. p. 123.

We cannot pretend to follow our author through all the historical details which he has collected, concerning the family vicissitudes of the various hereditary chiefs who formed the Mahratta state, acknowledging the Paishwah as their nominal head; the subject is one which it would be difficult to render interesting, or even intelligible, in the compass of a review; and whatever degree of importance it might once have possessed, is greatly diminished by the events which occurred in 1817, and by which the confederacy was finally broken. At present, the value of this part of Sir John Malcolm's work is chiefly valuable, from the light which the history of the Mahratta empire throws upon the principles on which the political frame of society in India is constructed. The narrative, deficient as it doubtless is in the proper interest of history, when considered as a whole, is yet not without episodes, which, in some measure, redeem the general monotony of the story. Not to speak of many anecdotes of the natives, which are highly curious and interesting, and with which the work abounds, more than any other history of India with which we are acquainted, Sir John Malcolm frequently brings before us characters of extraordinary interest. We doubt whether the account which he gives of Alia Bhye, the regent of that part of the Mahratta dominions which belongs to the family of Holkar, does not contain more traits of the *beau ideal* of a female sovereign, than is to be found in the annals of almost any country. These, however, are green spots in the desert; in the general course of the history, we meet with little but a complication of barbarous violence, operating upon no union of plan, and with no intelligible end, except that of destruction and confusion. The sudden stop which was put to these enormities;—enormities which had desolated one of the

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\* These old slippers, Captain Stewart was informed, were carefully preserved by the successor of Madhajee Sindia.

finest portions of the globe for nearly a century, and, for the last thirty years, without interruption or mitigation;—by the success of the British arms, and the final establishment of our paramount influence over the whole peninsula, from the Indus to Cape Comorin, appears to the mind of the reader like the retiring of the waters after the deluge; and the effect of it upon the natives themselves is beautifully indicated in a passage, as affecting in itself, as it is characteristic of those to whom it relates.

“ The rights of the Native hereditary officers of a village are much respected in Central India; and never did a country afford such proofs of the imperishable nature of this admirable institution. After the Pindarry war, every encouragement was held out for the inhabitants to return to their desolate homes. In several districts, particularly those near the Nerbudda, many of the villages had been waste for more than thirty years. The inhabitants, who had been scattered, followed all occupations: many Potails, who had been obliged to leave their lands, had become plunderers\*, and remained at or near their ruined villages; some of their relations and friends followed their example; others cultivated grounds at a distance of several hundred miles from their homes; while a great majority went to the large towns, where they found a temporary asylum, and obtained subsistence by labouring in gardens or fields. But there is no people in whose hearts the love of the spot where they were born seems more deeply implanted than the Hindus; and those of Central India, under all their miseries and dispersion, appear never for a moment to have given up the hope of being restored to their homes. The families of each village, though remote from each other, maintained a constant communication,—inter-marriages were made, and the links that bound them together were only strengthened by adversity. When convinced that tranquillity was established, they flocked to their roofless houses. Infant Potails † (the second and third in descent from the emigrator) were in many cases carried at the head of these parties. When they reached their villages, every wall of a house, every field was taken possession of by the owner or cultivator, without dispute or litigation amongst themselves or with Government; and in a few days every thing was in progress, as if it had never been disturbed. There was seldom any difficulty from the claims of other occupants; for local authorities, which appeared to hesitate at no means that promised profit, rejected the most advantageous offers from new settlers, while a

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\* This was particularly the case in Nemaure and on the banks of the Nerbudda, where both Zemindars and Potails became plunderers, and found refuge in the jungles that were spread over the fields their fathers had cultivated.

† I had conversations with several of these communities, both when on the road, and after they reached their homes; and gave during the year 1818, as a mark of encouragement, turbans to more than a hundred Potails who returned to their desolate villages.





experiment was satisfactory. When any of the subjects of the princes and chiefs under British protection had disputes regarding land or property demanding our mediation, the aid of a Punjayet was invariably resorted to, and its opinion made the guide for a decision. The knowledge and discrimination which some of the members displayed on the trial, and the distinctness of the grounds upon which the court made up its judgment, were surprising. There was in no instance any cause to suspect these courts of partiality, much less of corruption. Smaller and less regular courts were formed to investigate complaints and common causes that occurred almost daily; and the members were often chosen from among the numerous Vakeels, or agents, from chiefs and princes, who were always in attendance at head-quarters, and who did the work decidedly better than any English officers could, from their better understanding of the degree of weight to be given to the motives, feelings, and circumstances of the different parties and evidences who came before them. When the proceedings of a Punjayet were completed, and they had concurred in their judgment, a short abstract report was formed; and though the nature of many of the cases led to the most laborious and minute re-examination of facts, no instance occurred in which it was necessary to reverse the original decree. A very remarkable proof was obtained from the employment of these courts for upwards of three years, of the degree in which they are understood. Every Native of the least intelligence was found well acquainted with their forms, and perfectly qualified to act as a member of them.

"In the British camps, disputes regarding property that occurred between our public followers and the Natives of the country, were investigated by Punjayets, and with apparent satisfaction to the parties concerned. In those districts of Central India which were under our immediate management, Punjayets were the only courts by which civil causes were tried: there was no case of appeal from their decision which did not, on revision, do credit to them.

"Many complaints brought before the local officers were withdrawn, when submitted to a Punjayet. This happened when the complainant knew himself unable to substantiate the charges; and men who had advanced false claims or accusations continually came forward, after the Punjayet had assembled, and sometimes when its proceedings were advanced, with a written acquittal\* of those they had desired to injure, which, where the case was not criminal, was always deemed sufficient. The frequent occurrence of the latter instances was considered as a proof that Native Punjayet courts must, from their constitution, prevent litigation, as they offer, to him who is conscious of wrong, none of those hopes of escape which present themselves under a system where the forms are more unending; where pleaders have more art, and the judges (however superior in principle and general ability) have a less minute know-

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\* This acquittal is styled Razeenama; literally, "a deed of consent or acquiescence."

ledge of the cunning, the shifts, and evasions of those brought before them." Vol. II. p. 290.

We cannot close our extracts from this excellent work without one passage more, which we think presents as lively an image of the internal organization of the body politic in India, as can possibly be conveyed in an equal number of words.

"The ignorance and superstition of a great majority of the inhabitants of India place them much in the power of the better-informed classes of their countrymen, who desire to work upon their passions and prejudices. Never was a stronger instance given to prove this fact, than one that occurred in Central India in May 1818. The war with the Pindarries was then over, and the country was in a state of tolerable tranquillity, when a sudden agitation was produced among the peaceable inhabitants, by a number of cocoa-nuts\* being passed from village to village with a mysterious direction to speed them to specific destinations (usually to the chief local authority.) From beyond Jeypoor North to the Déckan South, and from the frontier of Guzerat to the territories of Bhopal, this signal flew with unheard-of celerity. The Pottail of every village where these cocoa-nuts came, carried it himself with breathless haste to another, to avert a curse which was denounced on all who impeded or stopped them even for a moment. No event followed to throw any light upon this extraordinary occurrence. Every inquiry was instituted, and persons were sent who traced the route of the signal for several hundred miles; but no information was obtained; and a circumstance which produced, for upwards of a month, a very serious sensation over all Central India, remains to this moment a complete mystery. Various conjectures were made at the moment, as to the cause in which it originated, as well as its meaning and purpose. Some thought it a sign of the complete establishment of the British power. Others believed that it indicated a general rise in favour of the Paishwah Bajerow, who had not then submitted; while persons sent to trace it into the Jeypoor country, returned with an account that the pious gratitude of a holy Brahmin had circulated cocoa-nuts through his native district to proclaim his joy at the birth of a son, and that the signal, which spread like wildfire, gained a portentuous character as it became remote from the simple cause in which it commenced. If this be the case, (and it is not improbable,) it exhibits, in a very remarkable degree, the extent of the credulity and susceptibility of sudden impulse to action, which exist among the lower classes of the Natives of India." Vol. II. p. 217.

How fearful an impression does this extract furnish of the susceptible character of the Hindû population, considered as

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\* In some parts, small pieces of copper money accompanied the cocoa-nuts.

a whole! What the son of Sirach observes concerning the soul, every person who is delegated to legislate for India, should engrave upon his seal of office, "Reverence it in meekness, knowing how feeble and how mighty a thing it is."

We now close these volumes with lively thanks to Sir John Malcolm, for the pleasure and instruction which they have afforded us. We might find many faults with his work, considered as a regular attempt at historical composition; faults which a very inferior man might, and assuredly could, have avoided. But the book contains merits of a high order; and, so far as it concerns the image which it reflects of the mind in which it was produced, we seldom have read a work which conveyed to us a more favourable opinion of the talents and capacity of the author. It is stamped in every part with the thoughts of a statesman, and the high and honourable feeling of a gentleman. There are in the volumes which we have just shut, casual remarks both upon the theory and practice of government, which might be quoted in a book of aphorisms. In a paper marked No. XVIII. of the Appendix, entitled "Notes of instruction to assistants and officers, acting under the orders of Major-General Sir John Malcolm, G.C.B." Sir John has recorded the principles upon which the affairs of government in Malwa were administered, during the period in which he was placed in command of the provinces. Our opinion of its merits is sufficiently marked by saying, that we should rejoice to hear that it had been printed in a separate form, as a manual, to be put into the hands of every servant of the Company in India.

**ART. II.** *St. Ronan's Well. By the Author of "Waverley, Quentin Durward," &c. In Three Volumes. 8vo. 11. 11s. 6d. Constable and Co. 1824.*

UNGRATEFUL as it may appear, we must own that we have experienced some disappointment in the perusal of the work before us; a disappointment not so much arising from any failure in its execution, as from the high raised expectations which the title of *St. Ronan's Well*, and the motto prefixed, were calculated to excite as regarded the choice of the subject. Instead of some haunted fountain, connected with the fate, the adventures, and the traditions of a knightly race, lo and behold we are introduced to a watering place of the nineteenth century; and in place of perilous adventures by flood and field, we are entertained with the follies and eccentrici-

### *St. Ronan's Well.*

ties of the good company there assembled. Blue-stockings, fat widows, old bachelors, coquets, and exquisites, occupy the room of chieftains, statesmen, warriors, and those half unearthly beings, in the "land debateable" between this world and the next, which no other writer besides Shakespeare has ever succeeded in embodying.

It is not that we consider the present novel otherwise than as a successful specimen of the only style which our great northern genius has left untried; and one whose reputation will complete the cycle of his well merited triumphs; but we hope that this will be his last career upon a beaten track where so many of his inferiors have figured with considerable success, and that he will no longer stray from that magic circle where none else can tread without failure. Our complaint is not that he has shewn any want of his accustomed powers, but that he has bestowed them upon inadequate materials, associated in our minds with the successful labours of a minor class of authors: and great as has been the pleasure and interest with which we have perused *St. Ronan's Well*, they have been alloyed by the same sort of grudging sensation with which we should witness the talents of Chantry or Behnes employed on the plastic and second-rate materials of bread seals, and alabaster vases. A writer who can, from the resources of native talent, and the stores of antiquarian research, fill up the shadowy outlines of history into living and breathing personages; who, as in the tale of *Quentin Durward*, can in a manner animate a Gothic oriel window of painted glass, and make each figure, whether baron, abbot, lady or jester, move gracefully in its characteristic attitude, sacred, heroic, or grotesque,—such a writer, we say, has no right to have recourse to the exhausted subjects of bigamist noblemen, death-bed repentances, accomplished sons, and injured mothers. But we will not anticipate those details, of which it will be necessary to give rather a voluminous abstract, commencing at a period long previous to the opening of the first volume.

"—*Longa est injuria, longæ Ambages.*"—

Francis, fifth Earl of Etherington, "a handsome, accomplished man, with an expression somewhat haughty, yet singularly pleasing when he chose it," as his son informs us,—and in our opinion a most selfish and unprincipled varlet,—contracts a marriage, while travelling on the Continent, with Marie de Martigny, an orphan of noble birth; which mar-

riage, from motives of caprice or interest, he declines to acknowledge. Soon after his return to England; (but whether or not in the lifetime of his first wife, we are not given to understand,) he finds it convenient to espouse a wealthy heiress, whose son shall in his own lively and characteristic language, continue the story for us.

"But the noble and wealthy pair, though blessed with such a pledge of love as myself, lived mighty ill together, and the rather, when my right honourable father, sending for this other Sosia, this unlucky Francis Tyrrel, senior, from France, insisted, in the face of propriety, that he should reside in his house, and share, in all respects, in the opportunities of education by which the real Sosia, Francis Valentine Bulmer Tyrrel, then commonly called Lord Oakendale, hath profited in such an uncommon degree.

"Various were the matrimonial quarrels which arose between the honoured lord and lady, in consequence of this unseemly conjunction of the legitimate and illegitimate; and to these, we, the subjects of the dispute, were sometimes very properly, as well as decorously, made the witnesses. On one occasion, my right honourable mother, who was a free-spoken lady, found the language of her own rank quite inadequate to express the strength of her generous feelings, and borrowing from the vulgar two emphatic words, applied them to Marie de Martigny, and her son Francis Tyrrel. Never did Earl that ever wore coronet, fly into a pitch of more uncontrollable rage, than did my right honourable father; and, in the ardour of his reply, he adopted my mother's phraseology, to inform her that if there was a whore and bastard connected with his house, it was herself and her brat.

"I was even then a sharp little fellow, and was incredibly struck with the communication, which, in an hour of uncontrollable irritation, had escaped my right honourable father. It is true, he instantly gathered himself up again; and he perhaps recollecting such a word as *bigamy*, and my mother, on her side, considering the consequences of such a thing as a descent from the Countess of Etherington into Mrs. Bulmer, neither wife, maid, nor widow, there was an apparent reconciliation between them, which lasted for some time. But the speech remained deeply imprinted on my remembrance; the more so, that once, when I was exerting over my friend Francis Tyrrel, the authority of a legitimate brother, and Lord Oakendale, old Cecil, my father's confidential valet, was so much scandalized as to intimate a possibility that we might one day change conditions. These two accidental communications seemed to me a key to certain long lectures, with which my father used to regale us boys, but me in particular, upon the extreme mutability of human affairs;—the disappointment of the best-grounded hopes and expectations,—and the necessity of being so accomplished in all useful branches of knowledge, as might, in case of accidents, supply any defalcation in our rank and fortune;—as

if any art or science could make amends for the loss of an Earldom, and twelve thousand a-year ! All this prosing seemed to my anxious mind designed to prepare me for some unfortunate change ; and when I was old enough to make such private inquiries as lay in my power, I became still more persuaded that my right honourable father nourished some thoughts of making an honest woman of Marie de Martigny, and a legitimate elder brother of Francis, after his death at least, if not during his life. I was the more convinced of this, when a little affair, which I chanced to have with the daughter of my Tu——, drew down my father's wrath upon me in great abundance, and occasioned my being banished to Scotland, along with my brother, under a very poor allowance, without introductions, except to one steady old Professor, and with the charge that I should not assume the title of Lord Oakendale, but content myself with my maternal grandfather's name of Valentine Bulmer, that of Francis Tyrrel being pre-occupied." Vol. II. p. 287.

During a grousing expedition undertaken by the young men in the course of the Edinburgh vacation, Francis Tyrrel becomes accidentally acquainted with Clara Mowbray, daughter of the Laird of St. Ronan's, at that time a beautiful girl of sixteen. An attachment takes place between the young people. Lord Oakendale, of whose character some notion may be formed from his own recent narration, encourages them in a clandestine correspondence with a view of embroiling his father and brother, and thereby securing himself in the undisturbed possession of his doubtful rights. Just as the lovers however are on the eve of a private marriage, the facilities for which have been arranged through his means, Lord Oakendale receives a piece of intelligence from his father which produces some alteration in his plans. It appears that a Mr. Scroggie Mowbray, maternal uncle to Lord Etherington, a man of low birth, and proud of his fancied or real connexion with the Mowbrays of St. Ronan's, whose name he has assumed, has settled his property on the heir of the house of Etherington, on condition of his marrying a daughter of the above-mentioned family. Eager to merit his father's approbation and secure a large estate to himself, Lord Oakendale determines to repair his unwitting mistake by an act of treachery, and having imposed himself on Clara and the clergyman of St. Ronan's in the dusk of the evening, as the real Francis Tyrrel, escapes detection till the marriage ceremony is over. Tyrrel, however, having intercepted the chaise at the moment of its departure, rescues Clara from the hands of the successful impostor, who is dangerously hurt in the recontre, and poor Clara is restored to her friends, who are profoundly ignorant of what has passed. Lord

Oakendale, in an interview with Tyrrel, is persuaded by the fear of shame to waive his fraudulently acquired right, and to quit the neighbourhood of St. Ronan's, but possessing a right to the name of Francis Tyrrel among his many family appellations, he remains the identical "Francis" whom poor Clara has taken for her wedded husband; and no attempt is made to annul the marriage by her lover, who wanders on the Continent for a considerable time, "seeking rest, but finding none." While he is resident at Smyrna, he receives intelligence that his lordly father has fallen a victim to gout, remorse, and domestic disquietude; and has taken measures on his death-bed for reinstating Francis in the family honours. Lord Oakendale, now become presumptive Earl of Etherington, attempts by means of an agent to prevent his brother's return to England, by intercepting his remittances. Francis, however, meets with a friend in need in the person of an English merchant at Smyrna, who proves to be no other than the son of old Scroggie Mowbray, disinherited by his father for his partiality to trade and the family patronymic, and subsequently adopted by an elder partner, whose name he has assumed. By his pecuniary assistance, Francis is enabled to return to England, prepared to establish his rights, and aware of the steps which have been taken against him. Lord Etherington, exasperated and driven to extremities, sets off for Scotland, determined to obtain possession of Clara as a step to that of Nettlewood, and a means of revenge on his brother; but Francis, apprized of his movements by means of a subordinate villain whom the vigilance of Touchwood has detected, arrives before him at the Old Town of St. Ronan's, where he takes up his abode at the Cleikum Inn, kept by his former acquaintance Mrs. Meg Dods. At this period of time, then, commences the action of the first volume, about seven years from the fatal marriage of poor Clara, whom grief has reduced to a state of mental and nervous debility bordering on derangement. In the mean while her brother, who is totally ignorant of the circumstances which have caused this alienation, has succeeded to his father's scanty estate of St. Ronan's, the well of which has risen under the patronage of Lady Penelope Penfeather, a *precieuse* of fashion, into a modish watering place. Tyrrel, wishing to maintain a strict incognito, is persecuted by the idle curiosity of the company at the Well, till finally he becomes entangled in a duel with Sir Bingo Binks, an ignorant and brutal English Baronet. As he is hastening to the place of appointment, he encounters Lord Etherington, unattended by his carriage and servants, and pursuing the foot road to St. Ronan's. The latter, pro-

voked by detection, forces a contest on Francis, and both are wounded. Lord Etherington contrives to reach the Well, laying the blame of his mischance on highwaymen; and Francis absents himself from the Cleikum, why, we are not exactly informed. In the midst of Mrs. Dods's alarms, Touchwood makes his appearance at her inn, having travelled from London to assist Tyrrel in his views, but keeping his purpose a secret from him: and Tyrrel, returning at last safe and well, renews his acquaintance with his former fellow traveller. Lord Etherington, in the mean time, prosecutes his views on Clara by means of her brother John Mowbray, a buck and gambler of the coarsest description; administering to his cupidity by voluntary losses at play, and informing him of just so much of the real state of matters, as may answer his own purpose: while poor Clara remains silent, after the shock of the first meeting, from fear of the disclosure of her fatal secret. After some fruitless negotiations, and equally fruitless attempts on the part of Lord Etherington, to get possession of his brother's documents, he determines to pursue his purpose; to which he bends Mowbray by winning the last stake of his property. The latter, as his only remaining expedient, employs intimidation to extort the consent of Clara, who, however, in the course of the ensuing night, disappears, and is found by Tyrrel in a state of delirium, which soon terminates in her death. Mowbray in the mean time, being made acquainted too late, by means of Touchwood, of the imposture practised by Lord Etherington, challenges the latter, and having killed him on the spot, joins the army on a foreign station as a volunteer. Tyrrel, completely sickened of the world, leaves his title and estate unreclaimed, and engages, as is supposed, in a Moravian mission.

Such is the outline of this melancholy tale, with the catastrophe of which we must own ourselves disappointed, as well as surprised. "The course of true love," we know already, "never did run smooth," but in the present instance every wilful and needless obstacle seems opposed to it; and just at the moment when all things seem conspiring towards a happy conclusion, the death of poor Clara puts an end to all our hopes and interest. Now we do not pretend to be so squeamish as to reject every tale which cannot boast of a cheerful termination, yet when, as in the present instance, the character and complexion of the book, and the course of events, seem naturally to lead to such a result, the death of the principal person seems a wilful literary murder, however atoned for by the beauty and pathos with which it is executed.



"A convulsive fit followed, and seemed, by its violence, to explain that she was indeed bound for the last and darksome journey. The maid, who at length answered Tyrrel's earnest and repeated summons, fled terrified at the scene she witnessed, and carried to the Manse the alarm which we before mentioned.

"The old landlady was compelled to exchange one scene of sorrow for another, wondering within herself what fatality could have marked this single night with so much misery. When she arrived at home, what was her astonishment to find there the daughter of the house, which, even in their alienation, she had never ceased to love, in a state little short of distraction, and tended by Tyrrel, whose state of mind seemed scarce more composed than that of the unhappy patient. The oddities of Mrs. Dods were merely the rust which had accumulated upon her character, but without impairing its native strength and energy; and her sympathies were not of a kind acute enough to disable her from thinking and acting as decisively as circumstances required.

"'Mr. Tyrrel,' she said, 'this is nae sight for men folk—ye maun rise and gang to another room.'

"'I will not stir from her,' said Tyrrel—'I will not remove from her either now, or as long as she or I may live.'

"'That will be nae long space, Master Tyrrel, if ye winna be ruled by common sense.'

"Tyrrel started up, as if half comprehending what she said, but remained motionless.

"'Come, come,' said the compassionate landlady; 'do not stand looking on a sight sair enough to break a harder heart than yours, hinny—your ain sense tells ye, ye canna stay here—Miss Clara shall be well cared for, and I'll bring word to your room-door frae half-hour to half-hour how she is.'

"The necessity of the case was undeniable, and Tyrrel suffered himself to be led to another apartment, leaving Miss Mowbray to the care of the hostess and her female assistants. He counted the hours in an agony, less by the watch than by the visits which Mrs. Dods, faithful to her promise, made from interval to interval, to tell him that Clara was not better—that she was worse—and, at last, that she did not think that she could live over morning. It required all the deprecatory influence of the good landlady to restrain Tyrrel, who, calm and cold on common occasions, was proportionally fierce and impetuous when his passions were afloat, from bursting into the room, and ascertaining, with his own eyes, the state of the beloved patient. At length there was a long interval—an interval of hours—so long, indeed, that Tyrrel caught from it the agreeable hope that Clara slept, and that sleep might bring refreshment both to mind and body. Mrs. Dods, he concluded, was prevented from moving, for fear of disturbing her patient's slumber; and, as if actuated by the same feeling which he imputed to her, he ceased to traverse his apartment, as his agita-

tion had hitherto dictated, and throwing himself into a chair, forbore to move even a finger, and withheld his respiration as much as possible, just as if he had been seated by the pillow of the patient. Morning was far advanced, when his landlady appeared in his room with a grave and anxious countenance.

" 'Mr. Tyrrel,' she said, 'ye are a Christian man.'

" 'Hush, hush, for Heaven's sake!' he replied; 'you will disturb Miss Mowbray.'

" 'Naething will disturb her, puir thing,' answered Mrs. Dods; 'they have mickle to answer for that brought her to this.'

" 'They have—they have indeed,' said Tyrrel, striking his forehead; 'and I will see her avenged on every one of them! Can I see her?'

" 'Better not—better not,' said the good woman; but he burst from her, and rushed into the apartment.

" 'Is life gone? Is every spark extinct?' he exclaimed eagerly to a country surgeon, a sensible man, who had been summoned from Marchthorn in the course of the night. The medical man shook his head—he rushed to the bedside, and was convinced by his own eyes that the being whose sorrows he had both caused and shared, was now insensible to all earthly calamity. He raised almost a shriek of despair, as he threw himself on the pale hand of the corpse, wet it with tears, devoured it with kisses, and played for a short time the part of a distracted person." Vol. III, p. 307.

Now in the *Bride of Lammermoor*, the first few pages unavoidably indicate that tragic conclusion, with which the sombre dignity of the style and dialogue is in character. The curse of an injured and vindictive father seems to act as a fatality, and the dark spirit of Sir Malise to rule the whole course of events. But in the present instance, the general character of persons, the dialogue, and the events, is decidedly comic; and the final catastrophe is led to by the needless mystery of some of the parties, and the false delicacy of others.

Of the skill displayed in the developement and arrangement of this complicated tale, and of the force and variety of the characters, we cannot speak too highly. In the wayward reckless lightness of Clara, and the suppressed irritability and austere thoughtfulness of Tyrrel, we observe the effects of the same gnawing sorrow and fruitless regret operating on a sensitive girl, and a man of a firm enduring temper of mind. In the former, the exact line which would separate sense from derangement in a lively and gifted mind,

" 'Like sweet bells jangled out of tune, and harsh,'"  
is adhered to with great truth and nature. In the latter, a hasty word, a casual expression, a sudden look, alone reveals the constant struggle against anguish and mental depression,

while many unpremeditated traits indicate the natural frankness and cordiality of a disposition somewhat soured by constant suffering.

At the same time all the essentially valuable qualities of the mind appear in him to be purified and exalted by suffering; and selfishness, even as regards his grief, to be utterly excluded from his temperament.

Lord Ritherington is well drawn as a "gay bold-faced villain" of the *Lovelace* school, and his treachery and moral callousness is carried off with a very imposing grace; but there is not much room for originality in a character of this sort, and nothing more therefore than the mere business of the plot is made to rest on him.

Our first introduction to John Mowbray is certainly a most unfavourable one, and it requires all the skill of our author to rescue him from the character of a mere brutal cun; and to temper his coarseness, slang, and conceit, with the better feeling which breaks out whenever his unfortunate sister is concerned, and which really induces us sometimes to consider the suicide of his own fortune and character with a sort of reluctant interest.

Some exception, we understand, has been taken to the character of Touchwood, as not being a true delineation of a Nabob. It happens however, that the hookah-smoking, curry-munching inhabitant of a palanquin, so designated, is precisely the very thing which Touchwood is not. Instead of the regular monotonous habits of an East Indian, the sturdy old traveller has acquired from constant motion in the four quarters of the globe, and from the variety of his pursuits and adventures, an ungovernable restlessness, which leads him to think, act, and manage for every body, and a medley of knowledge just sufficient to encourage him in the idea of his own competence so to do. Active and benevolent, but at the same time vain and opinionated, he perplexes a plain matter, and does mischief with the best intentions; while at the same time, as will be shewn in the following piece of comic humour, his acuteness and readiness render him a dangerous person to play upon.

Touchwood had scarcely extricated himself from this impediment and again commenced his researches after the clergyman, when his course was once more interrupted by a sort of pressgang, headed by Sir Bingo Binks, who, in order to play his character of a drunken boatswain to the life, seemed certainly drunk enough, however little of a seaman. His cheer sounded more like a view-hollo than a hail, when, with a volley of such oaths as would have blown a whole fleet of the Bethel union out of the water, he ordered Touchwood

'to come under his lee, and be d—d; for smash his old timbers, he must go to sea again, for as weather-beaten a hulk as he was.'

"Touchwood answered instantly, 'To sea with all my heart, but not with a land-lubber for commander.—Harkye brother, do you know how much of a horse's furniture belongs to a ship?'

"'Come, none of your quizzing, my old buck,' said Sir Bingo—'what the devil has a ship to do with a horse's furniture?—Do you think we belong to the horse-marines—ha! ha! I think you're matched, brother.'

"'Why, you son of a fresh-water gudgeon, that never in your life sailed farther than the Isle of Dogs, do you pretend to play a sailor, and not know the bridle of the bowline, and the saddle of the boltsprit, and the bitt for the cable, and the girth to hoist the rigging, and the whip to serve for small tackle?—There is a trick for you to find out an Abram-man, and save sixpence when he begs of you as a disbanded seaman.—Get along with you! or the constable shall be charged with the whole pressgang to man the work-house.'

"A general laugh arose at the detection of the swaggering boat-swain; and all that the Baronet had for it was to sneak off, saying, 'D—n the old quiz, who the devil thought to have heard so much slang from an old muslin night-cap!'" Vol. II. p. 196.

The character of honest Meg Dods may certainly be classed among our author's master-pieces, and as possessing the same rough, racy originality as the Dinmonts, the Jarvies, and the Cuddies, who have delighted us over and over again. He has fairly succeeded in making a respectable, amusing, and even attaching personage out of the most outrageous, crabbed and obstinate of termagants; and fresh as is the recollection in our minds of the unprecedented mode of welcome bestowed on the gentle Chatterley, and the wrathful Mr. Turk, we would willingly ride twenty miles to take our chance with a person who can entertain us with such admirable Doric humour as is displayed in the following passage, to say nothing of her collops and claret.

"'I dinna ken, sir—they used to be thought good for naething, but here and there a puir body's bairn, that had gotten the cruells, and could not afford a pennyworth of salts. But my Lady Penelope, Penfeather had fa'an ill, it's like, as nae other body ever fell ill, and see she was to be cured some gate naebody was ever cured, which was naething mair than was reasonable—and my lady, ye ken, has wit at wull, and has a' the wise folk out from Edinburgh at her house at Windywa's yonder, which it is her ledlyship's will and pleasure to call Air-castle—and they have a' their different turns, and some can clink verses, wi' their tale, as weel as Rob Burns or Allan Ramsay—and some rin up hill and down dale, knapping the chucky stanes to pieces wi' hammers, like see mony

road-makers rin daft—they say it is to see how the world was made!—and some that play on all manner of ten-stringed instruments—and a wheen sketching souls, that ye may see perched like craws on every craig in the country, e'en working at your ain trade, Maister Francie; forbye men that had been in foreign parts, or said they had been there, whilk was a' ane, ye ken; and maybe twa or three draggie-tailed misses, that wear her follies when she had dune wi' them, as her queans of maids wear her second-hand claithes. So, after her leddyship's happy recovery, as they ca'd it, down came the hail tribe of wild geese, and settled by the Well, to dine thereout on the bare grund, like a wheen tinklers; and they had sange, and tunes, and healths, nae doubt, in praise of the fountain, as they ca'd the well, and of Lady Penelope Penfeather; and, lastly, they behoved a' to take a solemn bumper of the spring, which, as I'm tauld, made unco havoc amang them or they wan hame; and this they called Picknick, and a plague to them! And sae the jig was begun after her leddyship's pipe, and mony a mad measure has been danced sin' syne; for down came masons and murgeon-makers, and preachers and player-folk, and episcopalian and methodists, and fools and fiddlers, and papists and pye-bakers, and doctors and drugsters; bye the shop-folk, that sell trash and trumpery at three prices—and so up got the bonnie new Well, and down fell the honest auld town of St. Ronan's, where blithe decent folk had been heartsome enugh for mony a day before ony o' them were born, or ony sic vapouring fancies kittled in their cracked brains." Vol. I. p. 50.

In the characters at the Spa, there certainly is somewhat of caricature, but of a sort which reminds us of Bunbury's happiest extravaganzas. We do not allude to the portraits of Mr. Winterblossom, "the adorable Penelope," and lady Binks, which are chastely as well as humorously drawn, and the *aigre-doux* civility, and polite squabbles of the two latter, touched off in a very sly and sparkling style. Against Sir Bingo, as a representation of a sporting English baronet, it is not necessary to protest; for he carries his condemnation in his ill spelt letter to Tyrrel. He is indeed the most despicable of dunghill curs, and a very unworthy namesake to our little four legged friend of merry memory, "that suld' hae been a farmer's dog."

If, in fine, we have perused the present novel with something like a diminution of that engrossing interest which the Waverley pen is accustomed to create, we do not conceive it to arise from any signal defect or failure. The truth is that the brilliant and chivalrous scenes of Quentin Durward, and the animated adventures of Peveril, have rendered us fastidious in the reception of any thing from the same pen, which reminds us of the usages of ordinary and modern life.

**ART. III. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for the year 1823. Part I. 4to. 1l. 12s.***

WE have now for nearly three years adopted the plan of presenting our readers regularly with a review of the *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society*;—a task, which we have often doubted in what way it was best to execute. If we selected, as we in some instances at first did, one or two papers on topics of peculiar importance, and devoted a whole article to a detailed examination of them, and their particular subject, probably only a very small proportion of readers would take the trouble to follow us, and those few would necessarily be persons who could quite as readily derive their information from the fountain head. If, on the other hand, we attempt anything like a general analysis of the contents of a whole volume of the *Transactions*, it follows, from the very nature of the subjects, that we cannot do justice to them. Still, however, the progress of science is a matter which we cannot pass over without notice, when it constitutes so large a share of the general intellectual advance of the age; and we cannot but look upon the *Philosophical Transactions* as the great index of scientific improvement, notwithstanding all the attacks with which both the Society and its Journal are often assailed from lower, and probably interested quarters. This great national work, for such we may truly call it, has maintained its dignity and reputation for nearly a century and a half, and has, more than any other similar work, been the repository of the greatest discoveries by which that eventful period has been characterized. Considering that its volumes still continue to maintain the same claim on public attention, we remain fully convinced of the propriety of attempting some sort of analysis of them, however great may be the obstacles before alluded to. By endeavouring to keep a middle path between the two methods described, we trust that our notices are more generally interesting to our readers than they otherwise would be. But to proceed.

Previously to entering on our account of the contents of the book, we have much pleasure in announcing the notification given in one of its first pages; that the President and Council of the Royal Society adjudged the medal on Sir Godfrey Copley's donation for the year 1822, to the Rev. W. Buckland, F.R.S. Professor of Mineralogy and Geology at Oxford, for his Paper printed in the *Philosophical Transactions* of that year.

The part of the *Transactions* lying before us commences

with the Croonian Lecture, on the Suspension of Muscular Motion in the *Vibrio Tritici*; by Francis Bauer, Esq. F.R.S. &c.; and under the same head of Physiology and Natural History, we shall also class No. 3, on the Difference in Structure between the Human Membrane Tympani, and that of the Elephant; by Sir E. Home, Bart. V.P.R.S.; and No. 12 on some points in the Physiology of the Lamprey, Conger Eel, &c.; by the same author.

The subject of the first of these papers is considered, by its author, as exhibiting one of the most singular facts respecting muscular motion, which has hitherto been ascertained.

“ This minute animal, the *Vibrio Tritici*, is the immediate cause of that destructive disease in wheat, known under the name of Ear Cockle, or Purples, by farmers.

“ On opening some of the diseased grains, I found their cavities filled with a mass of a white fibrous substance, apparently cemented together by a glutinous substance, and formed into balls, which could easily be extracted entire from the cavities of the grains; and which when immersed in water instantly dissolved, and displayed in the field of the microscope hundreds of perfectly organized, extremely minute worms, all which, in less than a quarter of an hour, were in lively motion.

“ Having left some of these worms on a glass for five days in a perfectly dry state, they were apparently dead; but when moistened, they were again, in less than half an hour, as lively as ever.”

After thus ascertaining the general fact, which ascertains this singular power of the suspension and reappearance of organized life, Mr. Bauer proceeded to a more detailed examination of the history of these animals through different stages of their growth, and of the mode in which they become deposited in the grains of wheat; of all which appearances plates are given in the usual style of beauty and distinctness, for which Mr. Bauer's delineations are so justly celebrated.

The second of the papers above named, contains some facts interesting to the student of comparative anatomy.

Sir E. Home considers the circumstance of the Human Membrane Tympani being circular, with equal radiating fibres, as the reason why man is sensible to musical sounds; whilst the oval form of that part common to many quadrupeds, renders them insensible to the concord of sweet sounds.

He examined the ear of an elephant, and after an accurate account of the structure of the membrane, observes, that the oval form and varying length of the radii, make it obvious that this animal cannot adapt its ear to musical sounds in the same manner as the human ear does. He believes that the

greater length of some of the fibres enables the elephant to hear sounds at a very great distance, which it is known to do.

Mr. Broadwood sent one of his tuners with a piano forte to Exeter Change to play to the elephant. The higher notes hardly attracted his notice; but the low ones made him bring his ears forward and remain evidently listening, uttering some sounds expressive of satisfaction. The full sound of the French horn produced the same effect. The forms of the membrane in several other animals are mentioned and illustrated by plates.

The lion at Exeter Change was also treated with a little music. The high notes attracted great but silent attention; but no sooner were the flat (we suppose low) notes sounded, than he sprung up, lashed his tail, exhibited every symptom of fury, and accompanied the music with the deepest yells.

The third paper, named before, is not susceptible of abridgment, being chiefly confined to anatomical details referring to plates.

In the chemical department the present volume contains only one paper, No. 2, on Metallic Titanium; by W. H. Wollaston, M.D. V.P.R.S.

The celebrated author commences with remarks on the hitherto defective evidence of the reduction of Titanium to the metallic state. He then gives his own experiments on some very small cubes having a metallic appearance, and which were at first mistaken for iron pyrites, found among the slag of the iron works at Merthyr Tydvil. He soon found they were not pyritical; and then proceeded, by various appropriate tests, to shew that they were formed of Titanium; which he proved to be in a very pure metallic state.

The following is the account of one of these experiments:—

“ The property which may be regarded as most decisive of the metallic state of these cubes, is the power which I find them to possess of perfectly conducting the most feeble electricity.

“ If a slip of zinc and another of copper be placed in contact, and immersed together in dilute sulphuric acid, bubbles of gas are seen to rise from the surfaces of both the metals; but if a piece of paper be interposed between them, then no gas is given off by the copper. In a piece of paper, to be placed between zinc and copper, I made a small hole, and after inserting in it one of the cubes, so as to be in contact with both the metals, I had the satisfaction to find an electric communication completely established by this interposition, for gas was now given off from the surface of the copper.”

From the extreme infusibility of these cubes, it seems



probable that they have not been formed by crystalization in cooling from a state of fusion ; but the author conceives them to have received their successive increments by the reduction of the oxide, dissolved in the slag around them ; and he conceives that to this mode of formation we must have recourse, for understanding rightly the formation in nature of many other metallic crystals.

Similar specimens have since been found at various other iron works ; and Dr. Wollaston, having been more plentifully supplied, has been able to determine the specific gravity of metallic Titanium to be 5. 3.

There is one paper bearing upon geological subjects ; this is No. 9, on the Fossil Bones discovered in Caverns in the Limestone Quarries of Oreston ; by Joseph Widbey, Esq. F.R.S., to which is added a Description of the Bones ; by Mr. W. Clift, Conservator of the Museum of the Royal College of Surgeons.

These bones were found in a third cave lately opened in the Oreston quarries, very similar to those described in former volumes of the Transactions. A view and section of the cave are given. The bones were imbedded in clay ; they belong to various genera. The graminivorous animals were found nearly all mingled together, and those of the carnivorous at some distance from each other ; only one specimen bore the marks of having been gnawed. There was a great loss of animal matter in all the bones, owing probably to the nature of the soil in which they were imbedded.

In the department of experimental physics we have, No. 11, Experiments for ascertaining the Velocity of Sound, at Madras ; by John Goldingham, Esq. F.R.S.

This is a very elaborate communication of which we fear our limits will not enable us to give a very adequate account.

The subject is one which, though in itself highly curious, has not much attraction to boast on the ground of novelty : determinations of the point in question having been given by various eminent philosophers, from Newton downwards ; and perhaps without a much greater difference in their results than might be expected, in the determination of a point so liable, as it obviously must be, to be affected by a variety of accidental circumstances, both in the state of the air, and of the surface over which it travels. Our author has investigated the subject with his well-known ability and accuracy ; and has taken into account a variety of causes which may affect the result. His design originated in a proposal made some years ago by Colonel Beaufoy, for similar experiments in England, on the basis of some of the accurately deter-

mined distances of the Trigonometrical Survey. Mr. Goldingham has well remarked that in order to fix the velocity of sound with any accuracy, a very long series of observations is necessary. His experiments were performed by means of the firing of the morning and evening guns, at the military stations at Madras: he continued them from July 1820, to November 1822, and has given the results as compared with the state of the atmosphere, with whose variations it exhibits a very close and regular correspondence: the whole results are given in the form of tables. We therefore conceive that we should do no good, either to the paper or our readers, by attempting any farther analysis of it.

No. 10, *On the Chinese Year*; by J. F. Davis, Esq. F.R.S., may be considered astronomical. It is of no great interest, except in reference to the contested topic of the *Origin of Chinese Science*. The author is decidedly of opinion that all their knowledge of astronomy was derived, first from the Arabians, and afterwards from European missionaries. He considers this circumstance, so contrary to their usual spirit of jealousy in regard to foreign inventions, as the clearest proof that they had no science of their own. The Chinese year is lunar, consisting of twelve months, of twenty-nine and thirty days alternately, with the triennial intercalation of a thirteenth month, to make it correspond more nearly with the sun's course.

Upon the subject of astronomy, however, we have now to notice three papers of the highest interest and importance.— Their titles are as follows:—

No. 5, *On the Changes which have taken place in the Declination of some of the Principal Fixed Stars*; by J. Pond, Esq. Astronomer Royal, F.R.S.

No. 6, *Appendix to the preceding paper*.

No. 7, *On the Parallax of  $\alpha$  Lyræ*; by the same author.

The two former of these are deserving of the greatest attention from astronomers, as tending to investigate a point altogether *new* in the science: the latter, as tending greatly to set at rest a very *old* topic of controversy. We proceed to such a general account of them as their nature will admit. It seems that the Astronomer Royal had, some time ago, observed many apparent anomalies to a very considerable amount in the places of the fixed stars. These were soon ascertained to be in a great measure owing to a change of *figure*, which had taken place in the instrument: this was no sooner detected, than the instrument was put into the hands of Mr. Troughton, who has since completely repaired it. On its restoration, Mr. Pond immediately resumed his obser-

vations, and still found many of the anomalies to remain. Any possible error remaining in the instrument was put to the test, by comparing its indications with those afforded by observations with artificial horizons of quicksilver properly secured from the wind. We will give the account of the nature of the changes observed, in the author's own words:—

“ I shall now proceed to state, in as few words as possible, the nature of the changes which appear to me to have taken place since the year 1812.

“ If Bradley's Catalogue of Stars for the year 1756 be compared with the Greenwich Catalogue for 1813, it will be possible to deduce the annual variation for each star for the mean period, or for the year 1784, on the supposition of uniformity in the proper motion of each star; then allowing for the change of precession for each star, a catalogue may be computed for any distant period, as for example the present year 1822. Suppose such a catalogue computed, which I have named a predicted catalogue; then if this be compared with the observed catalogue for the same year, the following differences will be found to subsist between them.

“ The general tendency of all the stars will be to appear to the south of their predicted places; and this tendency seems to be greater in southern than in northern stars. If any star be found north of its predicted place, it will always be a star north of the zenith, and the quantity of its motion extremely small; there may be observed a much greater tendency to southern motion in some parts of the heavens than in opposite or distant parts as to right ascension, and in much the greater portion of the heavens the southern motion seems to prevail. A southern star, as Sirius, situated in that part of the heavens most favourable for southern motion, will be found more to the south of its predicted place than Antaris, situated in the part least favourable for southern motion; though it is itself more southward.

“ Several stars have moved more from their predicted places than other neighbouring stars; when this happens the motion is always southward. I have yet met with no exception to this rule: not a single star can be found having an extra tendency to northern motion; and, indeed, the northern motion in any star is so very small that it would never have excited attention.

“ A very great deviation will be found in three very bright stars, Capella, Procyon, and Sirius; the proper motion of each of these is southward: it therefore follows that these proper motions are accelerated. The proper motion of Arcturus is very great, and likewise southward. It is situated in that part of the heavens where the southern tendency is least discernible, and is nearly quiescent; its proper motion in polar distance may therefore be considered as uniform. There is a circumstance which deserves notice, though it may be merely accidental: the stars in the

Greenwich Catalogue, whose proper motions are south, nearly equal in number those that are north; yet the quantity of southern proper motion exceeds the northern in the proportion of 4 to 1."

Mr. Pond does not at present offer any conjecture on the cause of these deviations, but rather waits anxiously for opportunities of confirming and giving greater accuracy to the determinations by further observation. His first paper was read April 18th, and during the summer the Astronomer Royal continued his observations in the most indefatigable manner, the results of which are given in the second paper or appendix, read 14th November, 1822.

In this paper he commences by stating that the observations made during the summer confirm in a very decided manner the results which formed the subject of his last communication. It is not his intention to propose any explanation of the cause of the phenomena in question, although to an experienced astronomer many obvious conjectures naturally present themselves: but the value of all such conjectures, he well observes, it will require perhaps many years to determine. The immediate object of the present paper, preparatory to giving the detailed view of the results, is to consider the force of that explanation of the differences in question, which will most readily occur to every astronomer, namely, that the whole may arise either from error committed by the observer, or from defect in the instruments. This objection would in the present case derive greater weight from the circumstance that the observations of three distant periods are employed, and that an error in those of either period (but particularly of the two latter) would materially affect the result now under consideration.

The author then proceeds to remark the great caution with which a good astronomer will view the results obtained even by the best instruments, if at variance with any received doctrines in astronomy. More particularly, he observes, ought this suspicion to be excited when such anomalies are found to exist as bear some direct ratio to the zenith distances of the stars employed. So far, then, as the present anomalies may appear to correspond to differences in zenith distances, the astronomer admits that the influence of instrumental imperfection may be considered probable; but in point of fact, the anomalies in question always appear to bear a much greater reference to the right ascensions of the stars than to their zenith distances.

These anomalies, to which alone he attaches any importance, are found to be of this description.

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"I found," the author says, "while collecting observations to form a catalogue for the present period, that I could more nearly predict the deviation of a star from its computed place, by knowing its right ascension, than its declination. Now it is not easy to conceive in what way the error of an instrument for measuring declination, fixed in the meridian, can be occasioned by any circumstance depending on the right ascension of a star to be observed."

Mr. Pond then enters upon a lengthened examination of his results, in order to shew their correspondence with the above statement. He then considers the probable sources of error from other considerations. A very curious comparison arises in the course of these investigations between the merits of the Dublin instrument and that at Greenwich.

Upon the value of these researches we conceive it superfluous to make any comment; repeated series of observations will be the best, and indeed the only comment upon them. Astronomy has something in its character of a kindred nature to that of the system of nature itself; it is the science of ages; its truths are built up from the collected materials of centuries; and its results are obtained for distant posterity to appreciate and employ.

The other paper which we have named relates to a question of a different nature, and more delicate investigation than the former; it is, in fact, a continuation of a series of papers which the astronomer royal has at different times contributed, on the question of the existence of any sensible annual parallax in such of the fixed stars as would seem to afford the greatest facilities for detecting it. The observations of Dr. Brinkley are opposed to these; he maintaining that the parallax of several stars is a very sensible quantity. Mr. Pond commences his paper in the following words:

"My former experiments with a fixed telescope on  $\alpha$  Cygni have always appeared to me so decisive as to render hopeless any further attempt to discover its parallax; but respecting that of  $\alpha$  Lyræ, my observations with the mural circle were not equally satisfactory; for among the observations of this star we may find occasional discordances that admit of being interpreted in form of parallax; and although I have been inclined myself to attribute these irregularities to other causes, yet their existence made it desirable to institute new experiments."

He then shews that the method with a fixed telescope would here be inapplicable; he has therefore employed the mural circle to investigate, 1st, the difference of parallax between  $\gamma$  Draconis and  $\alpha$  Lyræ; 2dly, the absolute parallax of the latter star: the Dublin observations had given the

parallax of the former star as insensible, whilst that of the latter was a very perceptible quantity.

We have only space to mention the results, which are, 1st, that the difference in parallax between the two stars is determined by Mr. Pond to be absolutely imperceptible, and this by methods which he shews to be greatly preferable to those formerly adopted; 2dly, in respect to the absolute parallax of  $\alpha$  Lyræ, he considers it fully established that it cannot exceed a very small fraction of a second; and enters into a very minute and satisfactory account of the possible extent of the influence of changes of temperature, which are in the result fully allowed for.

His concluding remark we consider as putting the whole question in so clear a light, that we copy it.

“ Notwithstanding the importance of these investigations to the history of astronomy, and to our forming a correct notion of the system of the universe, yet our decision ultimately turns upon so very small a quantity, that our having reduced the inquiry to these narrow limits, rather tends to shew the perfection of each instrument than the defect of either. On former occasions I considered the question of parallax in the particular case of  $\alpha$  Lyræ as undecided, and as perfectly open to future investigation; but the observations of the present year have produced in my mind a conviction approaching to moral certainty. The history of annual parallax appears to me to be this: in proportion as instruments have been imperfect in their construction, they have misled observers into the belief of the existence of sensible parallax. This has happened in Italy to astronomers of the very first reputation. The Dublin instrument is superior to any of a similar construction on the Continent; and accordingly it shews a much less parallax than the Italian astronomers imagined they had detected. Conceiving that I have established, beyond a doubt, that the Greenwich instrument approaches still nearer to perfection, I can come to no other conclusion than that this is the reason why it discovers no parallax at all.”

These papers are closed by an extensive set of tables giving the results of the various observations referred to. All these, we need not add, require the closest examination from the astronomical enquirer, in order to the substantiation of the facts in question. They are arranged with an admirable attention to distinctness in the view afforded of the general inferences.

Upon the branch of science most nearly connected with Astronomy, that of Physical Geography, we have the two following papers, which complete the contents of the present part of the Transactions.

No. 8. Observations on the Heights of Places in the

**Trigonometrical Survey of Great-Britain, and upon the Latitude of Arbury-Hill.** By B. Bevan, Esq.

The interesting question respecting the observations made at Arbury-Hill has engaged the attention of several of our ablest mathematicians, from the time of their being made up to the present. Mr. Bevan's paper is a valuable contribution to the stock of suggestions and facts from which the truth will probably be ultimately elicited. His explanation seems at least very satisfactory, provided the data be considered sufficiently accurate. He has obtained the height of the station in question by levelling, to the Grand Junction Canal, from which, and the known difference of level of the various canals connected with it, he has deduced the relative elevations of the principal points in that part of the country. From these operations it results that the country to the north of Arbury suddenly falls about 400 feet, and continues in this depressed state for nine or ten miles. This defect of matter to the northward he considers in itself a sufficient ground for supposing a deflection of the plumb-line to the southward. To see how this would agree with the trigonometrical operations, he calculated the latitude of Arbury from that of Blenheim, by means of the distance determined in the survey. The resulting latitude is 5 seconds less than that from observation: even when the latitude of Blenheim is corrected as proposed by Colonel Mudge, the result is still 3 seconds less; and when calculated from the latitude of Dunnose,  $1\frac{1}{2}$  second. All these results concurring to prove that the observed latitude by the zenith sector falls to the north of the calculated, or that the deflection of the plumb-line was to the south. He hence shews that the length of a degree calculated on the supposition of the latitudes thus determined, maintains a regular increase to the northward agreeing with the assumed general figure of the earth. The rest of the paper is devoted to an examination of some of the heights of places determined in the survey; which Mr. Bevan considers erroneous, and gives the results of levelling to the canals.

**No. 4. Corrections applied to the great Meridional arc measured in India to reduce it to the Parliamentary Standard.** By Lieutenant-Colonel W. Lambton, F.R.S.

The nature of this paper prevents our giving any minute account of it. The work it applies to is one of the greatest of the kind which has ever been undertaken; and the author says, in the conclusion of the paper, that he is advancing through Hindostan with it, and seems to meet with no obstacle from the native Princes. He promises a full account of it when completed,

ART. IV. *A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindostan; comprising a Period between the Years 1804, and 1814: with Remarks and authentic Anecdotes. To which is annexed, a Guide up the River Ganges, with a Map from the Source to the Mouth.* By A. D. 8vo. 291 pp. 9s. Rivingtons. 1823.

MRS. A. D. visited the stations between Calcutta and Meerat at various times of the ten years between 1804 and 1814; and she has given to the public the result of her observations. Her book is very much the same as Mrs. B. C. or Mrs. E. F. might be expected to compile under similar circumstances; there are some amusing passages in it, and with these we shall make free.

From Calcutta to Serampore is the cockney Paradise of Bengal, at Krishna-nugger this Paradise becomes somewhat too Patriarchal for comfortable travellers. One tiger growled in a bush and frightened the horses into full gallop; a second attacked a servant going to fetch water, and was only escaped from by swimming; two others were found asleep in a field of high grass near the camp; and a wolf succeeded in carrying off a lamb.

Radge Mahl was once a place of great celebrity, at present it is falling into decay; nevertheless, it still supports a Baker, who makes excellent bread and hot rolls, though he is obstinately firm against the innovation of muffins. He (or another Baker it matters not which,) was promised extensive custom by Mrs. A. D., provided he would work according to the European receipt, which she offered to translate into Hindostanee, "Pardon me Lady" was his reply, "my father never made them, my grandfather never made them, and how shall I presume to do it? my grandfather brought up sixteen children, my father fourteen children, without making *mufkeens*, and why should not I?"

"Better to sit than stand; better to lay (lie) down than sit; better to sleep than either." We by no means believe that this sentiment is peculiar to the Hindus. It is the doctrine of all who are honest enough to confess it in all climates. At Baugul-poor Mrs. A. D. had her first specimen of the progress of conversion among the natives.

"A singular circumstance occurred, in consequence of the arrival of some Missionaries, while we were at this place. These gentlemen had been holding forth in the bazar, and having gathered together a numerous assembly of the people, particularly remarked *one*, as being more attentive than the rest; (a corp



factor, of respectable appearance;) when, going up to him, the Missionary asked if he had been convinced by the arguments he had heard in favour of the Christian religion? After a moment's hesitation, 'What will you give me,' said the native, 'to become a Christian?'—'The blessings of our holy religion will reward you,' replied the Missionary. 'That will not do,' returned the native; 'but I'll tell you what—If you will give me a lac of rupees, and two English ladies for my wives, I'll consider of it.' The Missionary was indignant; and, but for the timely interference of the Mayor, matters might have taken a serious turn." P. 44.

At Monghier three Brahmins were performing their annual penance as the travellers passed through. A wooden pole about twenty feet high, was fixed upright in the ground, and from three very long bamboos placed horizontally across this staff the three ascetics were suspended by large iron hooks passed through the fleshy part of their backs, immediately under the shoulder. They hung for about a quarter of an hour, swinging round with wonderful velocity. A breadth of cloth was tied round the waist of each, and fastened to the hook in order to prevent a fall in case the flesh gave way, and it was understood that each exhibitor underwent six months probation beforehand, in which his back was daily prepared by gradual boring. The part grows callous by friction, and is so hardened, that at the time of suspension no blood is drawn from it; a circumstance which the priests artfully ascribed to a miracle. The principal actors in this mummerly are ranked by the populace almost as deities, and generally collect money enough to support themselves for the remainder of their lives. Another penance which Mrs. A. D. afterwards witnessed, must occasion far more real suffering.

"Going out one evening earlier than usual, we espied a man seated on a square of ground, measuring about six feet across, (a little raised,) surrounded by a fire made of a kind of peat, and himself besmeared, head and all, with ashes. A more deplorable object I never beheld. Upon inquiry, we found that he sat thus, with his legs doubled under him, and his head bare, from sun-rise to sun-set, in pursuance of a vow; that he was a Brahmin, and this a voluntary penance—and a dreadful penance it must have been; for the fire was within his reach all the way round, and he kept constantly replenishing it. No one but a Hindoo, or one of *Don Juan's* friends, could have supported it. I do really think that he must have washed himself with something, and so become fire-proof; otherwise, with the heat of the sun and fire together he must surely have been melted; or perhaps his safety lay in having nothing to melt, for he was literally only skin and bone." P. 254.

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Of two stories which Mrs. A. D. heard at Bankipore, we believe the second; the first is too good to be true.

"A malefactor having committed some crime for which he was sentenced to be hanged, received the awful fiat with so much coolness, that the Judge was disposed to believe the man had not understood him, and accordingly caused it to be repeated by one of the native counsellors. The man replied, that he understood the Judge very well. 'You are to be hanged to-morrow,' repeated the barrister. '*Sahab ku koosi*,' 'as the gentleman pleases,' returned the culprit, and followed his conductor out of court, apparently unconcerned. A few days elapsed before the sentence could be put into execution; and when brought forth, as they supposed, to suffer the punishment of his crime, there appeared quite a different person. This being reported to the Judge, he was ordered to be brought before him, and it was discovered that the other had given this man three rupees to be hanged in his place. The former one had of course made his escape; and, strange as it may appear, the substitute was afraid of being discharged, lest he might insist upon his refunding the three rupees, which he had spent, he said, on *metais*, cakes of which they are particularly fond, made of sugar and flour.

"Another instance, though of a less serious nature, occurred on the person of a palankeen bearer in our service, who asked leave to go to his village and be married. This was the only time of the year they do marry. His master told him that he could not spare him immediately, but that, before the marrying season was over, he should go. '*A, eha Sahab*,' 'very well, Sir,' replied the bearer, 'next year will do as well.'" P. 63.

When a Hindu wishes to marry, the bride is introduced to her intended husband, but is not allowed to remain with him. The males and females of the two families about to be connected feast together, with the customary separation of the sexes, as long as the girl's parents can afford it. Three years then elapse, during which, the betrothed remains in a particular apartment of her father's house, from which she is not permitted to move unveiled. After this apprenticeship, she is considered capable of the duties of a housewife; the contract is drawn up and the guests are invited. The invitations are conveyed by sending cloves or cardamum seeds, according to the wealth of the parties. The entertainments last for three days; during the two first, only intimate friends are expected: on the second, all the women, except the bride and her relatives under seven years of age, proceed to the house of the bridegroom, and tinge his head and the palms of his hands with *mindy*, a sweet smelling shrub, producing when bruised, a brilliant red. Clad in a yellow turban and waistband, with yellow cloth shoes, and bestrid-

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ing the best and richest caparisoned horse he can get, the happy youth returns with the procession. On his arrival the feast is renewed by the men under an awning, by the women within the house. The bride is then conveyed from her father's house in a covered cart, followed by a huge train of presents; for each relative is in duty bound to make some offering on the occasion, and escorted by the bridegroom's friends, shouting, curvetting, flourishing swords, firing matchlocks, and each in some part of his dress ornamented with a scrap of yellow colour. The ceremony concludes with a wedding supper. The use of *mindy* is not confined to nuptials only, it is a general article in the toilet; and is as constantly required for the roots of *all* their nails, as *Solmah* is to heighten the brilliancy of the eyes. One other custom regarding the person, is not peculiar to the East; we know many an English fair one who would not suffer her locks to encounter the scissors, unless while the moon is on the increase.

The tenacity of the Hindoos as to *caste*, is illustrated by the following melancholy narrative.

"A young Hindoe girl, of superior beauty, had by chance been seen and admired by a youth of the same religion but of inferior *caste*. Knowing the latter to be an insurmountable barrier to the parents' consent, he at length prevailed on her to elope with and marry him in his own village. Her family soon discovered their retreat, and contrived by stratagem to get her again in their power. Accordingly her mother was despatched to negotiate the pretended reconciliation, and prevail on her to return, in order that the marriage might be properly celebrated at her father's house. The poor girl, delighted at the prospect of so fortunate an issue, readily accompanied her mother, and was received by her father and brother with open arms. When three days had elapsed, and no marriage feast been proclaimed, she began to suspect the treachery, and determined on seizing the first opportunity of returning to the husband she had chosen. A favourable one seemed to present itself; but she had not been gone long, before she was overtaken by her brother, who affected to sympathize with, and offered to see her safe home. The road lay through an unfrequented path, which taking advantage of, he drew his sword\*, and severed her head from the body. She was found the next morning weltering in her blood. The father and brother were immediately apprehended, and, wonderful to relate, not only confessed the crime, but exulted in the accomplishment of it; nor was it in the power of the Judge to punish them; for, unhappily, the Mahometan law, by which natives of every description are tried, is so arbitrary as to invest

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\* The meanest peasant in these provinces wears a sword.

parents with unlimited authority over their children, even to the depriving them of life; and it being proved in evidence that the son only obeyed his father's orders, they were both acquitted," P. 67.

We need not extract nor comment upon the often told tale of the burning of a Hindu widow. One of these sacrifices occurred during Mrs. A. D's. stay at Allahabad. It appears to have been quite voluntary on the part of the woman. Her father himself and the European authorities in vain endeavoured to dissuade her. She was the wife of a Brahmin, and was firmly resolved, according to her own declaration, to immortalize her name, and shew her family the way to heaven. The origin of the custom is variously imputed to the jealousy of the men, and to a necessary precaution against poisoning.

The train of servants attendant upon a family in India, is not a little disproportioned to European notions of comfort; but the manifest distinctions of religion and of *caste*, make it necessary to have a separate individual for almost every separate domestic employment. There must be the *Khansommah*, or house steward; two *Kismutdars*, or table waiters, to each person of the family, who scrupulously confine themselves to that one to which they are assigned; an *abdar* or butler; a *masauljic* or under footman; a *set* (eight or ten) of palankeen bearers; a *hircarah* or running footman, a *sirdar* or head bearer, and his assistant, and two *dirjees* or tailors.

"The idea one has of a tailor in England, by no means answers the description of a *dirjee* in India. They are properly speaking, *sempsters*, or as *sempstress* in the female, so *sempster* in the male. They make up no gentlemen's clothes, except they be of cotton; but are exceedingly expert in making ladies' dresses, especially from a copy, which they imitate with the greatest exactness. I once knew of a ridiculous circumstance that happened in this way. Gentlemen in India, during the hot season, wear fine white jackets, made of shirt cloth. One of these being a little torn at the elbow, was given to the *dirjee* to repair, and he put a small patch upon it: a short time afterwards, the gentleman to whom it belonged, wished to have some new ones made, and this being inadvertently given for a pattern, all the new ones appeared with precisely the same patch on each elbow." P. 99.

To these must be added the women servants and the washerman's family. If there are children, each has its separate attendant; and after all, if there is a farm, the following out-door officers are yet wanting:—a *bhery-wallah*, or shepherd; a *moorgy-wallah*, or poultry-man; a *soor-wallah*,

or swine-herd; a *gorry-wan*, or ox-herd; a *mahawat*, or elephant-driver; a *sur-wan*, or camel-driver; a *syce*, or grass-cutter to each horse; a carpenter, two or three gardeners, and a *clashie* to pitch tents and flog the other servants. All these live somewhere about the premises, and belong even to a moderate establishment.

Sadut Alli, the Nawaab of Lucknow, lives magnificently, and is very fond of the English. His table out-does that of our own Duke of Newcastle, when minister. That nobleman always placed one French and one English dinner upon his board: to these the Nawaab of Lucknow adds one Hindostanee. Wine, of course, he cannot drink; but he heartily pledged Mrs. A. D. in *English syrup*, (cherry brandy.) Our Government placed him on the throne, to which he was the legitimate successor, but which he had nearly lost by usurpation; and his gratitude has always been strongly marked. In Lord Lake's campaign against the Mahrattas, he volunteered to the army six hundred camels, five hundred horses, one hundred and fifty elephants, one thousand bullocks, and any number of waggons which were needed. In the second campaign he advanced twelve lacs of rupees, (£150,000,) without interest for eighteen months. Having received a large package of Worcester china, he invited the whole Settlement to a breakfast *a la fourchette*. One hundred persons sat down to such an entertainment as *the Arabian Nights* describe; but the English could scarcely preserve their gravity, when they perceived more than twenty most inappropriate vessels filled with milk, and arranged down the centre of the table. The guests did not explain the mistake, and the host was somewhat mortified at their abstinence from that which he had, with so much care and display, provided as a favorite beverage. "I thought" he observed innocently, "that the English were very fond of milk."

The Nawaab is a man of gallantry, and "knowing Mrs. A. D.'s predilection for poetry," he presented her with some sentimental Persian lines, written by a contemporary of Mahomet, of which the lady in turn presents the English reader with a translation, written (as we presume) by Mrs. A. D. herself. It is really a very nice copy of verses; but we think there is more amusement to be found in the following prose translation of a native letter, written by a gentleman, who, during the fair traveller's absence, had promised to visit her baby.

"To the Begum — of exalted rank, source of radiance and dignity, may her good fortunes be perpetual!!

"After representing to the Presence illumining the world, that

our fervent wishes for the honour of kissing the footsteps of her who is the ornament of the Sultanas of the East, are constant and never-ceasing; her slave begs to make known to the Illustrious Perception, that he this morning, when about two watches of the day were past, agreeable to the commands resembling fate, presented himself at the threshold of the *Doulet Khannah*," (Palace of Riches,) "now darkened by the absence of its brightest luminary; and having made known his desire, was admitted to the honour of beholding the radiant countenance of the infant, resembling in beauty the moon of fourteen days, when with inexpressible joy he perceived that the rose-bud, (in whose presence the flowers of the garden blush,) fanned by the zephyrs of health, was expanding with a grace far beyond his feeble powers of description. Having made the most minute inquiries respecting all matters fitting for him to be informed of, your slave learned that the infant, and the two cyprus-shaped damsels attendant on the threshold, pass their days in uninterrupted tranquillity. The fawn-eyed nymph\*, whose beaming beauty fills with envy the splendid empress of the night; whose voice makes the plaintive bird of a thousand notes" (nightingale) "hang his head in despair; she whose fragrant looks cause to dissolve in sorrow the less odoriferous amber; with a grace which would have covered with blushes the lovely *Leila*, and made more frantic the enamoured *Mujnoon*, begged her humble assurance of eternal obedience.

"Thus much it was fitting this slave should represent;—what further trouble shall he presume to give?

"May the sun of felicity and wealth be ever luminous."  
P. 106.

The Begum Sumroo proved a useful friend at Delhi. She is the widow of an European, who having entered the Mahratta service, fell in love with her, stole her from her friends, married and educated her in the Romish faith.

"Since his death, which happened many years ago, she married Monsieur L'Oiseaux, a French officer in the Mahratta service, under General Perron. Being at that time in possession of a large territory that had been purchased with the riches amassed by Sumroo, and having regular organized troops in her service, she gave him the appointment of commander-in-chief. But either owing to the natural fickleness of her disposition, or that she found him difficult to manage, she soon took an inveterate dislike, and formed a project to get rid of him. Having won over the troops to her views, she caused a pretended revolt among them; when, agreeable to the arrangement she had made, they seized and carried her to a place of confinement. Her emissaries immediately conveyed the tidings of it to L'Oiseaux; (who was enjoying him-

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\* The fawn-eyed nymph was the chief nurse.

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self at one of his hunting seats;) and this account was quickly followed up by another, purporting that the Begum had destroyed herself by swallowing a large diamond ring that she usually wore on her finger. She foresaw the effect this intelligence would produce on the timid mind of the Frenchman, who immediately became so alarmed, that with a pistol he put an end to his existence. No sooner was the Begum informed of the event, than she quitted her prison, resumed the reins of government, and every thing again wore the face of peace. This woman has an uncommon share of natural abilities, with a strength of mind rarely met with, particularly in a female. The natives say that she was *born* a politician, has *allies* every where, and *friends* no where. Her own dominions and principal residence is at *Sirdanah*, about twenty miles from *Meerat*, and a day's journey from *Delhi*. She adheres to the Mussulman mode of living, as far as respects food, but no farther. She has not the slightest fancy for the seclusion they impose; on the contrary, frequently entertaining large parties in a sumptuous manner, both at her palace in *Delhi* and at *Sirdanah*. During Lord Lake's sojourn at *Delhi*, he was her frequent guest. They used frequently to sit down between twenty and thirty persons to dinner; and when the ladies of the party retired, she would remain smoking her hookah, for she made it a point never to leave her 'pipe half smoked.' This Princess has been frequently known to command her army in person on the field of battle; and on one occasion, during the reign of the Emperor *Shaw Allum*, she is said to have saved the Mogul Empire by rallying and encouraging her troops, when those of the Emperor were flying before the enemy. In consequence of which, *Shaw Allum* immediately created her a Princess, or Begum, in her own right, to take rank next after the royal family. He also conferred on her the title of *Zaboolissa*, which signifies 'ornament of her sex.' Her features are still handsome, although she is now advanced in years. She is a small woman, delicately formed, with beautiful hazel eyes; a nose somewhat inclined to the aquiline, a complexion very little darker than an Italian, with the finest turned hand and arm I ever beheld. Zophany, the painter, when he saw her, pronounced it a perfect model. She is universally attentive and polite." P. 148.

This lady introduced Mrs. A. D. to the Royal family in their private apartments. The Emperor is about fifty, a lineal descendant of Tamerlane. The Empress, about half his age, and not of royal extraction. The introduction was not gratuitous.—It is customary to present four gold mohars (£8) to the Emperor, and two to the Empress. This was most graciously received, and in return Mrs. A. D.'s mouth was crammed with half a betel-nut from the imperial casket, and her shoulders covered with two green shawls by the hands of her Majesty.

We may omit the description of the *Tadje Mahl* at *Agra*,

the monument erected in 1719, by the Emperor Shaw Jehan, to the memory of his favourite wife Montaza Mhul. The model recently exhibited in London, has probably been visited by many of our readers; and if it is still being exhibited, we recommend those who have not seen it to lose no time in so doing. At Delhi is a wonderful brazen pillar, which rivals the whetstone of Attus Navius.

"This pillar is of solid brass, twenty feet high, and four feet in circumference. Tradition reports it to have been placed there by a Rajah named *Patowly*, the founder of *Delhi*; to which he was induced by his superstitious reliance on a Brahmin, who told him, when he was about to lay the foundation of that city, that provided he placed his seat of government on the head of the serpent that supports the world, his throne and kingdom would last for ever. This pillar was accordingly struck, to ascertain the precise spot, under the superintendence of the Brahmin, who announced to the Rajah that he had been fortunate enough to find it. One of the courtiers, jealous of the increasing influence of this Brahmin, pretended to have dreamed that the place on which the pillar stood was not the head of the serpent, which *he alone* in consequence of his nightly vision, had the power to point out. The Rajah immediately gave directions for the pillar to be taken up. The Brahmin appeared equally anxious that it should be; 'for,' said he, 'if I am right, you will find it stained with brains and blood; but if it prove otherwise, sacrifice me, and pin your faith upon the courtier.' The experiment ended, as might be supposed, to the confusion of the courtier and eternal honour of the Brahmin, who literally contrived that it should appear as he had predicted, covered with brains and blood. The Rajah in consequence loaded him with riches, and the people ever after looked up to him as a superior being." P. 165.

The Imperial menagerie is well stocked with tygers, lynxes, leopard<sup>s</sup>, hyænas, and various monkies; but there are no lions. These animals lead a most luxurious existence under marble colonnades. They roared loudly and fretted much at the approach of Mrs. A. D. and her friends, and the keeper said they were frightened at the sight of so many white faces. The gardens contain little that is rare, and are tiresomely laid out in the Dutch style. The apartments of the palace are decorated with marble columns and pavement, but to an European eye are miserably unfurnished—a carpet, a chandelier, and a cushion for one only, are the sole articles admitted, and chairs and tables are equally unknown and unneeded.

The following particulars respect the shawl manufacture:

"Most shawls are exported unwashed, and fresh from the loom."



#### 46 *A Tour through the Upper Provinces of Hindostan.*

They are better washed and packed at *Umrutseer*, than at *Cashmere*, where they are manufactured. Sixteen thousand looms are supposed to be in constant motion there, each of them giving employment to three men, whose wages are about three pice a day. It is calculated that eighty thousand shawls are disposed of annually. The wool from *Tibett* and *Tartary* is the best, because the goat which produces it thrives better there: twenty-four pounds weight of it sells at *Cashmere*, if of the best sort, for twenty rupees; an inferior and harsher kind may be procured for half the money. The wool is spun by women, and afterwards coloured. When the shawl is made, it is carried to the custom-house and stamped, and a duty paid agreeable to its texture—one-fifth of the value. The persons employed sit on a bench at the frame, sometimes four people at each frame; but if the shawl is a plain one, only two. A fine shawl, with a pattern all over it, takes nearly a year in making. The borders are worked with wooden needles, having a separate needle for each colour. There is a head man who superintends and describes the pattern. The rough side of the shawl is uppermost while manufacturing." P. 187.

Rain, in the upper provinces of Hindostan, differs in some respects from rain elsewhere. Before it falls, the ground has been saturated by extreme heat. "The first shower or two causes the earth to smoke, and (*such you can almost fancy to be the case*) to hiss, like water falling upon a hot plate of iron." Elephants are caught *a la Macheath*, between two decoy females, who "preserve their ascendancy by pushing him with great violence from one to another, till the poor animal is so bewildered that he does not know which way to turn."

A very useful appendix is annexed to the volume, "A Guide up the River Ganges, from Calcutta to Cawnpore; Futteh Ghur, Meerat, &c., with the correct distance of every station, and what they produce." We recommend this *Guide* as a manual to every raw civilian or cadet. Those accustomed to the slang of London fashion, may be surprised to learn that, between Ochree and Dalmow, in consequence of the shallows, *the dandies* are compelled to walk, the greatest part of the distance, up to their waists in water, a penance to which the Occidental animals of this genus would strenuously object; and all voyagers may be glad to profit by the following most important warning, with which we shall take our leave.—"Remember to lay in a stock of supplies before you leave Futteh Ghur, as nothing more can be got until you arrive at Meerat."

**ART. V.** *A Sermon, preached in the Cathedral Church of St. Saviour's, at the Visitation of the Hon. and Ven. Archdeacon de Grey, on Thursday, September 11, 1823. By Arthur H. Kenney, D. D. Rector of St. Olave, Southwark. Published at the Request of the Clergy assembled at the Visitation. 8vo. 36 pp. 2s. Rivingtons. 1823.*

THIS is a correct, compressed, and forcible statement of the duties of the ministerial office. 'The word' which the clergy are bound 'to preach,' and the lives which they are not less bound to lead, are described in very energetic language. Disavowing the character of lecturer or adviser of the reverend assembly which he addressed, Dr. Kenney wishes to be considered as declaring in the face of the public, those sacred duties which the clergy hold themselves bound to perform, according to their fidelity in fulfilling which, they acknowledge that they ought to be judged at the tribunal of public opinion here, and know that they shall be judged at the tribunal of God hereafter.

The 'word' which Timothy was required to preach, is represented as comprehending 'the great fundamental doctrines of Scripture, which the Apostles and first Fathers practically taught, and which are detailed in the Articles of our Church.' Having briefly stated these leading points, the learned writer proceeds to show in what manner they may be turned to a practical account; and under this head he adverts with much piety, and much eloquence to the atonement, the intercession, justification through faith, the divinity of our Lord, the operations of the Holy Spirit, and the resurrection of the dead. The passage which relates to the fourth of these subjects furnishes a fair specimen of the preacher's manner.

"In preaching the great doctrine of the divinity of our Lord and Saviour—a doctrine plainly and repeatedly declared in the Scriptures, and clearly running through the whole of the New Testament—what strong arguments for the Christian duties, do we find essentially connected with it! the all-sufficiency of the atoning sacrifice—the unbounded love and mercy of God—the unutterably dreadful guilt and danger of sin—the certainty of the Saviour's all-powerful succour to Christians in the path of humble duty—His entire ability to fulfil his sacred word of promise, to send his Holy Spirit from the right hand of God, in answer to the faithful Christian's prayer—the *reasonableness* of such a Being having purchased even the happiness of heaven for his servants—all these and other arguments for Christian duty we justly enforce, as flowing from and essentially connected with, the great Scripture doctrine of the Redeemer's divinity. In truth, this sacred doctrine may well be

considered as the grand foundation of the whole edifice of Christianity. He who is determined to rest satisfied with contemplating the Lord Jesus Christ merely as a human instrument on earth, revealing a code of moral laws, and confirming them by his life and death—He who is determined to rest satisfied with such a miserably partial and superficial view, or such a fallacious and degrading report, of the divine scheme of man's redemption; and who will not farther examine into or feel the sacred truths revealed in the Gospel, stands yet, as it were, at the outside of the temple, within which the rays of divine truth beam from the mercy-seat of God.—Fellow-servants of the divine Saviour! Should we not exhort, should we not entreat such an erring brother, to break off the fetters of indolence, and laying down the miserable vanity of this world's wisdom, and of supposed human merit, to humble himself before heaven; and with self-abasement and deep humility, to enter into the sanctuary of the Gospel; as into a hallowed shrine consecrated by the immediate presence of that God, the wonders of whose wisdom immeasurably surpass all the experience and knowledge of man; and the glories of whose power and the glories of whose mercy, infinitely transcend all that mortal vision can behold, or the human mind imagine." P. 14.

This part of the discourse is concluded by a manly and candid disavowal of all reference to controverted questions.

"You may have observed, my reverend brethren, that in my statement of the leading doctrines which we preach, and of the bearing with which we preach them, I have strictly adhered to that mode of expression, which the sacred Scriptures and the Articles of our Church *clearly and indisputably* warrant. I have cautiously avoided even the appearance of an attempt to represent the Scriptures and the Articles as deciding in favour of either side of certain controverted questions, which have agitated our Church. The controversies to which I allude, are happily subsiding; and zealous and pious men, toward whichever side of such questions their opinions may lean, seem to be agreeing in the paramount duty of preaching the 'word of God' faithfully, in the manner, and according to the latitude of expression\*, in which it is decidedly and indisputably set forth in Scripture and in the Articles. The efforts of the ministers of our pure reformed church (praised be the mercy of the God we serve!) are becoming generally directed to promote the great Christian end—that the hearts of their hearers may truly feel the saving influence of religion; rather than to lead them to pry too curiously into those deep and hidden things of God; which it is unnecessary to man's salvation that he should know, and which it is not for mortal vision to pene-

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\* "On the comprehensive nature of the Articles of our Church, see the Statement of his Grace the Archbishop of Dublin, in p. 30—35; of a Charge which he delivered to the Clergy of Raphoe, in 1821, when he was Bishop of that Diocese; and which has been reprinted in this year, for T. Cadell."

trate. The mists of vain human disputation appear to be giving way, to the cheering and vivifying beams of the Sun of Righteousness." P. 19.

We shall be glad to see this opinion confirmed. No one knows better than Dr. Kenney, in what quarter the disputes, to which he refers, arose. By expressing his sanguine hope that the dispute may terminate, he furnishes additional proof that those who are most loth to commence, are also most ready to conclude an unprofitable controversy.

His remarks upon ministerial conduct are not less valuable, than those upon ministerial teaching. The knowledge, piety and prudence, which are indispensable qualifications for the sacerdotal office, the proper method of celebrating divine service, the necessity of private prayer, and the duty of instructing the young, are each the subject of appropriate remarks. On the example which clergymen ought to exhibit, Dr. Kenney shall again speak for himself.

"There is yet another mode of inculcating Divine Truth, to which the Christian Minister is especially, and awfully bound—a method which is always effective, and without which, all other methods will generally be unavailing. It may be considered as implied in the great *qualification* for the ministerial duty, which has been mentioned,—true Christian *PIETY*. But, on account of its vast importance, I observe more particularly on it: I mean the *EXAMPLE* of the Christian Minister's life. My reverend Brethren, you join with me in acknowledging and avowing this. I feel satisfaction in speaking it out in the presence of you all. I have now exercised the sacred function amongst you, long enough to know and respect the characters of the Clergy of this Archdeaconry. They feel with me, and they avow with me, that the Christian Minister is bound, by the most awful obligations which the mind of man can conceive, to inculcate the Divine Word, by the *example* of a Christian life. If he be covetous, proud, contentious, stained and disgraced by any of the immoralities denounced in the Gospel of God, with what effect will *He* preach that Gospel? These effects only seem to be sure—to the offence of others, and to his own condemnation. And it is not the least of the dreadful injuries he inflicts, that his misconduct casts a stigma (however unjustly, yet so it happens) on the *sacred profession* to which he belongs. He contributes to lessen the weight and influence of the *sacred office*. Offences of the Ministers of the Church, are always blazoned by her enemies: and of all the scandals that can befall her, is there one so injurious and so shocking, as the scandal brought upon her by her own Minister?" P. 28.

On the whole this excellent sermon may be considered not only as a sketch of ministerial duty, but as a defence of

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ministerial character, and not the less powerful, because it is indirect. The enemies of our religion, and her priesthood, are placed, by Dr. Kenney's argument, in a perplexing dilemma. Either his statement is correct, and the clergy are discharging the task which he so well describes—in which case it will be very difficult to bring about their downfall;—Or the statement is incorrect, and the clergy, or a considerable portion of them, neglect to act up to the expectations of their more serious brethren: in which case the complainants have a clear course marked out for them: they should second the endeavours of such men, as the preacher before us, and rather endeavour to remove existing irregularities, than destroy an order by which those irregularities are condemned. We know not which alternative our modern reformers will prefer.

ART. VI. *Letters from the Caucasus and Georgia; to which are added, the Account of a Journey into Persia in 1812, and an abridged history of Persia since the time of Nadir Shah. Translated from the French, and Illustrated with Maps and Engravings.* 8vo. 424 pp. 15s. Murray, 1823.

THE epistolary portion of the work before us, is the performance of a German lady resident at St. Petersburg, whose affection and courage prompted her to accompany her husband, a M. Freygau, on a diplomatic expedition to Caucasus, "*duris . . . cautibus horrens.*" We were somewhat surprised to learn that two children, a boy, three years old, and a girl scarce three weeks, were judged proper associates of their travel. The younger (as might have been apprehended) died upon the way; in all probability, the consequence of long exposure to the inclemency of the weather in their passage over the mountains, as detailed in the fortieth letter: and our only wonder is, that *both* the children, with their mother, did not also perish.

Our fair traveller dates her first letter from Valday, a place between Petersburg and Moscow, in the month of September, 1811. Proceeding through the latter city, they entered the country of the Calmucks, where the writer it seems, (doubtless for some sufficient reason!) "*shuddered* lest Germany, which she had beheld so flourishing, should experience the fate of these immense tracts, where silence is rarely broken by the tread of the traveller." P. 11. However, she "*fancies*

that with hands to do the work, and with industry, they might make a kingdom of it." We agree with her; and think, that "by transforming the wilderness into cultivated fields, we should have a population of human beings in the place of these savages"—who, of course, are not human beings. This is very delicate and lady-like reasoning.

We come next to the Cossacks of the Don, whose houses are represented as models of cleanliness and economy. Our previous knowledge of their habits, would have led us to form a different conclusion. But the people are unquestionably hospitable; and their country abounds with game. The Cossacks at an early age, embrace a military life; and sometimes the very hour of their marriage is that in which they are torn from their nearest ties to rank in the armies of the Emperor. If they return at all, it is after an absence of fifteen years—probably diseased and disabled—to fulfil the domestic duties of their station; and the mind may easily comprehend the variety of untoward circumstances which greet their reappearance.

"An incident rather diverting occurred, not long since, in a Cossack family at this place. A young couple, having lived happily together for a twelvemonth, saw all their joys blighted in an instant. The husband was forced to leave his disconsolate wife to join the army, and not long afterwards she received the melancholy tidings of his being killed in battle. After a certain time, the widow, yielding to the intreaty of her relations, married again: but alas! her second husband was torn from her in the same way, he also being obliged to depart for the army. At the end of a few years, the first husband, who was believed to be dead, flies back to his wife, and by an extraordinary coincidence, the second husband returns at this nick of time: this sudden apparition of her two husbands, places the poor wife in a strange position of embarrassment. Being, however, obliged to choose between the two, she declares herself in favor of her first husband; the other remaining a widower of a living wife. The rejected man repairs to his regiment: thence he is urged by despair to return home a second time; when without delay and out of pure pique, he espouses the sister of his wife.—Here you have a winding up of the drama, marked rather by prudence than heroism." P. 20.

We have a pretty domestic picture presented to us in an adventure that befel our fair traveller and her party, a little on the other side of Georgievsk.

"We were now on the steppe, with very dark weather and a tempestuous wind. My patient husband was taking a nap, I by his side, and my two children, with the maid servants, were fast asleep. The carriage went slowly, the Cossack trotting along by us,

with his lance in his hand, and cloaked in a bourka; which is a mantle of sheep's skin, usually turned to the quarter whence the wind blows. The circumstances of our situation, with the silence of our party, combined to plunge me into a profound reverie: from this I was suddenly brought to my recollection by frightful screams, that startled my husband, and awaked our children and the servants." P. 28.

This alarm was occasioned by the approach of a troop of Tcherkas, whose "way of life," is plunder. Our party, however, fortunately escaped the favour intended them. The Tchetchinzi, who inhabit the outskirts of Caucasus, follow the same honourable profession, and assign for it a singularly sagacious reason.

"They pretend, that, after God had created the world, he published a decree, by which all people were summoned to take possession of their several portions: the whole of mankind had a share, except the inhabitants of Caucasus, who were forgotten. Upon putting in their claim, which the Deity acknowledged to be just, he permitted them to live at the expence of their neighbours; and most assuredly they reap ample profits upon presumption of their licence." P. 43.

A story concerning the escape of a Russian officer from the hands of this wild people, not unlike that of Ulysses from the cave of the Cyclops, occurs in this volume. The difference is, that the jailor of the one is lulled to sleep by music, and the other overpowered by wine. The monster loses his sight, and the robber his life, which, of course, bars all further adventure.

Of the Caucasus, the following notices are not uninteresting.

"It is almost impossible to ascertain with accuracy the height of these mountains; their tops being, for the most part, hidden in the clouds; while the torrents, precipices, and avalanches, render them frequently inaccessible. The principal mountains contain everlasting glaciers; and, in other places, their granite crags stand quite bare. Some of the hills have, as one may say, several stories; the basement being clothed with forests, the centre destitute of all vegetation, and their summits generally covered with ice and snow. Upon the hills of less elevation, which are of slate, vegetation shows itself already; and one notices some birch, pine, and juniper trees, with other Alpine plants. Adjoining these is a line of calcareous hills, covered with a luxuriant vegetation; this elevated range does not extend more than seven versts in length.

"Caucasus is the source of a number of rivers, issuing from it in all directions. These mountains contain mines, of which the greater number are little known; yet like the miser, whose sole worth lies in his gold, these rocks, without verdure, or even soil, have no value but the treasures they conceal. The smaller mountains and the

valleys of Caucasus are alone capable of cultivation: the mountaineers live by their cattle and the chase.

"According to accurate estimates, it is said that the Caucasus is inhabited by nearly a million of men fit to bear arms; making an immense population, when you superadd the aged, the women and children. These people form many tribes, speaking divers languages, and their manners are distinct; but their general character is bravery, a spirit of independence, a passion for arms, and a thirst for plunder; indeed, in that respect, they are mere savages." P. 50.

"All the natives of Caucasus are either Mahometans or idolaters; there are very few Christians among them. Tamar, princess of Georgia, introduced Christianity among the greater part of these tribes, but for ages it has been displaced by Mahometanism. The ruins of churches built by Tamar are, however, still seen; they have preserved some remains of Christianity, in observing Lent with considerable strictness, and hold the feast of Easter so sacred, that, at that time, the prosecution of revenge is suspended." P. 53.

After considerable fatigue and suffering our travellers reach the Good-gara mountain, between Kashoor and Kobi. The way by which they were to pass it has been cut with great labour, in a lateral direction; and, though during the summer it was pretty secure, at this period it was covered with snow, leaving to the passenger scarcely the breadth of five feet. Near the summit of the mountain they were met by a regiment of infantry, which placed them in the most imminent peril of being hurled down the precipice, and

"No sooner," says the author, "had we escaped this peril than we were menaced by another. An unruly horse, among the followers of the regiment, pressed upon my basket, which, losing its balance, leaned towards the precipice. I still tremble at the thoughts of it, and owe the preservation of myself and children to my husband, who, being close to the vehicle, succeeded by a strength of desperation in supporting it." P. 92.

Not long after this a still more frightful adventure awaited them, which is narrated with considerable spirit.

"We had not proceeded far, before we came to descend a hill, having on the left a declivity of some depth, at the bottom of which flowed the rapid Aragua. Our guides did not allow us to get out of the carriage, but contented themselves with locking the wheels, and going at a foot-pace; but alas! they drove over a large stone, the carriage lost its balance, and rolled down the bank. At the first bound, my husband was thrown upon the rocks, where he lay senseless; the next jerked out our nurse and my boy, and the last shock dashed the calèche, already broken, into the river. I, however, remained in the carriage with my other child, whom, to save from injury, I held close to my bosom. Large pieces of rock, loosened



by our fall, rolled with a crash into the water; add to this, the cries of affright from the men remaining on the hill, the noise of the torrent breaking against the calèche, and the groans of the driver, who was dragged along with the vehicle, and had received some severe bruises. You may form some idea of my horror, when I had sufficiently recollected myself to reflect on the circumstances of our accident. I shall not attempt to describe my own feelings, nor those of my husband, until the moment of our being convinced of each other's safety. My agony was such, that, having believed my husband and child dashed to pieces, it was some time before I regained my presence of mind, even after I heard them speak. My husband was stunned by his fall; but, upon somewhat recovering his senses, an alarming recollection of myself and the children roused all his activity; when, forgetful of his own suffering, he plunged into the water and succeeded in reaching us. The rest of the party had, in the mean time, descended the hill by a circuitous path. I was carried to the bank of the river, and there discovered that my husband had hurt his right arm; but, by most unaccountable good fortune, neither I nor my little girl were at all hurt, excepting some slight contusions. Our nurse, abandoning herself to save the boy, was wounded in the head; and the sight of my child, as well as of herself, covered with blood, was at first most appalling to me. The men contrived to draw the calèche out of the water, and though much damaged, it was luckily still serviceable: the difficulty was how to get it again on the high road. The bank was more than a hundred feet high, and so steep that I and the children were drawn up with the aid of a rope; by dint, however, of great exertion, the calèche was placed again on the road; so that, after some temporary repairs, they got it to Passananoor, but not until very late. As to ourselves, we crawled five versts, the remainder of the way, with a good deal of pain; particularly my husband whose arm swelled very much." P. 96.

After these disasters, however, they arrive in Georgia without any thing occurring particularly worthy of note. We are vexed to find several long letters taken up with uninteresting details of the past history of the country—a communication which might well have been spared. Such a procedure resembles the evidence occasionally adduced in our courts of judicature; where a witness takes upon himself to state what he has heard *others* say, without remembering that all his value rests upon his own individual knowledge. Lady Mary W. Montague, of whom the present writer may be considered a very humble copy, had greater judgment. "I could with very little trouble," she observes, "turn over Knolles and Sir Paul Rycatt to give you a list of Turkish emperors, but I will not tell you what you may find in every author that has writ of this country. I am more inclined out

of a true female spirit of contradiction, to tell you the falsehood of a great part of what you find in authors ;" and it had been much more to the credit of this writer, had she pursued the same course. There is, however, one thing to be said for her, and we say it with real pleasure. The German ladies, in general, are little attached to books, and know no more of other countries than they seek to know of their own. Therefore the present exception, so far as it relates to the individual, is praiseworthy ; but, we think, that the translator who assumes somewhat unwarrantably the curtailment of passages, and alteration of remarks, which the "*authors own revision would probably have expunged as immaterial*," might have omitted this historical jumble without injury to the book.

Of the present state of literature in Georgia, too little is said. Many schools have been established, and several works translated—but what they relate to, does not appear. Georgia has her poets also ; and, "a poem, in praise of the Princess Tamar, is held in high estimation." Whether by the lady, or the ladies, is a point undecided, and, moreover, too abstruse for us to argue. The Georgian language is divided into the ecclesiastical and civil dialects, which "bear the same reference to each other, that the Sclavonian does to the Russian," p. 125. The former of these dialects is derived from the Greek and Armenian, and the latter from the Persian and Turkish. Since their conversion to Christianity, the inhabitants have followed the Greek ritual, under an ecclesiastical superior, who is styled Catholicos. The country contains three thousand churches, chiefly, however, in a dilapidated condition, owing to the devastation under which, at various times, it has suffered. Its fruits, and flowers, and beautiful women, have each been culled at the will of the spoiler ; and the luxuriant earth has too often been saturated with the blood of her sons. The harp and the trumpet are native instruments ; but the tambourine, now in constant use, they received from the Persians, and the cymbals and flute from the Russians.

At Tiflis, which our author tells us, is a heap of ruins, the caravansaries, or warehouses, attracted her attention. They are built in the form of piazzas round large courts, into which you enter through the bazaars. Here the traders, from various nations exhibit their merchandize ; and the fair writer thinks that a lover of *shawls* might derive a fund of amusement from lounging about these places. We hope it was not

for such a purpose that she crossed the Caucasus! The Asiatics await their customers sitting with crossed legs, and smoking the kaleoon, which is "composed of a china, glass, or gold enamelled vase, filled with water, through which the smoke passes, being inhaled by a pipe, that with some is many yards in length; to this vase is attached a small metal vessel, wherein the tobacco burns upon hot coals." P. 133. The principal Georgian manufacture, is silk stuffs, which they export, and small quantities of honey, wax, horses, and skins.

The account of an entertainment given by the Khan of Scheki, Jaffi Kooli, is curious.

"A flat cake of bread, as large as the table upon which it was laid, served for table-cloth and napkins. The Khan made use of a smaller cake, of the same description, for the purposes of plate and napkin. We were first helped to sweatmeats, and then to the Persian soup *borbach*: I was curious to see how the Khan might manage his soup, and would have wagered that he could not have gotten through it; but I was mistaken. His bread-plate answered also for a spoon; he dropped a piece of it into the bowl before him, took it out with his fingers, and swallowed it; he had even finished his portion before us, who had plates and spoons. This mode of eating appeared to me still less inviting, as the Persian gentry have their hands dyed yellow as saffron, and their nails of a deep red. After this soup, we had other dishes, sweetened with a great deal of sugar; these were followed by ragouts highly seasoned with pepper and saffron; then appeared at least six different kinds of pilaw, the favourite dish of Asiatics, and the only one in my opinion which is eatable." P. 163.—"To form a just idea of the Persian method of eating, you ought to see one of them helping himself to a dish of pilaw, the Persian plunges his fingers into the mess, stirs it about, squeezes it within his hand, which having filled he conveys to his mouth, and swallows the contents. Not knowing how to use either a knife or fork, he wipes his disgustingly greasy hand upon his napkin, that is to say upon the bread which covers his table; and finishes the meal by eating his napkin." P. 165.—"After dinner, a kaleoon was brought in; this was first smoked by the Khan, and then given by him with the same tube to the person he wished to distinguish. The Persians have another strange mode of doing honor to their guests; but it is really so far from inviting, that I am half-unwilling to relate it. While at meals they will sometimes take a dainty bit, invariably a greasy morsel, and hold it for some time, kneading it as it were in the hand, after which they put it into the mouth of the person who may be the object of their peculiar regard." P. 166.

-In speaking of the Georgian women, we have some rather stale declamation respecting the rigid seclusion which they

are compelled to observe. The consequences resulting from it are sufficiently apparent.

Of a much better character is the narration relative to the *sacred fire* of the Ghebers, which is really interesting, and our readers will thank us for the extract:

"The place where they still keep up the perpetual flame, is about fifteen versts from Badkoo. In that neighbourhood is an immense cavern, where the cattle are conducted during the greatest heat, and where the noted and formidable robber Stenko-Rasin had his haunt. Formerly there was a stone building near the *sacred fire*; it consisted of six rooms, wherein twelve Ghebers resided: two of these priests were daily employed by turns invoking the sun and studying their holy writings. According to these, as well as most ancient traditions, the *sacred fire* has been burning on this spot for millions of years. Satan, they relate, was cast by God, out of pity for mankind whom he had been tormenting, into this deep gulph; whence a blaze immediately arose, and has ever since been fed by the grease of this devil, who was enormously fat and of a prodigious size: but, in order that the malicious fiend might never escape, through any of his infernal tricks, the Ghebers are enjoined to watch the fire and invoke the aid of heaven day and night. This perpetual flame used formerly to burn within a trench, a hundred and twenty feet in length, and twelve deep; the flame rises to about the height of eighteen feet. The foundations of the cavern are rock; yet it is surprising that, from the time the flame has existed, the trench has not become deeper, particularly as it is employed to burn calcareous stones, found in the vicinity. These they convert into lime in the following manner:—Having made a heap of stones upon the spot, they surround it with lighted straw; the flame then rises with a noise out of the ground, and penetrates the stones, that after three days burning, are reduced to lime, which is transported to Badkoo. This fire is fed by naphtha, which springs in abundance from the earth in the neighbourhood: farther off there are fountains of the same, whence at certain periods a valuable quantity is obtained. When lighted, it sends forth a thick black smoke and a disagreeable smell; yet the *sacred fire* has neither of these effects. The Ghebers make use of this flame in their dwellings; they have small trenches, upon which they put the kettle that boils their food; then light a little straw and throw it under the kettle; when the whole trench is immediately in a blaze, and their meals are much sooner prepared than by a wood fire. Whenever they wish to extinguish the flame, they throw over it a piece of wet felt, and it does not rekindle without some external aid. These trenches serve to warm them in winter, and they can keep up the fire as long as they please: it answers also as a light; for which purpose they stick a cane, secured with clay, in the ground in front of their beds, and upon the top fix a clay stopper, so that when this is taken out, and the top of the

reed approached with a light, it will burn like a candle, and not go out till the stopper be replaced." [Quere: Is not the cane consumed?] "They have a mode of arranging a pretty illumination with these canes, planting in the ground several which support others in the form of a pyramid, then lighting all the tops, a singular effect is produced." P. 180.

"The black naphtha emits a dark smoke when lighted; the poor people on the Caspian shore use it both for lamps and fires. The white kind is very inflammable, and will burn even upon water. Persons amuse themselves in throwing some of it on the sea in the evening, which produces a beautiful effect; the sea and the shores of the little islands appearing as if in a blaze."—"In the neighbourhood of Badkoo there is another kind of fire, which in autumn, after rain, and in sultry weather, appears to burst in masses from the tops of the hill, or to spread over the plain. These flames have not the property of affording either light or heat." P. 184.

We have before observed upon the enduring and courageous spirit manifested by the writer of these letters, throughout the whole of her perilous journey, and we will now give a brief sketch of the hardships which accompanied her return.

On the 5th of May she quitted Tiflis, and up to the steep ascent of Passananoor, which occupied a space of three hours, she carried her youngest child in her arms, being unwilling to trust it to another. Thus far they arrived in safety, but the Good-gara mountain presented even greater obstacles than they had encountered on a former occasion. The path now would not admit a vehicle of any kind, and still supporting her daughter she pursued her way on foot. A thaw the preceding night made the snow so soft that at every step she was plunged deeper. "On one side," she remarks, "was a precipice at whose depth my very hair stood on end; upon the other, a wall of rocks covered with enormous masses of snow, threatening every instant to overwhelm us." Our path was but a foot in width, and through deep snow, p. 209. But confidence in God supported her, and surely nothing else could. Attended only by a single soldier who could render no assistance—barefoot, for she had lost her shoes, wet and weary and burdened with her helpless offspring; dreading the avalanches above her, and the precipices beneath, she journeyed on. Once or twice unable to support her exhausted frame she stepped to the very edge of the rock, and but for the timely prevention of the soldier who carried the elder child, she must have been dashed to pieces. Their progress, under these circumstances, was naturally slow; and to their fatigue, hunger was superadded. The children cried bitterly, and while they were yet distant from all pos-

sible shelter the sun went down. "Her naked feet were benumbed and blistered, and her whole body chilled with cold and wet." P. 211. What a situation! but to increase its agony and horror the moon discovered to her the corpses of a number of human beings, who had been killed by the fall of an avalanche not long before. However she reached an asylum at last, after having been fourteen long hours in this truly wretched and hazardous condition.

But we must hasten on. In the following "Account of a Journey into Persia," we find very little that deserves repetition. The diplomatist appears especially delighted with the honours rendered to his mission, and very loth that they should pass unrecorded. He introduces historical notices of Semiramis, Hannibal, &c. &c.; because as he (or his translator) says, they are "sufficiently known;" p. 290. And he discovers such "extraordinary" dew, "that a cloth left out of doors for a night will in the morning be, *as it were*, soaked in water." p. 321. Speaking, however, of the country around Mount Ararat, he becomes somewhat picturesque, and the account merits transcription.

"The sky is generally clear throughout this country; it hardly ever rains, and tempests are unknown; but Ararat, attracting the clouds, seems as it were the abode of storms, and almost every day the atmosphere puts on a threatening aspect; while upon the gloomy veil of dark vapour, the rapid lightning is frequently seen darting across, or a majestic rainbow is displayed." P. 281.

The representation of a Persian Comedy shall conclude our extracts.

"Two Persians were the performers: one had a pot of curds and whey, which they call *mastawé*, to sell; the other who came to buy, appeared in each scene under a different character, and always made some new attempt to rob the market man. This farce afforded abundant diversion to all the Persian spectators, who were ready to die with laughing, even the Begler Beg himself; and particularly at the close of the piece, when the milk-man having discovered the cheat, got his face bedaubed all over with curds by the rascal. This ending called forth the loudest plaudits from the assembly; who in most natural terms, asked my opinion of the play. For conclusion, another Persian came forward and jumped into a pond near us, where he performed several feats, plunging and diving in various ways, which drew forth a repetition of applause from all quarters." P. 363.

As for the abridged history of Persia, it is a mere recapitulation of abominably cacophonous appellatives; (but to which the translator is as partial as the compiler, if we may trust a dull quotation from a Cambridge prize poem!) and we

earnestly dehort those who pride themselves upon a display of fine teeth, from rashly hazarding the effects of such outlandish pronunciation.

Taking this volume as a whole, it certainly does not carry with it very strong characteristics of literary excellence. In the correspondence of Madame Freygan, we discover a devout and amiable spirit, much resolution in encountering difficulties, and great dependence upon His protecting arm, to which only we should look for succour. That her husband and children possess her warmest affection we are equally certain, and we yield her due honour for the self-denial and patient assiduity which she has exhibited. But here we must stop; and though our gallantry may be called in question, we confess ourselves more solicitous to preserve our veracity from impeachment.

This will become more obvious when we address a parting word to the translator, who is also a lady—and, as in our consolation, we mightily fear—a determined *Blue*. She expresses “her gratitude” to Sir Gore Ouseley; else, we might in our simplicity, have attributed a world of sapient notes to some masculine specimen of priggism.

A square with a gallery round it, in *Georgia*, affords a matchless occasion to the fair annotator to talk of *Grecian* architecture and the “Homeric age.” Thence skips she to Lord Aberdeen’s “satisfactory” book, where “reference is principally made to his Lordship’s *interesting* elucidation of the term *αἶθουσα*, which we have been *vulgarly* accustomed to translate a portico; thereby transferring to an humble balcony of wood,” [sad degradation!] those “*feelings of admiration* which we are fully justified in entertaining for the beautiful porticos of *marble* that adorned the most scientific structures of Greece in its age of architectural perfection.” P. 101.

As a preparatory step for the next attempt at translation, we recommend a small advance in her vernacular dialect; and before she meddles with the buildings of Greece, she will do well to consider a little more attentively the structure of her own sentences.

The quotations, made almost at random, afford abundant proofs how much the useful and necessary have been neglected for the superficial and the vain; and teach us, that when fair ladies publicly stoop to put on *blue-stockings*, they discover some imperfections which it would be wiser in them to conceal!

ART. VII. *Discourses, chiefly doctrinal, delivered in the Chapel of Trinity College, Dublin; by Bartholomew Lloyd, D.D. S.F.T.C.D. M.R.I.A. Professor of Mathematics in the University, and Chaplain to his Excellency the Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. 8vo. 443 pp. 10s. 6d. Bivingtons. 1823.*

To form a correct estimate of the merits and defects of Sermons, it is necessary to take into consideration the situation of the persons for whose use they were designed by the writer. In addressing different ranks of society, very different styles of Pulpit eloquence are required. The learning and critical illustration which may with great propriety be employed by a Bampton or Hulsean lecturer, would be entirely misplaced in discourses delivered to a genteel audience in a mercantile town, while the elegance and polish of these last are unsuitable in addressing a country congregation. A sermon, therefore, can never properly be considered in the abstract; but ought to be examined in reference to those to whom it was addressed. However excellent it may be in itself, yet, if it be not adapted to the education and capacities of the audience for whose benefit it was intended, it is entitled to little praise. It cannot contribute to that spiritual improvement, which is the true end and object of preaching. Hence sermons, to be useful, must be suited to the hearers, and consequently must be various in character and style, corresponding to the various ranks and descriptions of people. But whenever discourses are well adapted to the congregation to which they were delivered, whatever they may be in other respects, they have a merit of the highest kind, the merit of being calculated to secure what ought to be the object of every divine, the religious edification of his flock.

The Discourses which have led to these reflections are the production of no ordinary mind, and were addressed to no ordinary assembly. From the situation which Dr. Lloyd holds in Trinity College, Dublin, he was not unfrequently called upon to preach before the students in that seminary, as well as others who possessed the advantages of a liberal education. To such his Discourses are adapted, and his laudable object was to guard his hearers from those doctrinal errors, which at the present time are unhappily but too prevalent. But on this subject let him speak for himself.

"It has been the lot of the author, among various duties of an academic life, to be called, not unfrequently, to the task of addressing the students, on the subjects of their theological studies,



as a preacher in the college chapel. Being, in that capacity, charged with the instruction of those who were to become the clergy of the land, he conceived he could not improve such opportunities better, than by exposing those sectarian errors, by which the peace of the church has been so much disturbed, and such numbers drawn off from the benefits of the establishment. In a country, where every novelty is zealously recommended, it would become necessary for his hearers, to fortify those who should be committed to their guidance, against every misinterpretation of Scripture: and it has been the object of the writer, whilst endeavouring to strengthen the persons addressed, to assist them to 'strengthen their brethren.' (Luke xxii. 32.)

"The extremes of those errors (i. e. of those into which Protestants have diverged,) are those of the Antinomian, on the one hand, who reduces Christian profession to a speculative belief in certain points of doctrine; and those of the Unitarian, on the other, who sees in the Gospel nothing but a system of moral duties, enforced indeed by the declarations respecting a future state of retribution, but divested of all those powerful motives, which belong to the doctrines relative to the corruption of man, and the nature and offices of the Being by whom his deliverance is effected.

"The space between these extremes is filled up with a variety of shades, melting into each other by insensible gradations. The Calvinist, who, by the dogmas on arbitrary decrees, and unconditional election, approaches to the Antinomian, labours hard to repel the imputation of such connexion; by endeavouring to shew that these doctrines, as held by him, do not weaken any of the motives to exertion which reason has discovered, or Revelation presented. And the Arian, who discards some of the most spiritualizing doctrines of Christianity is no less anxious to maintain the vitality of his system, in opposition to that of the Unitarian.

"Now as these various systems cannot be, all of them, exact transcripts of the word of God; and as the subjects, on which they differ from each other, are those of the highest importance; the author of these pages has felt it to be his most sacred duty, indiscriminately, to resist the encroachments of error, without any regard to the names with which it might be connected." *Preface.*

In furtherance of this excellent design Dr. Lloyd has, in the volume before us, made public a series of discourses worthy to be ranged upon the same shelf with the most eminent productions in this department of theology. They are not adapted to the generality of readers, nor fitted for indiscriminate perusal; being too learned for the uneducated, and too closely argumentative for the superficial. Indeed it may be doubted whether they are well suited to the progress and capacities of the younger theological students. There is in them so much of deep and abstruse reasoning that they cannot be thoroughly understood without the most unremitting

attention, and without much previously acquired knowledge of the subject. It is sometimes no easy task for the experienced divine to follow the author's train of thought, not because it is confused and perplexed, but because it is exceedingly deep and profound. To unfold a chain of abstract reasoning to the intelligence of common readers is one of the most difficult of arts, and has been successfully attained by very few. If in this Dr. Lloyd is not always so happy as might be wished, yet his argumentation is sound, and may at all times be comprehended by a well informed and attentive reader; and he deserves unqualified praise for the accuracy of his views of the revealed doctrines, profound thought, and for the cogent reasoning with which he illustrates them.

The subjects treated in these Discourses are the nature and offices of faith—the want of faith—spiritual influences—the value of the holy Scriptures as means of grace—the rules of interpretation to be applied to the holy Scriptures—the doctrine of predestination—the doctrine of atonement—of Christ's mediation—on prayer as means of grace—on works as means of grace—on good works as means of grace. All these subjects are treated in the most satisfactory and convincing manner. The Scriptural view of them is powerfully stated; and defended against the principal sectarian errors by a line of argument at once profound and unassailable. There are few works which can be so unreservedly recommended to the divine, for the soundness of their principles as these Discourses, and very few which display characters of such deep thinking. But to enable our readers to form a judgment of the author's mode of handling his subject, we shall give an analysis of, together with some extracts from, one of his discourses. That which we have selected is the seventh, which treats of the doctrine of predestination:

The text chosen by the Author is Rom. viii. 29. "*Whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son;*" and taking this appropriate passage as the basis of his discourse, he proceeds to discuss the question concerning the part allotted to man himself, in carrying on the work of his own salvation.

On the subject of election and predestination the Antinomian doctrine is, that the decrees of God are not fettered by any condition whatever, and are effected without any connection with human agency. That of the moderate Calvinists, is, that human efforts have a place in the work of salvation; that works of righteousness, performed in the spirit of Christian faith, are the manifestation of its renovating power in the effects produced by it; and are themselves comprehended in

the scheme, wherein every thing relative to the salvation of the elect, had been previously and unalterably determined. Of these opinions the latter, by affording a place to works of righteousness in the scheme of salvation, is so far favourable to the cause of Christian morality. But both of them are, in their operation, injurious to practical Christianity. If Christianity be a scheme in which man is allowed no part at all, or else that of a passive instrument, the origin of his actions is exterior to himself; and consequently the foundations of moral obligation are far from being safe. When men are under the influence of a persuasion that they are the elect and the objects of God's special grace, their hopes become presumptuous, their conduct unguarded, their zeal is too nearly allied to fanaticism, and their humility to despair.

As the passage chosen for the text has been regarded as one of those in which the doctrine of unconditional election is most expressly and unequivocally asserted, it seems proper to consider how far it is applicable to this purpose. Now it must be observed, that a large portion of the Epistle from which the text is selected, relates to the divine administration in the rejection of the Jews, and the calling of the Gentiles. Are we not, then, warranted by the principles of the soundest criticism to apply the passage to the *national* promulgation of the Gospel dispensation. If so, it is an exposition of the proceedings of the Deity for the attainment of this gracious purpose; wherein it is declared, that, agreeably to his foreknowledge, he had made all those arrangements that could be necessary to produce, in the individuals of the nations so to be called, a conformity to the image of his Son; that in the prosecution of this plan of salvation, he called them to the knowledge of the Gospel, by ordering it to be preached among them, which call, if obeyed, should be followed, on his part, with justification here, and glory hereafter.

But not to insist on this view of the passage, which however harmonizes with the rest of the Epistle, and with the general tenour of the Scriptures; let it be considered as an account of God's dealings with his creatures *individually*. But even by this concession the Calvinistic cause will not be benefited, as is strongly argued by the author.

"Even in this way of considering the passage, I think we shall discover in it nothing which will not accord with the views of natural theology, which teaches, that though the counsels of God are consequent on His foreknowledge in order of conception; they are commensurate to that knowledge, not only in respect of time, but of extent: that this knowledge being from eternity, His de-

terminations must be so likewise : that as it extends to all the consequences of his first creation, His determinations must be equally extended, embracing all the means of grace, and all the particulars of that discipline by which each individual should be conducted to his final destination and allotment, in the scale of being.

" This co-existence of the knowledge and determinations of the Almighty, is marked in the words of the apostle: for ' whom he foreknew, he did also predestinate.' Yet in the order in which these things are offered to our conceptions, the decree of predestination does not occupy the place of a primary or unconditional act, directing all things; even the exercise of the Divine Wisdom, to its own accomplishment. So far from being the foundation on which the entire scheme is erected, this predetermination of God, in favour of certain of His creatures, is grounded on his foreknowledge of its objects. He predestinated whom he foreknew.

" Neither is the foreknowledge of God, itself, the moving principle, to which our views are ultimately directed : if this were the case, as it is certain that all were foreknown, so all would have been included in the plan contrived for security and ultimate happiness. The foreknowledge here spoken of, respects the suitableness of the objects of God's saving grace : in confirmation whereof, it may be added, that foreknowledge, in the language of Scripture, implies something more than is denoted in the ordinary signification of the term ; and that God is said to foreknow those whom He regards with approbation and complacency. ' Before I formed thee, I knew thee,' (Jer. i. 5.) are the words of God to the prophet. ' God hath not cast away his people which he foreknew.' (Rom. xi. 2.) ' I will profess I never knew you.' (Matt. vii. 23.) ' A people which I knew not shall serve me.' (2 Sam. xxii. 44.) And that the term is used in the same sense by the apostle in the passage under consideration, is evident from the remark ; of which the account of God's proceedings, as given in the text, is the expansion : ' We know that all things work together for good to them that love God, who are the called according to his purpose.' These are they who from a principle of love towards God, obey the heavenly invitation, and thereby take to themselves all the benefits he hath provided for them. These are they whom He hath ever regarded with complacency, and whom He is therefore said to foreknow.

" Indeed this peculiarity in the Scriptural signification of the word foreknowledge, has been remarked by several of the Calvinistic school ; (Archbishop Leighton, Com. i. Pet. i. 2.) but so far from yielding any support to their favourite doctrine, it gives additional confirmation to that which is here insisted on : inasmuch as all that is done by the Deity, according to the account of the apostle, would be done, not merely in consequence of His knowledge of the objects of his mercy, but also in consideration of the approbation with

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which he has regarded them, as the suitable objects for the effusions of His goodness.

"This act of predestination, then, is not an unconditional decree founded exclusively on the will of God; on the contrary, there is an acknowledged fitness, not created by this decree; and the being in whom it is discerned is the object, to whose security and advancement God's protecting providence is directed by the arrangements, implied in the act of predestination.

"Further: the representation of the apostle, so far from favouring the opinion in support of which it is commonly adduced, would seem to furnish the readiest means of its refutation: for it does not merely offer to our apprehensions a certain suitableness in the objects of God's mercy, independent of the act of predestination; but it strikes yet more deeply at the foundation of the Calvinistic scheme: for in the order observed in that representation, the decrees of the Divine Wisdom and the exertions of the Divine Power, are studiously kept behind the conduct of the creature, as it exists in the Divine prescience, for the purpose, as it would seem, of saving the power of self-determination in man.

"This is the more remarkable, when it is considered, that the object of the apostle was to inspire confidence in the extent and immutability of the Divine counsels: and that the admission of a condition external to God himself, must have operated as a limitation on the force of that representation. This admission, however, is not withheld, and it seems difficult to imagine stronger evidence of his persuasion, that man has received from the hand of his Maker a power of self-determination: and that this principle is not superseded in any arrangement of his all-disposing Providence.

"On the whole, therefore, the proceedings of the Deity being consequent on his foreknowledge, cannot here be referred to arbitrary decrees: but, on the contrary, they must be regarded as belonging to an equitable administration, grounded on that perfect foreknowledge of its subjects, which has been universally ascribed to the Supreme Being."

Hence it is plain that the decrees of the Almighty are consistent with the exertions of a principle of self-determination in his creatures. But it is said, that preknowledge implies, as its indispensable condition, that the things foreseen shall certainly come to pass: and that certainty with respect to man's future actions, leaves no room for the exertion of any such power as that for which we contend. But this is a fallacious mode of reasoning. Instead of beginning with some received truth, with what is clear and evident, it commences with what is dark and dubious. The foreknowledge of God is not a subject of which we have that complete comprehension requisite in first principles. It is not correct, therefore, to argue from the divine prescience to the denial of human

liberty, because we cannot fully comprehend the divine attributes. Our apprehensions of God must fall infinitely short of his intimate nature and essence. Our notions of the attributes of the Supreme Being are formed by comparison with those principles of human nature to which they may be supposed to have some analogy. This imperfection in our knowledge of the nature of God renders such a mode of argument as that just cited extremely dubious. It cannot certainly be allowed to shake our plainest convictions, or unsettle the foundations of moral obligation. But the consciousness that we are the authors of our own actions does not yield to any other moral evidence in strength or certainty. No argument, therefore, built upon the nature of the attributes of the Deity, can be admitted to overthrow our persuasion that there is a principle of self-determination in man, and that, consequently, the divine decrees must be consistent with it\*.

Hence, in opposing the foreknowledge of God to the power of self-determination in man, reason has wandered far from its proper sphere. Nor are we to expect much assistance in the Word of God for carrying on such investigations. Great and glorious are the manifestations which God has there made of himself, of his righteous government, and of his goodness in his provisions for our final happiness. The discoveries which he has made of himself relate to those moral perfections, to which we are invited to aspire, and the main end of them is our spiritual improvement. The Sacred Word is therefore lamentably perverted when it is applied to the determination of questions either in natural or metaphysical science.

"If the truth of these observations is admitted, we shall not presume to suppose, when the apostle ascribes foreknowledge to God, that it was his intention to define the nature of that power of apprehension, as it exists in the great First Cause; how far this attribute is consistent with the contingency of events, or whether time, that modification of every existence of which we have a distinct perception, can properly relate either to the being or the perceptions of the Deity. No, my friends, the design of the apostle was to beget a lively hope in the followers of the Lord Jesus, founded in the sufficiency of his Providence in whose hands we are. This is evident from the declaration, in support of which his account of God's proceedings is introduced. 'And we know that all things work together for good to them that love God.'

"When, in order to assure us of this, he would communicate his

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\* In this paragraph we have given a bare outline of Dr. Lloyd's reasoning, which is remarkably acute, close, and powerful, and we recommend it to the earnest attention of our readers.

persuasion, that all events whatever are comprised within the plan of God's wisdom, and that, notwithstanding the inconceivable extent of the sphere of his observation, no occurrence, however minute, can possibly elude his vigilance; how could he have declared this persuasion more fully or significantly, than by ascribing to the Deity the most perfect fore-knowledge.

"The following verses contain a more detailed account of God's proceedings, by which, agreeable to his fore-knowledge, all things are made to work together for good to them that love God. 'For whom he did foreknow, he also did predestinate to be conformed to the image of his Son, that he might be the first-born among many brethren.'

"Now when the apostle would give us to understand, that nothing can take out of the hand of God the object of his mercy; that seeming impediments are real furtherances to those who take the Divine will as the rule of their conduct; that trials and temptations are the wholesome discipline, by which their spiritual strength is exercised and matured; that dangers are the means of security; and that, in the dispositions of his Providence, all things are made to work together for good to them that love God: how could he have summed up this encouraging representation more comprehensively than by the use of the term Predestination?

"The Scripture doctrine of predestination being then applied exclusively to this purpose, that of impressing us with a feeling of security respecting the arrangements of God's all-protecting Providence, you perceive the exquisite propriety, with which the decrees of the Supreme Ruler are placed, in order of succession, next to his fore-knowledge; and taking this view of the subject, you cannot fail to acknowledge, that the doctrine of predestination is, in truth, what the articles of our church have represented it, full of unspeakable comfort; invigorating and establishing our faith in God; inspiring the persuasion that nothing external to man himself, that neither height nor depth, nor any other creature, shall have power to wrest from his hand those whom he hath deemed the fit objects of his saving mercy.

"Moreover whom he did predestinate, them he also called. Generally speaking, they are the called, to whom the Gospel is preached; but those only are the called according to his purpose, who respond to the glad tidings, with love to God for his surpassing mercies; and who by filial obedience to the heavenly call, receive unto themselves, those inestimable benefits which are stored for them in the treasury of his Providence."

But for the purpose of saving the doctrine of unconditional election, a distinction is made between an effectual and an ineffectual call; those alone being effectually called who have been previously elected. The call may, indeed, be said to be effectual or ineffectual, as it is answered by our obedience or otherwise; but on the part of the Deity we are not warranted

in making any such distinction. The Scriptures do not authorize the assertion that, while all are invited, God gives only to some the needful help. They do not lead us to suppose that his invitations are insincerely addressed to any of his creatures, or that he ever withholds from them the requisite assistance. The difference is in men themselves, by whom the call is rendered effectual or ineffectual according to their obedience or disobedience. "Those who love God are the called according to his purpose;" that is, those who receive the invitation with filial obedience are the chosen of God, and will attain to justification here and to glory hereafter.

In asserting this it is not meant that God must in equity make equal manifestations of himself to all men, or that the influences of the Spirit are imparted to all in the same measure. There are those to whom little is given, and those who receive much; yet we know that the measure of our responsibility will be according to that of God's gifts. But this is not an admission of the doctrine of unconditional election, or arbitrary decrees; it is merely a declaration of our conviction that we shall be dealt with in proportion to our gifts. In short, while the holy Scriptures every where require men to look to themselves with jealousy and distrust, they encourage them with the assurance that, on the part of God, all things are provided for their present security, and their ultimate happiness.

Such is the sound and Scriptural view which Dr. Lloyd has taken of the intricate subject of predestination; and he has corroborated his reasoning by some valuable notes.

From this specimen our readers will be enabled to judge of the manner which Dr. Lloyd has adopted of treating his subject. All his discourses are equally abundant in useful matter as that of which we have given an analysis. They are the production of a mind stored with knowledge, and well disciplined to habits of deep thought and meditation. Every page of the volume before us bears evidence of a strong and highly cultivated intellect. To this circumstance may be attributed in a great measure the difficulty which many will experience in following the course of his argument. He perhaps, as we before observed, is deficient in the art of rendering abstruse reasoning clear and perspicuous; but the attention requisite for comprehending his disquisitions arises principally from the subtilty of his argumentation. Those, however, who will study these discourses with proper care will be amply rewarded. They will find in them an able exposition of some of the leading articles of the Christian faith by a writer of sound principles and vigorous understanding.



**ART. VIII. *A Narrative of the Sufferings of a French Protestant Family, at the Period of the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes: written by John Migault, the Father. Translated, and now first published, from the Original Manuscript.*** 12mo. 182 pp. 3s. 6d. Butterworth. 1824.

If this little volume is designed (as we suspect) to be an advertisement on behalf of the *Spitalfields Benevolent Society*, the President has miscalculated its powers. The Society, we have no doubt, relieves much misery according to its own fashion: the book, is for the most part dull, and very ill satisfies the expectation of high interest which its title-page is calculated to excite. It is introduced by a Preface compounded of cant and fine writing, the tone of which is not very kindly to any authorities from the legitimate XIVth Louis down to the late Ex-Emperor. It talks in a spirit, which strikes us to be somewhat levelling, of despots, of the "true character of potentates whom we are apt to dignify with the title of great and glorious," of the "sanctifying effects of divine truths," being generally found in the lower walks of life, of the iniquity of Popes, the cruel oppression of Governors, and the peace to which rulers are strangers, unless renewed in the spirit of their minds. Besides this there are some hard words for Voltaire, a metaphysical note, and a passage upon Bonaparte, approaching to the sublime. He, it is said, "was exalted by the vicissitudes of war, and the earth swarmed with his admirers; although to the people who lived within the horrid glare of his sceptre, he scarcely left any thing but their eyes to weep."

John Migault himself never attains so high a flight as this; on the whole, indeed, he may be called rather prosy. He married, in 1663, at an early age, and lived for seventeen years as notary and school-master in the village of Moullé, in Poitou, officiating also as reader in the church of Mougou, in which his father had preceded him in the same appointment, as well as those of elder and scribe, for no less than forty years. Eleven children were the fruits of his marriage, when he changed his abode for Mougou, in consequence of the approaching persecution. Here fifteen dragoons were speedily quartered upon him, and they behaved with all the customary barbarity attached to their mission. John Migault escaped from them as soon as he could, but forgot to ask his wife to accompany him. The troopers used her most cruelly. She was ill and confined to her chamber. Out of this they violently kicked her, and then thrust her into a corner of the chimney, after lighting an immense fire. They next threat-

ened to burn her alive unless she immediately renounced Protestantism. She continued firm against their menaces and importunities till pain and terror reduced her to insensibility.

By the assistance of some neighbours, Madame Migault at length escaped; and next day, every remaining Protestant in the village having formally recanted, the dragoons proceeded to another place in search of fresh victims. Their departure permitted the return of Migault and the revival of his school. Not more than a fortnight of repose, however, was allowed him; the soldiers came back, plundered and destroyed his property, and obliged the family once more to seek refuge elsewhere. Madame Migault was compelled to abandon a dying infant, whose body was saved, with difficulty, from the dogs, to which the Curé, a great leader in the persecution, earnestly desired that it might be thrown.

An asylum was found at Mauzé, and here for twelve months Migault re-established his school, and continued undisturbed till the death of his wife in child-bed. We cannot but think that the account of her death-bed has been dressed up and decorated in the translation, in order to assimilate it more closely to some of our modern evangelical obituaries. Soon after her decease a Royal ordinance appeared, prohibiting all Protestant school-masters from receiving boarders, and thus at once depriving Migault of his principal means of subsistence. The dragoons were again let loose; the Edict of Nantes was revoked; the reformed churches were razed to the ground; and Protestants of all ranks were either dragged to prison, or compelled to secrete themselves.

The winter of 1685-6 was passed by Migault in various hiding places. Sometimes the fidelity of his friends, even in the established persuasion, preserved him under their own roofs from detection; at others, when the search was too close to permit his stay, he betook himself to any retreat which appeared at hand. On one occasion he was compelled to quit the house of a staunch friend, Madame d'Olbreuze, who had retained him in the disguise of a servant.

"My distracted brain was always on the rack; I formed and abandoned twenty schemes. I consulted Madame d'Olbreuze, but she was ignorant what course to recommend; until one day it occurred to her mind, that the cavern, or grotto, in the adjoining forest, might be resorted to as a place of secure retreat. We called upon one of her old servants, a Roman Catholic, but a man full of integrity, and learned from him, that though he had never been inside the cave, he knew where it was situated. At night we took lanterns and started to examine this grotto; after walking a

considerable distance in the forest, we arrived at the mouth, which had all the appearance of a narrow well; we were obliged to descend with our bodies erect, and having gone down several feet, the entrance gradually enlarged ceasing to have a perpendicular direction.

"This grotto consists of numerous compartments, seemingly cut out of the solid rock, hewn and ornamented with extraordinary skill and industry. The entrance from one chamber to another is through an aperture of the thickness of at least two French feet, but of no larger expanse than the mouth of an oven. In every apartment we saw a seat of sand, well and regularly made. We penetrated deeper and deeper into this astonishing cave, until we despaired of ascertaining its termination; we concluded, from the great number of bones in the chambers nearest the mouth, that they have afforded shelter to small animals. The cavern is removed a full quarter of a league from any human habitation. It is generally received opinion, that it is the gigantic work of the English.

"I determined to conceal Anne and Jeanneton in this disagreeable but remote, and therefore, we hoped, secure retreat. Fifteen other persons, whom circumstances obliged to quit the house, also formed the resolution of making it their place of temporary abode.

"The party, amounting to sixteen persons, who persevered in the intention of inhabiting this subterraneous and dark abode, took their leave of Madame d'Olbreuze on Sunday the 1st of February, 1686, an hour before day-light; they were conducted by the Roman Catholic servant. Our charitable hostess had taken care to have conveyed to the grotto provisions and apparel, and the company were visited every night by the faithful domestic, and had all their wants supplied. Every precaution had been employed to clean the chambers, which it was meant should be occupied; but this unwholesome dwelling was abandoned after a painful and dangerous trial of three weeks. There was no admittance for air but through the small entrance, and the want of a free respiration proved destructive of health; my two children came out more dead than alive." P. 91.

At length he was informed that an opportunity for embarkation was likely to occur at La Rochelle, and he hastened thither with the intention of profiting by it. Here he was arrested by order of the Governor, and, under the influence of terror, consented to sign his abjuration. Four pages in this part of the narrative are said to be torn out of the original manuscript, and we are consequently ignorant of the degree of cruelty practised, in order to extort this appearance of conformity. The general tenor of the volume, however, does not impress us with any strong belief of Migault's firmness and courage; but his remorse is expressed in terms of bitterness which leaves no doubt of its sincerity.

During the ensuing year and a half he resided with two

ladies who had also recanted, and who, together with himself, were constantly planning means of escape. They converted their estates into money, but at length when an arrangement had been made for a passage to England by sea, they changed their minds, and determined to attempt to gain the frontier.

After many dangers and perplexities, a Dutch vessel was secured, and a rendezvous was appointed for eighty passengers at Pampin, a house within a short distance of the shore, about a league from La Rochelle.

"The cold was insupportable; the night extremely dark, and in consequence of heavy rains the roads were inundated and nearly impracticable; and even, if it had not been so, we should have been obliged to avoid the regular path to prevent being arrested in our flight. We traversed consequently meadows which were become quagmires, or went through vineyards whose borders were very high, and the ground so soft that we could not advance a step without sinking almost to the calves of our legs. We frequently trod the brinks of precipices, the frightful depth of which we had then no conception of, brinks which in the-day time we should have carefully avoided, and which nothing but the hand of a gracious God could have guided us safely through, in the midst of darkness and ignorance. I had afterwards occasion three times to go over the same ground, and when I inform you that I did not consider it safe, in broad day-light, to proceed a single step without much care, and sometimes with a great deal of hesitation, my horse and myself trembling at the sight of the abyss below us, you may form some adequate idea of the perils we incurred, as well as the sufferings we endured, during that memorable night.

"We contrived, however, to reach the place of rendezvous. The darkness, the miserable weather, or rather the goodness of Providence, preserved, not our party alone from detection, but every individual who had repaired to this spot with a view to embarkation. A few, indeed, lost their way and did not arrive at the appointed hour. There were seventy-five persons assembled on the beach." P. 129.

"In less than a quarter of an hour, the arrival of the boat was announced. Every one hastened towards it, but the order of embarkation was neglected, and great confusion prevailed. I could not possibly be among the foremost, having Mademoiselle De Choisy in charge, as well as my six children. We lost our way with a dozen other people, and found ourselves in a vineyard, a hundred yards from the sea, from which we could not extricate ourselves, and where we expected to pass the night. There happened, however, to be in our party a woman whose husband had long been familiar with this part of the coast, and who, as soon as he had missed his wife, went in search of her until he found her in the vineyard. He conducted us to the boat, which we reached when it was about putting to sea with thirty-five persons. Of

course we were reduced to the necessity of waiting until the return of the sailors, which was not before six o'clock. I need not detail all our sufferings, during this long interval, arising from cold, fatigue, and anxiety of mind.

"The return of the boat imparted to me no consolation, for it was taken into a creek one hundred and fifty yards distant from the rock on which we were waiting, and which we had not quitted since the first embarkation. As soon as we heard the cry of the sailors, every person (we were about forty) hastened to the place whence the voices proceeded: the most active, or the least encumbered gained the boat; and when five and twenty had entered it, the sailors refused to admit any more, having been, they said, nearly swamped the first trip; but they would return a third time and take in the remainder.

"It became soon very evident that our passage was lost. The day dawned before the boat could well have reached the vessel, and the returning light discovered to us two launches that we immediately recognized to belong to the dozen guard boats established at La Rochelle since the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, and which justified all the caution that attended every plan of emigration. Our kind and judicious superintendant had employed during ten successive mornings persons to observe a long range of coast, and the whole seemed to be guarded, excepting the part where we agreed to assemble. The delay of only half an hour in the arrival of the second boat might have led to the detection of the present scheme, and subjected the persons who left the shore to imprisonment, perhaps perpetual imprisonment, and every individual by whom that scheme had been promoted to a trial upon a capital charge." P. 183.

This disappointment occurred in the middle of January, and it was not until Easter that Migault succeeded in escaping. He was conveyed to Holland, and there the narrative terminates.

If this narrative be authentic it is an interesting memorial to its owner, who is stated to be a poor man, lineally descended from its author; but it has little in it which can attract or detain the public eye. The enormity of the persecution which attended the Revocation of the Edict of Nantes, can be extenuated only by those who would find palliations for the massacre of St. Bartholomew. We consider those who planned and executed it, to be quite as detestable as they are held to be by the profound editor of this volume; but we are in less alarm than he seems to be as to the probability of a revival of such outrages; and in looking over the face of Europe at present, we do not quite coincide with him in a belief that there is "a disposition in neighbouring nations to perpetuate the despotism" of 1685.

ART. IX. *May You like It. By a Country Curate.*  
2 vols. 12mo. 14s. Boys. 1823.

MAY you like it! We do like it, and we trust our readers will do the same. In order, however, that their liking may be founded on some reasonable basis, as we trust our own is, we must in all fairness and justice, both to ourselves, in defence of our opinion thus expressed, as also to our readers, and moreover to the author also, enter a little into the reasons which have induced us to form that opinion; if reasons they may with propriety be termed, when we have been pleased without always knowing exactly why, or being able to trace and analyse with accuracy the current in which our pleasurable sensations flowed. This circumstance, however, we cannot but regard as in itself constituting a very good and solid reason for our approbation; for in truth to what cause can we attribute such spontaneous and undefinable gratification but to some close and intimate connexion subsisting between the images which the magic power of an author conjures up, and certain sentiments and predilections existing within us; a connexion which, because unperceived and incapable of being defined, is only so much the more natural; and asserts so much the stronger empire over our sympathies and associations, because the precise laws by which it exerts its power are unknown to us.

Whenever, then, we meet with a work which exercises this influence over us, we are disposed on that very ground to consider it as containing something intrinsically good, even though we should be puzzled if required to point out the precise particulars in which it consists.

These simple narratives are distinguished by very little of romantic incident or dramatic interest. They please from the faithful delineation of nature exhibited in their simple touches. What we term nature in works of imagination, is in fact nothing more than an appeal to our own sensations. Ideas which have long been familiar to our own minds, we are pleased to recognize thus embodied by the skill of the intellectual artist; and images which have lain neglected, disjointed and confused in our imaginations, we all at once perceive (and are delighted at the perception), combined and associated by the power of fictitious description; and invested with a 'local habitation and a name,' by the magic influence of a writer, who, while he seems to do nothing more than we are apt to think we could have done ourselves, has, in exciting that very idea, fully proved his superior ability.

The author is eminently pleasing in his descriptions of rural scenery, and shows a happy facility of bringing before

our eyes the simple beauties of a home landscape; witness the following passage (the Holme Farm, p. 68).

"I had one day strayed to some distance from home, wandering over an almost pathless heath; when, having reached its boundary on the farther side, I stood for some time looking over a gate into the depth of a very shady and sequestered lane, whose bright green borders of grass intermixed with blue bells, reminded me of Whar-ton's picturesque lines, when speaking of the simple pleasures of country life:

'On green untrodden banks they view  
The hyacinth's neglected hue.'

The ruts, half choked and concealed by flowering weeds, and the one single track in the centre, showed plainly that this lane was little frequented, and could lead to no public resort of man.

"I have always felt a great impulse to strike into such lanes as these; and often when whirled along on the top of a stage-coach, I have passed such green untrodden ways, I have sent my soul to wander there, long after the remorseless vehicle had carried my mortal part far away from them. In the present case, I was impelled by the additional motive of curiosity to leap over the pad-locked gate on which I had before been leaning: for it appeared strange to me that, in all my rambles round the heath, I had never noticed this particular lane, having until now imagined that I had explored every one of the many solitary paths diverging from its outskirts.

"I advanced for a time, half fearing to be disappointed (as I frequently had been) by finding that any new discovery was merely a circuitous way of reaching some well-known spot; but soon I gave myself up to a very youthful feeling, a sort of vague expectation that I should meet with something very new, very beautiful, or very extraordinary. Pardon me, sober reader! I have always been in the habit of extracting a great deal of romance from the common incidents of life; every step I took certainly unfolded some new beauty in the valley down which I was wandering. At every new turning I paused, afraid lest the next step should discover to me the termination of the unknown valley; but I had turned often, and yet no end appeared. It had often been a favourite freak of my imagination, to think how delightful it would be to wander along a path like this without ever coming to an end, and without even the chance of meeting a human being. I had never before met with any thing so like the reality of my wish; but, just as I thought so, another turning discovered to me the tops of some blue distant hills, with whose outlines I was provokingly acquainted, and which, seen through a wider opening of the valley, threatened that too soon it would expand into a more level and less Utopian country.

"'No, I will proceed no further,' I thought to myself; 'but I will turn up this pathway to the right,' I added in a moment afterwards, attracted by its more sequestered look, and by the appear-

ance of a rustic bridge which enabled me to cross a bright and babbling brook that spread itself across the road. When I had done so, I came in sight of a large old-looking farm-house, elevated on a kind of natural platform in the valley; while on one side the copse-covered hill rose immediately above it, on the other it sloped down to the before-mentioned stream; between which and the farm was an orchard and a perfect grove of venerable walnut trees."

Of those narratives which possess a more dramatic character, the most romantic and highly wrought in point of plot and incident, is that entitled, "*A Tale of true love.*"

The tale opens with a scene of mirthful festivity and sumptuous revelry, at the palace of the young and beautiful Countess Bianca, on the event of her coming into possession of her estates. In the midst of universal gladness however, the mistress of the mansion, is the prey of secret and ill-disguised sorrow. Her betrothed husband, the young Ernest, distinguished as a brave defender of his country, has unfortunately been engaged in a duel, with his commander, who is dangerously wounded; and the young man, in consequence a fugitive from the arm of justice, succeeds in effecting his escape into a wild part of the country, where he is shortly after surprised and captured, after a desperate struggle, by some banditti. Among them, while lying ill of his wounds, he is recognized by an old soldier, who had formerly served under him, and owing to whose attentions, and the respect his gallant conduct extorts from the rest of the band, he is invited to become their captain. This however he refuses, and in an unlucky moment, is taken in company with them, by the police. All his representations are of no avail; he is consigned to a dungeon, and condemned to death. His betrothed wife, who is a personal favorite of the empress, intercedes in his behalf, as also does the general with whom he had fought, and who has now recovered the effects of his dangerous wound. His sentence is commuted into a perpetual banishment to the mines of Idra. The countess on hearing this, forms the heroic resolution of being united solemnly to him, and partaking in his exile and labours. She is warned in a most affecting audience with the empress, that in so doing, she will, according to the laws of the country, forfeit all her estates, rank and titles. She still resolves to sacrifice every thing, and communicates her determination to Ernest in his cell; where a truly impressive, and striking scene, is admirably described, between the lovers, the count's aged mother, and the friar who attended to unite them:—for the description of this, and its consequences, we beg to refer our readers to the work itself.



We have given a few specimens of our author's skill in the more sentimental line of writing, and in his descriptions of nature, and picturesque delineation of its beauties, we now proceed to shew, his equally happy faculty, in what must be considered, a higher branch of the art; the representation of character; the landscape of human nature. And in this point of view, we consider the tale entitled, the "Last years of an old incumbent," to be of pre-eminent merit. The account of this venerable personage and his peculiarities in the discharge of his sacred functions, is given with the few, light, but expressive strokes of a master's hand.

"In every point of church discipline he adhered strictly to ancient custom. When he was engaged in the discharge of his clerical duties, he was never to be seen without his cassock. Yet with all his strictness, he never spoke unkindly of dissenters; 'I respect,' he would say, 'all those who act conscientiously and from principle, however their opinions may differ from my own.' The old rector once parted with a curate, because, (among more serious causes for complaint,) the young man, 'although,' as the Doctor phrased it; 'he had proceeded regularly to the degree of Artium Baccalaureus in the University of Cambridge; he would not wear the gown appointed by the statutes for that degree, but a strangely devised vesture which he called a preaching gown, and moreover he would not wear a statutable hood, but took upon himself to wear the hood of a Master of Arts of Oxford, who had preceded him in the curacy.' The Doctor always took part himself in the celebration of divine service. He read the prayers without spectacles, in a firm and clear voice, and in a manner which showed how deeply he felt the beauty of our liturgy. Never shall I forget the deep tones and fine modulation of the old man's voice, when, after the invocation of the Redeemer by all the sufferings of his human life, he concluded the reiterated petition with that awful climax, 'In all time of our tribulation; in all time of our wealth; in the hour of death; and in the day of judgment: Good Lord, deliver us.' His sermons were generally short and sententious. The equability of his temper did not suffer him to delight in violent representations of the terrors of religion; and his somewhat reserved and dry manner prevented him from doing justice to the kindness of his heart, and from persuading and alluring his hearers to the ways of pleasantness and the paths of peace. Yet when he instructed his parishioners, he turned not aside to the pages of heathen philosophy, which amused many of his leisure hours. From the Bible alone he drew his morality: and the brief warnings and simple exhortations of the word of God, were more impressive from the lips of the aged minister, than the most diffuse and elaborate compositions of human eloquence."

It is not perhaps of much importance, but in the matter of the preacher's gown, the incumbent was manifestly mistaken; and there is a blunder also in the concluding story, about Clarendon's History of the Rebellion, which the author supposes to be the Rebellion in forty-five. But we pass over these and a few other blemishes, and upon the whole, beg to express our thanks, to "the Country Curate," for the entertainment he has afforded us, and our recommendation of his work to all such of our readers as may not yet have seen it.

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ART. X. *Substance of the Debate in the House of Commons on the 15th May, 1823, on a Motion for the Mitigation and gradual Abolition of Slavery throughout the British Dominions. With a Preface and Appendixes, containing Facts and Reasonings illustrative of Colonial Bondage.* 8vo. 246 pp. Hatchard. 1823.

ART. XI. *Report of the Proceedings of the Incorporated Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign parts; during the Year 1822.*

ART. XII. *Report of a Debate in Council, on a Despatch from Lord Bathurst to His Excellency Sir Henry Wards.* 8vo. 40 pp. Barbadoes. 1823.

ART. XIII. *Cushoo: a Dialogue between a Negro and an English Gentleman, on the Horrors of Slavery and the Slave Trade.*

ART. XIV. *Some Account of the Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction and Education of the Negro Slaves in the British West India Islands. Incorporated by Royal Charter, 1794.*

ART. XV. *Lectures on the Gospel of St. Matthew. By the Rev. William Marshall Harte, Rector of St. Lucy, in the Island of Barbadoes. Printed for the Society for the Conversion and Religious Instruction and Education of the Negro Slaves in the British West India Islands.* 12mo. 408 pp. 1823.

ART. XVI. *Advice to Servants. Five Family Lectures delivered to Domestic Slaves in the Island of Barbadoes, in the Year 1822. By the Rev. John Hothersall Pinder, A.B. Chaplain to the Codrington Plantations.* 36 pp. Rivingtons and Cochran. 1824.

THE debates upon Negro Slavery with which Parliament must ere long resound, will proceed for the most part from three distinct quarters, Government, the Mitigationists, and

the West Indians. And if the orators find it expedient to give free utterance to their thoughts, we shall be treated with a curious medley of accusations and defences, charges and re-animinations, direct assaults, and indirect insinuations, cannonading, cross-firing, raking, and sharp-shooting. The *Edinburgh Review*, a Mitigation Journal, has already condemned Ministers for giving a delusive support to the firm of Macaulay, and Stephen. The Colonies conceive that Mr. Canning and Lord Bathurst are the tools, or the dupes of the African Institution. Government must feel indignant at the conduct of "the Saints," and has somewhat to complain of in the proceedings of the Planters. The Planters and the Mitigationists assail each other with persevering fury, and will listen to no proposal of compromise or conciliation. It may not be impossible to simplify the subject by briefly reviewing the conduct of the various belligerents.

To begin with Ministers. They will have no difficulty in defending themselves against the charges of Mr. Brougham. With "a tithe of the tithe" of that gentleman's talents, it might be shewn that a Ministry which threw themselves into the arms of the Mitigationists, would be very inadequately punished by the loss of their places. A more serious charge will arise out of the undue reliance which has been placed upon the Society. The Opposition will say, they are already saying that Government either in its aggregate capacity, or in the person of the Secretary of State for the Colonies, ought to have acted upon its own responsibility, procured its own information from its own officers, brought forward its own plan, canvassed that plan confidentially with the Colonial authorities, and abstained from any Parliamentary discussion of its merits until the whole was agreed to and arranged. It is evident that this would have been the preferable mode of proceeding. With a host of well-paid servants in the West Indies, Government should be better informed upon colonial subjects than Mr. Buxton or Mr. Brougham. They ought not to stand in need of the assistance even of Mr. Wilberforce. If it be said, therefore, that there are great and long-standing defects in the system of our Colonial Administration, we know not how such a charge can be disproved. Admitting it to be the duty of Ministers, not merely to defend the West Indies against foreign enemies; but to ameliorate its internal condition, no man can pretend to say that such duty has been fulfilled. In the nomination of Governors, Revenue Officers, Attorney's General, and other distinguished servants of the Crown, no one can pretend to say that the chief object has been to select men who could improve the country to which

they were sent. Has it ever been considered the business of the Governors of Jamaica, or Barbadoes, to devise, or even to execute schemes for the better regulation of their respective provinces. Lord Bathurst admits, that much remains to be done. And if he is asked why he did not set about it, until Mr. Buxton brought the matter before the House of Commons, his Lordship will be at a loss for a direct and satisfactory reply.

The answer may probably be, that it is the fashion to leave these things to Parliament; that the improvement of New South Wales was long intrusted to Mr. Bennet; that Mr. Hume was permitted to have all the credit of the recent reductions; and that it was thought better to leave the amendment of the criminal code in the hands of a Romilly and a Mackintosh; than commit it to experienced magistrates, or responsible law officers. This is all too true—and it may afford a sufficient defence either for the existing administration, or for the individual specially entrusted with the charge of the Colonies. We are not their enemies, or their accusers. But as their friends and well-wishers, it may be permitted us to hope, that they will not always condescend to excuse their particular omissions upon the ground of their general neglect; that the Colonies will not always be governed in Downing-street, after consulting with the Mitigationists on one hand, and the West India Committee on the other; that every future provincial appointment will be made with a regard not merely to the past services, or general merits of the individual, but to his capacity for executing the beneficent intentions of his patron; that every succeeding governor may be enabled and required to let the wisdom, energy, and impartiality of Government flow freely through his hand without being strained too curiously through the Planter's sieve, or adulterated by the admixture of puritanical philanthropy.

Feeling, therefore, that government is not entitled to a complete acquittal, we are aware that much may be urged in extenuation of its faults. The system we have condemned is not the growth of a day, and ought not to be abandoned without mature deliberation. The African Institution had stuck its fangs into the very vitals of society, and shewed no disposition to relax its grasp. The Abolitionists had been permitted to engross the public attention if not the public confidence, until it might not only be expedient to listen to their suggestions, but impossible to satisfy the country by a contrary line of conduct. If ministers knew or suspected what treatment they were to experience from the Society, they

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still might deem it prudent to have their suspicions justified, before they broke for ever with Mr. Stephen. And the West Indian complaints respecting this injudicious connection would be met fairly enough, by saying, that if the planters had done their duty, the necessity for such an alliance would have been prevented. Acting upon the received system, it might not be unbecoming, and it certainly was not ungracious in ministers to mediate between the contending parties. The parliamentary representatives, on either side, acquiesced in this pacific suggestion—the West Indians with cordiality—and the Mitigationists with distrust. It was admitted on all hands that there was much to be done; and that government ought, in the first instance, to be the doer of it. The Society found it necessary to acquiesce in the proposed delay. The planters promised their hearty support, and ministers undertook to proceed in the least irritating manner, to hear all sides, and protect all interests. How far the latter pledge has been redeemed, it is not possible at this moment to determine. The proceedings of the Colonial office are not yet accurately known; but there are some reasons to doubt whether sufficient pains have been taken to convince the Colonists that they were not to be placed at the mercy of Mr. Stephen. We have no intention, however, to prejudge a question upon which Lord Bathurst may be able to afford satisfactory explanation. The countenance which has formerly been given to a party so obnoxious to the Planters, is a circumstance rather to be deplored than condemned. Mr. Canning having been a zealous friend to the abolition, might suppose that he possessed some claims to the gratitude, and some check upon the conduct of its leaders. Under the influence of such a supposition, he was excusable for endeavouring to keep upon good terms with the party; and if the endeavour has betrayed his colleagues into a squabble with the Colonies, the means of making an honourable retreat are placed within his reach. The connection between Government and the Mitigationists may now be considered at an end; and an authorised declaration of this important event, will be accepted by the West Indian Planters as a satisfactory answer to their complaints.

The first of these facts is not derived from any secret or confidential source, but from the open conduct and declarations of the Society. After what they and theirs have said and done, it is impossible that ministers can act with them, or trust them. Professing to acquiesce in the suggestions of Mr. Canning, they have strained every nerve to counteract his plans. Having submitted for a time to his offer of me-

diation, they have notoriously and dishonourably broken the truce. We proceed to substantiate this grave accusation—a task which the works before us render sufficiently easy.

In the first place let us enquire why the Society published at all? Mr. Canning's resolutions were unanimously adopted, the debate which preceded them was extensively circulated, and conciliation was the order of the day. Ought not Mr. Macaulay, therefore, to have held his tongue until Government had tried its hand at managing the Colonial Legislatures? To us it appears that he ought; and the mere act of publication we consider an infringement upon the unanimous decision of the House of Commons. Perhaps the reader will object that to publish the 'Substance of the Debate' was at any rate well-intentioned and harmless; and for our own parts, we like the substance of the debate too well to object to its dissemination. But in the work before us, we must not be deceived by names. Among all its faults, it contains none greater than that upon the title-page. 'The Debate of the 15th of May is a mere pretence for the comment of the Mitigation Society. If the Society had intended to deal fairly by the public, this book should have been called, 'A Manifest from Zachary Macaulay, Esq. James Stephen, Esq. and others, shewing how far King, Lords, and Commons have consented to be governed by their Society, and proving the necessity of a more complete submission.'—This is the real purport of the volume. The Preface contains 'The Prospectus of the Society, published in March, 1823,' a 'brief View of Negro Slavery, published by the Society in April, 1823,' and 'the Report of the Committee of the Society, published in August, 1823.'—The two former consist of Hints for the Debate of May 15th, the latter details and comments upon its result. The Appendixes, thirty in number, and of much greater length than the debate, furnish replies to all the principal speeches except those of Mr. Buxton, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Brougham; and their obvious, we should even imagine their avowed object and tendency, is to do away the effect which those speeches produced.

The greater part, if not the whole of this creditable publication we attribute, without fear of contradiction, to the pen of Mr. Zachary Macaulay. Mr. Brougham proclaimed in the House of Commons, that 'this gentleman, one of his oldest and most valued friends,' was the author of 'Negro Slavery,' and that pamphlet is defended, on the present occasion, (p. 193, and p. 246) with such parental solicitude and such characteristic plain dealing, that we are justified in attribut-

ing both works to the same author. Upon every view of the case save one, the interference of this redoubtable champion partakes more largely of the ludicrous than of any other quality. We read the parliamentary speeches, and whether convinced or not convinced, we at least are pleased. It was an animated and business-like debate. The eloquence of Canning and Wilberforce, the wit of Brougham, the declamation of Buxton, the argumentative, manly, and unvarnished statements of Ellis, Marryatt, and Baring, afford no unfavourable specimen of the various classes of senatorial ability; and Mr. Macaulay's lucubrations might serve, with some success, as a foil. With a style, partaking largely of the hot and the heavy, with no new facts, and no new reasonings, what could induce this *preux chevalier* to break a lance with Canning, or to rally the discomfited arguments of Brougham? Can there be a plainer proof that the Mitigationists were worsted in the debate, than that Mr. Macaulay thinks it necessary to advance, at the head of thirty appendixes, to their support? If Mr. Canning and those that followed him could be satisfactorily answered, the House of Commons was the stage upon which to perform the feat, and Mr. Brougham is not the man to leave his work half-done. The only possible excuse therefore for this publication must be, that the writer of these manifold Appendixes supplied the honourable members with the subject matter of their orations, and holds himself bound to furnish them with a few more rounds of ammunition. The internal evidence is much in favour of this hypothesis; and we embrace it more readily because it explains the phenomena without compromising the members of the House of Commons. Upon a careful comparison of the debates with the Appendixes, we have arrived at this conclusion. That Mr. Buxton, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. William Smith, and Mr. Brougham are innocent of any premeditated or intentional misrepresentation. That they know, on the whole, rather less about the West Indies than the generality of well-informed gentlemen. And that when it is ordained that they should slander the planters, they speak from briefs prepared by Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Stephen. They are mere under-conjurors and puppets, whom the head magicians behind the curtain instruct and employ for the occasion. And when facts are brought forward, which were not put into their brief, they cast a reproachful glance at the prompter in the gallery, leave the West Indies in possession of a short-lived triumph, and console themselves with the recollection that publishing day will come, when old facts, like old clothes, will be vamped up and freshened, and appear once again in the garb and semblance of truth.

This is a simple explanation of the difficulties of the case. No one will believe that Mr. Macaulay's answers would have been withheld from the House of Commons, if the mitigation members had been acquainted with them on the 15th of May. After three months meditation these answers contain nothing which might not have been known before; and it is plain, therefore, to demonstration, that the orators of the month of May were indifferently prepared for their task; that the battles of the House of Commons are to be fought over again in the Reports of the African Institution; and that the limited abilities of a Brougham and a Wilberforce are to be succoured by the united energies of a Macaulay and a Stephen.

On the whole, therefore, we rejoice at the publication of the substance of the debate. Unsubstantial as it is, it has proved that there are other things lighter and emptier than itself. And while it gives a feeble support to the expiring cause of Puritanism, it has served to call forth some very able enquiries into the real state of the West Indies. We allude more particularly to the last number of the *Quarterly Review*, and to two well-written articles in *Blackwood's Magazine*. The general bearings of the question, and the particular merits of the Mitigationists are so well explained in these journals, that little remains to be done. We shall endeavour, however, to cull a few remaining flowers, and enliven a cheerless winter nosegay, with some choice exotics from the methodistical hot-house.

Mr. Macaulay is very angry with Mr. Alexander Baring, for saying that the Petitions to Parliament were all a trick, and had been manufactured by a squad in town. (Appendix, B. B. p. 238.) Why should Mr. Baring know nothing of Mr. Macaulay's tricks? Has he never heard that in the Ninth Report of the African Institution, the Directors of that body claimed credit for their great exertions in having procured a million of signatures to Parliamentary Petitions against the Foreign Slave Trade? Has he never heard that the Institution paid one thousand eight hundred and sixty-five pounds towards the expenses of getting up these petitions? On that occasion, even the parchment on which the petitions were written was paid for out of the funds of the Institution, and cost the moderate sum of 448l. 5s. Will Mr. Macaulay undertake to say that no similar charges will appear in the audit of the Mitigation Society? Will he undertake to deny, that last year when the Petition from Bristol was carried about for signatures, a negro paraded the streets with a monstrous placard, on which was painted a slave undergoing a



brutal flogging, and his master, a white man, looking on with a pipe in his mouth?

But if Mr. Baring is rebuked for alluding to the tender topic of petitions, he is graciously permitted to be as sarcastic as he pleases, respecting "the 'humbug' practised at Vienna and Verona on the subject of the Slave Trade." Will Mr. Macaulay venture to deny that the chief actor in this farce was his own brother, General Macaulay, who attended the Congress at Verona as the agent of the African Institution, and was chosen for that office on account of his intimate acquaintance with the Duke of Wellington?

Mr. Canning stated towards the conclusion of his speech, that "if any resistance was manifested to the express and declared wishes of Parliament, any resistance, he meant, which should partake, not of reason, but of contumacy," "his Majesty's Government would not hesitate to come to Parliament for counsel." P. 35. When this temperate and intelligible statement gets into the hands of the society, it comes forth in the following shape:—"If an unlooked-for spirit of resistance should manifest itself, his Majesty's Government would then resort to Parliament for counsel!!" Report, p. 30. Verily, it was high time for Mr. Canning to withdraw his name from the subscribers to the African Institution.

The evidence of the West Indian Governors in favour of the improved condition of the slaves is set aside with an easy impudence, which none but Mitigationists could acquire. Mr. Macaulay affirms, that the reports of Governors in 1790, were equally favourable to slave dealers and slave-owners. This evidence, he further affirms, is now admitted to be incorrect, and therefore it follows that the evidence of 1822 does not deserve to be depended upon. We shall not stop to ascertain the value of Mr. Macaulay's affirmations, but refer the curious to 'Negro Slavery,' Mr. Bright's speech, and Mr. Macaulay's reply. (Appendix, p. 194.) Is there not however something supremely ludicrous in a dispute upon a point of fact respecting the present state of the Colonies, between a dozen honourable and intelligent eye-witnesses on one side, and the persons who call themselves a Mitigation Society, on the other? What can the Society have to offer as a counterpoise to the experience, the actual knowledge and observation of the Governors? The Duke of Gloucester and Lord Langdowne cannot be supposed to have any personal acquaintance with the facts in dispute. The Members of the Lower House are in a similar predicament; and for the rest, we have two Wilberforces, two Babingtons, two Macaulays, and the Rev. Jabez Bunting!! And we are required to believe the asser-

tions of these gentlemen, in contradiction to every Colonial Governor who has been consulted on the subject. The last mentioned Committee-man is an host in himself, inasmuch as he and Mr. Venn are the only Reverends admitted into the African conclave. When called upon to guess who might be the Chaplains to all these Babingtons and Stephens, we ventured to name Mr. Daniel Wilson; we thought Mr. Gisborne not an unlikely man. But all our guesses failed—and if we had guessed for a twelvemonth, we should never have pitched upon Jabez Bunting. Mr. Allen, the Quaker, Mr. William Smith, the Unitarian, Sir James Mackintosh, Lord Nugent, Lord Calthorpe, and Mr. Henry Thornton, all committing the care of their consciences to the Rev. Jabez Bunting!! Words are things—and names are words—and the Chaplain to the Mitigation is a thing to wonder at.

One of the more remarkable assertions of the body for whom this gentleman officiates is that the Registry Bill did not produce the Insurrection in Barbadoes, in 1816. Mr. Baring made an opposite declaration, and appealed to the recorded sentiments of Sir James Leith, in confirmation of his opinion. The Appendix affects to doubt whether Sir James sanctioned such an appeal. No doubt was expressed in the House of Commons; Ministers, who could not be mistaken, suffered Mr. Baring to escape uncontradicted. Mr. Buxton, Mr. Brougham, Mr. Wilberforce, were silent; but at last, Mr. Macaulay undertakes the job, and performs it with his usual adroitness. Because Sir James Leith's dispatches were withheld by government, and withheld, in all probability, by the manoeuvres of Mr. Stephen; the appendix denies that the Governor gave any opinion on the subject. The truth being, that Sir James Leith, actually published proclamations, in which, he informed the Slaves, that they were deceived respecting the Registry Bill. With this, the Institution cannot possibly be unacquainted. And yet, with this very fact staring them full in the face, they intimate that new plots will be got up to magnify the danger of insurrection, and 'to issue like former plots, in the destruction, not of any white life, but of abundance of black lives.' The loss of abundance of black lives both in Barbadoes and in Demerara, is an event, that cannot be disputed. But when the author of that loss, attributes it to plots gotten up for the purpose by the Planters, when this is said without one tittle of evidence or attempt at evidence, we dare not trust ourselves to assign the proper epithet to such conduct. Yet here we again recognize the master hand of Mr. Macaulay, who amuses himself, at this very moment, by denying that

there has been an Insurrection at Demerara, and proclaims, wherever he goes, that the Missionary Smith must be acquitted.

We cannot follow the Appendix writer any further through his tissue of gross and disgusting misrepresentation. The folly of the composition is only inferior to its malignity. In one page (p. 233) we are told that the emancipation of the negroes will produce a far more extended consumption of our manufactures in the West Indies; and in another place it is coolly observed, that if the growth of sugar decreases in that country, plenty of it may be had elsewhere. It never occurs to the writer to explain how the negroes will buy manufactures, when they cease to produce sugar. Again, Mr. Stephen's Registry Bill, a sore subject with the whole party, is declared (p. 176) to have been found upon experience, perfectly harmless; and in the same breath we are assured that it has never been effectually tried. It was tried in Barbadoes. Its effect, was an insurrection. Government took the hint, and *Mr Stephen ceased to sit in Parliament.*

The remarks upon Mr. Barham's pamphlet are equally absurd, but having given a sufficient account of the authorised publications of the Society, we shall proceed to notice several works for which the body may not be collectively responsible, but which are, nevertheless, notoriously written, by active members of the corps.

The first on our list is an Article in Knight's Quarterly Magazine, No. 1, signed T. M. and big with all the poetic inspiration of young Mr. Thomas Macaulay. We do not blame the sweet enthusiast. Papa is his authority, and teaches him to say—after a most iniquitous caricature of the colonial customs, “People of England, these institutions you defend with your fleets and armies; over those colonies you have a just and an irresistible authority. Most dearly have you purchased the right, most fully do you possess the power to control them. To enrich them, your gold has been scattered like dust; to defend them, your blood has been poured forth like water. Even now, you are sacrificing to their cupidity, every other interest of the empire. *Even now, your arms alone, protect the master from the vengeance of the slave, and avert that day of deliverance and retribution which otherwise would soon bury the accursed agents beneath the ruins of the accursed system.*” This gentleman proceeds to anticipate the day on which the Queen of the Antilles shall send her excellent troops to Jamaica, and furnish our unfortunate slaves with the blessings of St. Domingo freedom. Having devoutly prayed that the enter-

prise may succeed, and that ENGLAND MAY RESIST if she dare to oppose it, Mr. T. M. takes leave of the question in the following terms :—

“ Nothing can be expected from the local legislatures. They have been caressed, threatened, implored, warned, without effect; justice, mercy, shame, interest, fear, have had no influence upon them. They are sunk in that stupid and desperate indifference to all moral and prudential considerations, which the long possession of unlimited power never fails to generate.”

In spite of his poetry, this young man must be a blockhead. We are happy to hear that he no longer contributes to the pages of the *Quarterly Magazine*. But he is still on the Committee of the Mitigation Society.

Steering from gay to grave, from young to old, we shall next request our readers to peruse a few extracts from the *Christian Observer*, for September last. That work was for a long time under the direction of Mr. Zachary Macaulay, and we presume that he is still at liberty to occupy a vacant corner. Did he furnish the paper on *Negro Slavery*, in *British Guiana*, from which the following passages are taken? The remarks extend generally to the whole of the *West Indies*.

“ It is impossible that a person acquainted with plantation management should fail to notice, that much more care and attention are commonly bestowed on the horses, cattle, &c. than on the Negroes, especially where there is no resident proprietor.” P. 542.

“ For other offences, such as running away, stealing, murmuring at grievances, objecting to work on Sundays, insolence, &c. the punishment is the same in kind, but varying in degree, at the discretion or caprice of the manager, who has it in his power to inflict any number of lashes. The laws indeed do not authorize a master to inflict more than thirty-nine lashes at one time, and in some places it is said, they are restricted to twenty-five. But, as it has been often and justly remarked, the laws in the *West Indies* are almost a dead letter, especially in respect to the slaves. It is well known that most of the planters make no scruple of giving a hundred lashes, and then confining the poor wretch in the stocks (which are kept in a prison) for a month, lest he should shew his lacerated skin to any one who has a spark of humanity, and thereby occasion inquiry. In punishments, no distinction is made between the men and the women; the latter, being forced to strip naked, are held prostrate on the ground by men. If it be asked, Are there not authorities to whom the injured slaves can appeal for redress? The answer is in the affirmative. But many of the legally constituted authorities are themselves owners of plantations, following the same system, and perhaps by means of their managers, practising the same abuses on their own slaves. Judging from

their conduct, it would seem that some of them consider it a greater crime for the Negroes to complain of their wrongs, than for the masters to inflict them. The complainants are almost sure to be flogged; and frequently before the subject of complaint is investigated, unless barely listening to the exculpatory tale of the master can be called investigation. And even when the cause is so evidently on the side of the complainants that it can neither be denied nor evaded, the decision is so studiously concealed from them, that they scarcely know whether the law is to protect the oppressed, or to indemnify the oppressor; nor can they always solve this problem from the result." P. 544.

"This is the diet of the slaves all the year round, except at the three Christian festivals. They then receive an additional allowance, consisting of a piece of beef or pork, about a pound each person, a little sugar, some leaf tobacco, a couple of pipes, and an abundance of rum to make them drunk; indeed, they have plenty of this every week." P. 546.

"This diabolical system offers no prospect of speedy alleviation; though sooner or later it will certainly cease to exist. By what means it will be annihilated we cannot predict, beyond that of the gradual decrease of the Negro population. If the present rigorous method of management be continued without abatement, it is highly probable that in a hundred years hence there will scarcely be a vestige of Negro slavery, in the West Indies, unless new Negroes be imported; a practice which, though prohibited, it is to be feared is not yet wholly suppressed." P. 550.

"The above remarks are to be understood as applying to the condition of the slaves generally. There are, it is to be hoped, some exceptions. Some good masters (an absentee may be a good man, but can hardly be a good master) are diffusing as much comfort among their Negroes as the nature of slavery will admit, and they find their account in so doing. These exceptions are, however, very rare." P. 551.

"We will not venture to accuse any man of being the author of such a tissue of falsehoods; but they who insinuate that the Planters got up the Insurrection in Barbadoes, may almost be deemed capable of writing the remarks in the Christian Observer.

Our specimens of evangelical charity shall be concluded by a few extracts from *Cushoo*, a dialogue on the horrors of slavery and the slave trade. It is an old tract, abridged and suited to the circumstances of the times. A most horrible description of the middle passage is followed by a discussion respecting West Indian Slavery.

"E. O no; we live in a land of liberty;—Englishmen love liberty, and have often spilt their blood to maintain it.

"C. Love liberty! ah! dat be reckoned very good ting in England. But dey roast and burn us for dat in the West Indies.

"E. Rebellion you mean, I suppose, and revolt.

"C. Aye! it be de same ting: blackè man want be free like whitè man.

"E. But you are blacks, you know.

"C. And you be white, Massa, ha! ha! What odds dat make? we all broder.

"E. But we are Christians.

"C. Christians! ah curse, swear, lye, whore, get drunk;—suppose dat be Christian.

"E. How! what do you mean?

"C. Dat be de religion dey teach us.

"E. O but our Bible don't allow any such things.

"C. But den you no believe it; so dat no signify.

"E. Fye, Cushoo, fye! you're too severe.

"C. Me wish whitè man no more severe.

"E. Severe! you refer to punishments I suppose. What are the punishments of slaves?

"C. What Massa Overseer please.

"E. But what are the most usual?

"C. O when we do little, nothing, dey den only fasten us to de crane, or to de ground, and flog us wid de cart whip, or de ebony bush.

"E. Suppose you steal?

"C. Den dey only whipè us most dead, may be.

"E. But if you revolt or run away?

"C. Den dey roast, burn, starve, or cuttè us to pieces.

"E. What do they do when you are worn out, and past labour?

"C. O den dey give us free, and so we may lie 'bout and starve to dead; or may be good-natured, hangè us like poor old Quasheba.

"E. But there are laws, you know, for you, as well as them.

"C. O dey no mind laws. Whitè man no hang one 'noder, and dey no mind what blackè man say."—*Cushoo*, P. 8.

The tone of an experienced preacher which pervades this tract would excuse us for attributing it to the Rev. Jabez Bunting himself. Whatever may be thought of his dialogue, it is not the worst on the Mitigationist's list; and we shall endeavour to explain the motives for this exaggeration and violence, when we have made a few remarks upon the conduct of the West Indian Planters.

We do not come forward as their panegyrists or advocates. They ought to have done, and might have done, more for their slaves; and an equitable judge would probably divide the blame between the government at home, and the white inhabitants of the Colonies. It is impossible to deny or excuse the immorality with which the whites are charged: in Jamaica more particularly, the number of white women is so small, that concubinage must take place as a matter of course, and we have yet to learn that it is discountenanced by the Planters.

But the most competent and the most candid witnesses uniformly declare, that, although little has been accomplished, a great deal has been begun:—that the spirit of improvement has gone forth—that the planters want advice, and assistance, and encouragement, rather than an invading army from St. Domingo, or the curses of Mr. Babington Macaulay. After a long and particular enquiry, this is our firm conviction, and it is strengthened by the present conduct of the West Indian interest. The planters and agents in this country gave their unqualified approbation to Mr. Canning's plan. The West India Committee declared their readiness to assist in affording religious instruction to the negroes, and the opposition which has unfortunately sprung up in the Colonies betrays no symptoms of conscious guilt—no unwillingness to take a part in practical improvements.

Under these circumstances, the only point at present in dispute may be easily disposed of. That point is not whether slaves should be treated with greater care, protected more sedulously against oppression, educated from their infancy, instructed in the principles of Christianity, encouraged to marry, and gradually prepared for emancipation. There is no difference of opinion upon these subjects. The real question is, whether the details of these and similar measures should be discussed with the Colonial authorities, or take their rise from the fiat of a Secretary of State. The Institution labours hard in support of the latter alternative, and the calumnies heaped upon the Planters are indispensable to the success of the scheme. All the pomp and circumstance of the "Substance of the Debate", all the pious frenzy of young Mr. Thomas, all the sober falsehoods of Cushoo and the Christian Observer, are designed to prove, that the enactment of laws for the melioration of slavery ought not to be trusted to the Planters. Mr. Stephen threatens us with a new song to the same old tune, under the title of a Delineation of the Slavery Laws; and if a copy of Mr. Macaulay's instructions to his petition-framers could be laid before the public, there is no doubt that it would chime in to the same effect.

The first and plainest objection to this system is, that if the Planters cannot be trusted with the enactment of laws, still less can they be entrusted with the execution of them. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Stephen, to be consistent, should propose that, in the first instance, their edicts be ratified by an order in council, and, in the second, they or their deputies, backed by a military force, be authorised to give protection to the blacks, and impose honesty and humanity on the whites. Much as we should disapprove of such a system, it is at least

a system upon which the Colonies might be governed. We would rather see these gentlemen in possession of power, and take the chance of their abusing it, than witness the underhand tricks, by which they endeavour to extend and secure their influence. As dictators, they might do some good—as intriguers, and meddlers, and busy-bodies, they can only do mischief. As caterers and dry-nurses for the Colonial office, as *thinkers* for my Lord Bathurst and his underlings, they expect to retain the government and patronage of the Colonies, and only escape from the responsibility. They know that it is impossible for a Secretary of State or Cabinet Minister to arrange the details of Colonial jurisprudence; but they goad him on to the attempt with an intention of sharing the burthen.

These facts are too notorious to be denied. But were they destitute even of the shadow of a foundation, the man who could attempt to make the Planters humane against their wills, must be ignorant of the first principles, not only of legislation, but of human nature and common sense. Ministers cannot require to be told that the only object and the only effect of municipal law, is to make wicked and foolish people confine themselves within those bounds to which the wise and the good are ready to submit of their own accord. Without the most odious despotism, no law can be effectual unless it is ratified by public opinion. Legislation, therefore, should follow in its train,—follow closely, anxiously, and attentively; but still rather follow than guide its course. When, as at present, slaves possess private property, the possession should be confirmed to them by law. When marriage is virtually binding, it should be made positively binding. When most or many of the Planters throw open their estates to the Missionary, all should be compelled to take the same step. When the cart-whip is laid aside on the plantations of circumspect, experienced and merciful men, its use should be peremptorily forbidden. And when slaves are examined *de facto* for the purpose of discovering truth, their evidence should be admissible in courts of justice.

This is the plain and intelligible mode of proceeding; and it is a great deal too plain for the Mitigationists. Their plan proposes to pass laws, which they assure us beforehand that the magistrates will not execute. Their system presupposes gross abuse in the executive power, and remedies it by Mr. Stephen's grand arcanum and panacea, an order in council of his own compounding. The Planters being 'accursed' and 'bloody,' and 'barbarous,' accustomed to 'burn,' and 'brand,' and 'flay' their slaves,—accustomed to instigate



them to insurrection, for the purpose of 'butchering them in cold blood,' Mr. Stephen suggests, that Lord Bathurst should write a letter to the governors, purporting that such mal-practices must cease. Is not this idle, childish, drivelling? Not a single governor in the West Indies is to be trusted, believed, or listened to; for the governors say that the condition of the slaves is improving. Yet are these very men, with the advice and approbation of their privy councillor, Mr. Stephen, to be the sole conductors of the new system of administration! Can Mr. Stephen show that the colonies which possess no legislative assemblies, but are governed immediately by the crown, have derived any benefit from the peculiarity of their situation. We shall advert, by and bye, to his own exploits at Berbice; but not to forestall that illustrative adventure, is Demerara one bit the better for being under the immediate protection of the lords and gentlemen in Downing-street? The experiment so strongly pressed upon Mr. Canning and Lord Bathurst, the experiment of altering the slave-laws without consulting the Planters, was tried on a small scale at Demerara; and an insurrection was the immediate result!! Again, the worst, if not the only instance of gross recent cruelty adduced by Mr. Buxton, took place in Honduras. The circumstance is employed to confound the plainest of all plain statements—Colonel Arthur's opinion respecting the treatment of slaves; he says, that in general, it is very good; but that there are some strong exceptions. Mr. Macaulay and Mr. Buxton make a most ridiculous use of this evidence; but our present business is with the legislature.—Honduras, this 'sink of horror, cruelty, and crime,' is under the exclusive government of the king in council, the very lawmaker to whom Mr. Stephen would subject Jamaica and Barbadoes!! We defy him to escape from this difficulty. He may excite fresh insurrections—plunge the nation into fresh wars—and occupy the Senate for three or four sessions with arguments respecting his orders in council. But what good have they done in Demerara, or Honduras? This is a plain question; and the government, the people, and the planters have a right to expect a plain answer.—Until it is given, and it never can be given, Messrs. Stephen and Co. must continue to regret, 'that the great work of Colonial Reform is still to be carried on through the medium of the Colonial Legislatures;' and there is nothing in the recent proceedings of those bodies which will tend to remove this inconvenient obstacle to their ambition, or to diminish their regret at its existence.

We do not mean to contend, that the assemblies of Jamaica

and Barbadoes have duly preserved their temper. Their adversaries knew the feelings of the men with whom they had to deal, and goaded them on to acts of violence which every one will condemn. A moiety of the mischief ministers have brought upon themselves. They yield so often to the bullying of enemies, that friends must bully in self-defence. In this age of gentle measures and moderate language, the men that talk loudest generally carry their point. Experience has whispered the secret across the Atlantic; and half the menaces which have been used in the West Indies may be traced to this source. The other may be fairly ascribed to the atrocious calumnies to which the planters are exposed. Residents in Europe are aware that these calumnies gain little credit. In the colonies men believe that Mr. Wilberforce speaks the sentiments and influences the opinions of millions; and this belief is more than sufficient to excuse the existing imitation. We are reminded, every day, that blacks can feel and smart; but the whites in the West Indies are treated as if they were incapable of either. We read tragic tales about the cart-whip and the branding-iron; and expect that our own countrymen will continue stupidly insensible under the lash of malignity and falsehood. Mr. Brougham reproached the planters with branding their slaves; a practice which was never universal, and died a natural death with the slave trade. The political Mr. Macaulay denounces the planters as accursed. The Christian Observer Mr. Macaulay proclaims their conduct to be diabolical. We know not what impression such charges make on other men; but for our own parts, we should think ill of the white inhabitants of the West Indies, if they submitted to such insults with meekness. The sanctified leer, and the whining remonstrance, may be in very great repute with the disciples of Mr. Bunting; but we trust that the people of England will excuse and even applaud the expression of an honest indignation. The slaves of Mr. Huggins were not tormented with more ingenious cruelty than the planters themselves have been tormented by the Society. Mr. Macaulay charges the colonies with getting up an insurrection, as an excuse for persevering in cruelty. They might retaliate by asking whether he has not done his best to provoke them to a revolt; and whether a rupture with the mother country would not prove the legitimate conclusion of his labours.

In the fears that have been excited on this subject we do not participate. Supposing that faults have been committed at home and abroad, a little concession on this side the water, will be thankfully received on the other. Supposing that the

Colonies alone are to blame; Cabinets and Senates will make more allowance for their errors than the forgiving managers of the Mitigation Society. We see no signs of that contumacious resistance, which Mr. Canning declared his determination to put down. The speeches at Barbadoes, are not only temperate, but well-reasoned, judicious and convincing. And with the prejudices which we naturally feel in favour of our own fire sides, we cannot think that a land which produces such speakers as Mr. Hamden, and Sir Reynolds Alleyne, is one in which Englishmen need be ashamed to sojourn. As the Pamphlet has not yet been published in England, our readers will be pleased to see a sample of the spirit which pervades it. Mr. Hamden cordially approves of the larger part of Lord Bathurst's dispatch; the following remarks apply to portions of it from which he is compelled to dissent.

"Upon the subject of punishments I can dare to speak out boldly: I speak out with the confidence of innocence. No man in this community will suspect that I am the person who would wish to uphold the power of the master for the sake of abusing it. I will not condescend to say that I am known to be incapable of cruelty to a slave: I claim a higher meed of praise. It is not vanity which bids me, upon this occasion, boast that I know I am distinguished for humanity and kindness as a master, I do not mean to insinuate by this that there exists a contrary feeling amongst the respectable slave owners of this Colony. Need I recall to your minds the testimony, on oath, of many most respectable witnesses, which appeared in a Report upon this subject, but a few short weeks ago? I trust that the facts there collected, will prove sufficient to remove suspicions, unfavourable to the slave owners of this Colony, from the most prejudiced minds. But I presume to speak of myself in a way that the occasion alone could justify, in order that my opinions may carry with them the weight which is justly due to the opinions of a man who, I call God to witness, always endeavours to regulate his conduct towards those whom Providence has placed under his controul, by the most scrupulous regard to justice and humanity, and who ever considers the happiness of the slave the primary object of discipline. It is this feeling, Sir, which urges me to declare, that such a system of discipline, as is here proposed, must lead to a total subversion of the master's authority, and consequent insubordination; and ultimately be productive of an incalculable augmentation of offences and punishments. Yes, gentlemen! an augmentation of punishments. I stand up as an advocate for the slave, when I supplicate you not to give your sanction to measures, which will convert the mutual confidence and good will which now subsists between the master and slave, into mutual suspicion and distrust—causing the master to be regarded as a tyrant, the slave as a spy: the one constantly provoked to go to the utmost verge of his authority—the other cu..

riously jealous lest he dare to exceed it: leaving no room for mercy, and cancelling all claims to gratitude. Will you banish the peace and contentment which now prevail among us, and invoke discord, anarchy, and rebellion? I pray heaven, that subsequent events may not prove that I speak in the spirit of vaticination—vaticination do I say! events of the most recent occurrence, events which are now actually passing in a neighbouring Colony, already give to these opinions the weight and authority of history. When the rebel of Demerara is asked, why he, who lately appeared so well satisfied with his condition, and who seemed to look up to his master as his friend and protector, now appears in arms against him,—what is his reply? That he has lately been led to believe that he ought not to be satisfied with his condition; that the people of England are on his side, and wish him to live idle and be free. Poor deluded creatures! Happy! contented! faithful! they have been seduced into crimes, for which many of them have paid the sad forfeiture of life. Their's has been the sacrifice, but where sticks the guilt?"

"In the first place, the punishment of flogging is to be totally interdicted in all cases where the offender is a woman. Now, sir, although the idea of flogging a woman may shock our notions of gallantry, I believe the sound reason of the thing consists in this,—that discriminations in regard to punishments should rest on a real difference of character and conduct, as to softness of manners and sensibility of mind; and accordingly we find, not only in savage life, where there appears to be scarcely any natural difference of character between the sexes, but even in the most civilized societies, that whenever the gentler sex have, by depravity or vulgarity, forfeited their claim to distinction, they are treated with as much harshness as the men. And I doubt whether a milder discipline would be necessary for the *poissardes* of Paris, or the furies of Billingsgate, than for their hardy spouses. Are not women flogged in houses of correction in England? and what discrimination is there in the punishment of men and women for crimes? Let it here be remembered, that crimes—aye crimes of a very serious nature, are often the objects of domestic punishment among us; and that slaves in this country receive moderate floggings for offences, which, in England, would be punished with death, whether the offender were man or woman. In point of fact, feelings of tenderness towards females, which, if they be not natural, the refinements of education and habit have made almost as strong as if they were so, do operate powerfully in mitigating the punishments of females. Hence it is that even I, who have failed to give the most unequivocal proof of tenderness for the sex, can say, that I have never ordered a woman to be flogged since I have assumed the management of my estate. But of this I am certain, that did the women on my plantation doubt that I had power to flog them, I should be provoked to it in a very few hours. Unfortunately our black ladies have rather a tendency to the Amazonian

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cast of character: and I believe that their husbands would be very sorry to hear that they were placed beyond the reach of chastisement. In the case of one woman on my plantation who had a more than ordinary fondness for pugilistic exercises, I made her put on a suit of her brother's clothes, that the habits might seem more becoming the sex.—It had a good effect. However, to return:—The only punishment for offences of magnitude that can be substituted for flogging, is confinement: and this is a mode of punishment for women not without serious objections, on the score of humanity. Most women, at the age when they are engaged in the active labours of the field, have young families; and as the mothers cannot be confined beyond a day or two without injury to the children, every humane man avoids this as much as possible. And, besides, must it not occur to every man, that to prohibit the flogging of women absolutely, and under all circumstances, would have the effect of covering the men also with impunity? Are your buildings broken open, your fields plundered?—of course it has been done by a woman. What has she to fear?—would be the husband's argument. And, after all, there can be little doubt that, in a moral point of view, there are much more serious objections to the prison discipline of England, than to the very moderate corporal punishments which are inflicted on women in this country. There may, undoubtedly, be some brutes among us, who are not sufficiently influenced by those feelings of tenderness for women, for which I have, without fear of contradiction, given credit to the Country at large. We must take care in the slave code, about which this Board is now employed, to give these gentry some sharp lessons in gallantry.

“ Now as to taking the whip from the driver, I foresee that, by depriving him of all means of enforcing prompt obedience to his orders, he will lose the respect of the gang altogether; and instead of from one to three stripes with a rod, or with a cat-of-four-tails very rarely, (for such is now the discipline of the field,) we shall have to inflict daily punishments for outrageous acts of insubordination. If a labourer in England is lazy or sulky about his work, he is dismissed; and the fear of being turned out of employment, is found sufficient to insure good behaviour. But what controul are we to have over our slaves? Once establish this rule, and then adieu to all peace and comfort on plantations. We are to be employed from morning to night, in hearing and adjusting complaints of the driver. A person conversant with the field-work of our plantations, can alone know in what a variety of ways a contumacious spirit may embarrass the business of an estate, if there exist no power to check it on the instant. As to postponing the punishment to the day after that on which the offence has been committed, it is a wise and prudent caution for every man to observe in matters of importance. I know, from experience, that the pain of inflicting corporal punishments may very often be saved altogether by such a regulation. It will often appear, when the offender is brought up for punishment, that, as far as the individual is concerned, all the object of discipline (repentance) has been accom-

plished by the apprehension of it. But, whether it may be advisable to enforce this regulation by penalties, on every the most trivial occasion, appears very questionable." P. 21.

The only remaining passage which our limits allow us to insert, is that in which Mr. Hamden refers to the legislature by which the Colonies are to be governed; and he proves conclusively what we have always understood, and taken for granted, that to govern the West Indies by Act of Parliament, will in fact be to govern them by the fiat of a Secretary of State.

"There is not, I believe, in his Majesty's dominions, a man who has less of what is called the spirit of radicalism in him than I have. I consider the British Constitution the best in the world: the British People the happiest in the world. And great and powerful as is the influence of Government, I do not think that, in the present state of things, with the enormous wealth which is diffused among the people, and the ardent spirit of liberty that pervades every class, the interests of the nation or the happiness of the people would be so well provided for, if the influence of Government was less. And, notwithstanding the clamour there is in England about the corruption of Parliament, I doubt whether there ever was in the world a legislative assembly so much governed by reason and justice. But do not let us delude ourselves with the notion, that the interests of the Colonies would be effectually protected and provided for by the British Parliament, should they undertake to legislate for us. The influence of Ministers is notoriously sufficient to insure the sanction of Parliament to most measures which they propose. But, then, when the matters relate to Great Britain herself, Parliament has ample means of being informed of the premises, and, therefore, is fully competent to judge of the expediency and tendency of the measures proposed. Their own interests are immediately implicated, and the Minister, in deference to the integrity of Parliament, does not venture to put their pliability to too severe a trial. The case is widely different in reference to the Colonies. The knowledge which members of Parliament can obtain upon these subjects, is necessarily imperfect, and generally derived from corrupt sources. An honest assembly forming their judgments on the representations of West India society, given by Messrs. Wilberforce, Macaulay, Stephens, and Buxton, could not do less than bind us in chains of iron. But I believe the more conscientious and enlightened members of Parliament begin to have their suspicions of this junta, and hesitate to sacrifice the lives and properties of their fellow subjects on information resting upon such authority. Nevertheless, this very class of members, diffident in themselves, and confiding in the more full and accurate knowledge of official persons, would, from honourable scruples, pin their faith on the Minister. The result of which would be, that although you are talked to about measures submitted

to the consideration of Parliament, and made to believe that your interests are to have a fair and impartial examination there, the will of the Secretary for Colonies is your law—and you will live under the most absolute, unqualified despotism that ever crushed a suffering people.”

The speech of Sir Reynold Alleyne is to the same effect. We are assured, that these gentlemen speak the general sentiments of the Planters in Barbadoes. And if things go on ill between Great Britain and such a Colony, the fault, we hesitate not to affirm will be on this side of the water. Even with respect to the punishment of women, and the driving system, customs, which every one must wish to abolish; how much reason may be found in Mr. Hamden's remarks. The Negroes at present are governed solely by authority. It is expedient as soon as possible to govern them by reason. But if authority be taken away, before reason is ready to supply her place, the Negroes will not be governed at all. And the great antipathy of the Planters to the Mitigation Society arises from its disposition to take this false step. Not content with vilifying the West Indians at home, Mr. Stephen endeavours to ruin their reputation in the Colonies—to make the slaves suppose that obedience is no longer required, to do away those habits of submission and patient toil, with which it is dangerous as yet to meddle. We would make every exertion to diminish the pains of slavery—but until slavery itself is abolished, it is enough not that the Planters should be actually masters, but that the slaves should be under no temptation to forget the fact. If humane and experienced overseers are prepared to say that the cart-whip may be thrown aside with safety; the deed should be done without a moments delay. If, on the other hand, it should appear, that the slaves will consider their servitude at an end, as soon as its symbol is withdrawn; benevolence requires us to hesitate before we sanction such a measure.

Mr. Hamden points out the most effectual method of guarding against the excessive punishment of slaves; cruelty should on no account be screened, but exposed, as eagerly as Englishmen expose a murder, and visited with severe penalties, and general indignation. In Jamaica as well as in Ireland, it is to absenteeism that most grievances may be traced; and absentees should endeavour to mitigate the effects of non-residence, by insisting not only upon the skill and integrity of their attorneys, but upon their humanity and good morals. Marriage should be encouraged, not only among the blacks but among the whites; for whenever a wife and family are regarded as disqualifications for an overseership, the disposition of the Planters to improve their negroes

must be considered extremely doubtful. Add to this a conscientious adherence to the pledges given both at home and abroad, with respect to the encouragement of religious instruction and education; let the West Indians persevere as they have begun, to co-operate with Government in this undertaking; let the Church, and its Ministers be supported, not merely because it is unconnected with Mr. Stephen and the Methodists, but because it can and will effect the conversion of the Negro Slaves, and it would be an insult to the good sense of the nation, to suppose that the West Indians have any thing to fear. They will be assailed as heretofore, and if possible provoked to violence. But they will be defended with equal pertinacity and greater power. The equivocation and slanders of the Substance of the Debate; the malignity of the Christian Observer; the pretty babble of Cushoo; the plaintive strains of Wilberforce; and the sprightly jibes of Brougham, will not succeed in persuading England to ruin her Colonies. The attempt may be made, but it will fail. The failure will contribute to crush the authors of the experiment. And the West Indians, though suffering at present under the depreciation of property, the dread of insurrection, and the general irritation which calumnies produce, may yet run a bright career of benevolence and prosperity; and continue to add strength, and comfort, and respectability to the empire, of which they constitute so important a portion.

Much as we have exceeded our usual limits, we shall venture to trespass farther upon the readers patience. But the interesting and satisfactory character of the information which we are about to lay before him, will be our sufficient apology. An allusion has been already made to the religious instruction and education of the Negroes. It is a subject which will be discussed as soon as Parliament assembles, and although little has been hitherto written upon this particular question, it has been carefully kept in sight by the Mitigationists. Among the crimes of which the Planters are not accused but of which they may be easily convicted, is their preference of clergymen to methodists. And one reason why the colonial legislatures are in such bad repute with Mr. Stephen, is, their provoking attachment to the Church of England. We shall not stop to inquire into the causes of this attachment, but if we can shew that the instruction of Plantation slaves by clergymen has been tried and has completely succeeded, while similar experiments by dissenters have not less completely failed, we shall have said enough to fortify Government in their determination upon this subject. It will be evident that they are right in resolving to



send out Bishops and Clergymen, rather than a shoal of Wesleyans and Baptists. We have to request, therefore, that our readers will peruse the following statement.

"The Society and College Estates, situated in the eastern division of Barbadoes, in the parish of St. John, were left by General Codrington, at the commencement of the preceding century, in trust, to the 'Society for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts.' The grand and immediate object of their bequest, was, the erection of a college on the property, established as a public institution for the advancement of learning, and to be maintained by the labour of slaves. Although deriving some advantage from two governesses set over the young, and from the occasional instruction of the ministers entrusted with the care of the scholars, the slaves on these estates were never provided with any regular system of religious teaching, until the year 1818. At this period, the increased funds of the property, enabled the trustees to send out a clergyman, in full orders, on a liberales tablishment. His views were to be exclusively directed to the promotion of Christian knowledge and Christian habits amongst the slaves of these estates; and he was required to convey to the society the apparent effects of his superintendence. Having filled the situation nearly five years, he is able to bear testimony to the following facts, with regard to their religious advantages and general condition.

"RELIGIOUS INSTRUCTION.—Divine service is performed on the Sabbath, commencing at half-past eleven o'clock, strictly according to the Rubric of the Church of England: and a familiar lecture is delivered, on the faith and duties of the Gospel. The attendance is now regular and full from the adult-estate negroes; those who are present receiving tickets, which, on being delivered to the manager, secure to them the enjoyment of the Saturday afternoon next following, from one o'clock. Their children, seventy-one in number, in a neat uniform dress, always attend, seats in a particular part of the chapel being provided for them. Many of the neighbouring free-coloured persons and slaves are in the habit of frequenting this chapel; and the communicants amounted, latterly, to the number of thirty-one. The chapel is built of stone, and accommodates from two hundred and fifty to three hundred souls.

"EDUCATION OF CHILDREN.—The children between four and ten years of age, meet together at a neat little school-house, near the chapel, half-way between the two estates. Their number, at present, is forty-eight. They are taught to read, on the national plan, and remain under the tuition of a highly respectable governess, from nine till one every day, Saturday excepted. Those who are between the age of ten and fifteen, (twenty-three in number, at present), are assembled on the Sabbath, and are catechetically instructed by the chaplain, in the body of the chapel, for two hours previous to worship. The day-school children are, at the same time, in the school-room, under the tuition of their governess.

A comfortable apartment, appropriated to her use, leads out of the school-room; and a stipend, with allowances, is granted by the society.

**"HABITS OF THE SLAVES.**—There is but one instance of marriage among them legally performed; and the chaplain ardently looks forward to the influence of religion, in putting an end to polygamy, as promoting a desire, and suitable reverence, for this hallowed bond. Although accompanied with no solemnity, their connexions are, by no means, to be regarded in the light of promiscuous concubinage. Many instances of connubial fidelity through life are to be met with; yet, from the unfortunate habit of living with more than one wife, the unison is, in other cases, too frequently violated. Baptism is administered to all the infants, on application made by the parents, and to all adults, after due examination and instruction.

"Their behaviour at public worship is reverent, and, in many cases devout. Their desire for instruction is manifest; and they are heard conversing on subjects, which discourses from the pulpit, or the reading of their children, have suggested to their minds. As to their general conduct, the manager has repeatedly declared his conviction, that the introduction of Christianity has produced much beneficial effect, obvious to himself.

"In seasons of illness or distress, they are visited by the chaplain, at the hospital or at their own houses; and if there be a prisoner under confinement for some great offence, he is attended with respect and exhortation.

"They seem to feel great confidence in their minister, and often seize opportunities of having intercourse with him; and their numerous little presents, and sorrow at parting with him, showed their attachment in a most affecting manner."

The Report proceeds to describe the general treatment of the slaves. Their labour has been much lightened by the introduction of the plough, "punishments of a severe nature, are very rarely inflicted, and the substitution of imprisonment for corporal chastisement, has been found to answer every purpose of correction." Nine years ago, the number of slaves on the estates was 300. It is now 353; three Mulattoes have purchased their liberty, and no purchases have been made. The produce has been greater than it ever was before. The houses are good and in good repair, and Mr. Pinder the excellent chaplain from whose report these gratifying facts are ascertained, concludes his statement by assuring us, that a disposition on the part of the Masters to impart, and of the slaves to receive religious instruction, is at this time very evident.

With this information before our eyes, is it possible to doubt the propriety of instructing the Negroes, and instructing them under the superintendence of the regular clergy?

Why may not every plantation in the West Indies be managed as beneficially as the estates of Codrington College? Is there an example of equally successful treatment in the whole of the Missionary Records? We have no desire to undervalue the efforts of the Wesleyans: but can they produce a case in which the negroes have increased as rapidly as at Codrington; in which the produce has increased while the labour has been diminished; in which the managers have been fully satisfied, and the neighbouring planters so well pleased as to be desirous of following the example? Sir George Rose assures us, that the Methodists have done good, and we do not dispute the fact; but his opinion that the clergy would not be equally serviceable, is answered by pointing to Mr. Pinder. Sir George overrates their actual success, as has been shewn in one of Mr. Macaulay's Appendices. Their progress is checked by erroneous views of Christianity and human nature, by the excusable jealousy with which the planters regard them, and by a disposition to live in towns, and preach to white men or free blacks rather than plantation slaves. In the case of regular clergymen the two first of these difficulties do not exist; and the last would be got over by the presence of an ecclesiastical superior, and the strict enforcement of residence. If Sir George Rose can shew that something has been done by the Methodists, it is evident that much more may be done by the clergy.

But Methodists are not the only competitors whom the clergy have to encounter. Mr. Cooper, a Unitarian, has been recently employed upon the estate of Mr. Hibbert as a missionary to plantation slaves. And what are the fruits of four years' residence in Jamaica.—The Unitarian quarrels with the overseer—comes home and quarrels with the proprietor—owns that his labours have been in vain—and publishes an invective against West Indians for Mr. Macaulay to garble!! The clergy will not be put to shame by such a rival. The Methodists have cause to triumph in their superiority over this rational Christian.

The case will appear still stronger if we revert to former experiments in the management of West Indian property. The celebrated Berbice commission is not yet forgotten. A government estate, cultivated by upwards of a thousand slaves, was committed under the administration of Mr. Percival to Mr. Vansittart, Mr. Wilberforce, Mr. Stephen, and others.—Mr. Macaulay, of course, became secretary to the commission, consignee, agent, &c. &c. The estates continued under their management from 1811 to 1815. The produce diminished nearly one half. The slaves were starved, and de-

creased in numbers twice as fast as they had done before. Every thing went wrong; and the return of profits to the treasury from an estate which would have been let (but for the interference of Mr. Stephen) for five thousand pounds a year, was *nil*. The Mitigationists were fairly put to the test, and they failed. They sent out Methodist preachers—they appointed and recalled overseers—they did in short just what they pleased; and the result was nothing, and worse than nothing.

Government has had no opportunity of making another experiment, or it is to be supposed that they would have tried another system, and procured their chaplain from another school. But the Society for the Propagation of the Gospel has saved them this trouble,—by shewing that a plantation is not necessarily ruined by humanity,—that slaves under the instruction of a clergyman will encrease if they are fed; and that the existing system in the Sugar Islands, well administered and gradually improved, is worth all the theories of Master Stephen and his secretary.

The only remaining obstacle to the settlement of this important business is the expense of religious instruction.—Whether the slaves are taught by clergymen or methodists, the teachers must be fed. The Mitigation Society may contend that if the planters encumber themselves with the Church of England, they are bound to bear the expense of such an unnecessary appendage to Christianity. And the West Indians would rather pay stipends to clergymen than listen to methodist preachers *gratis*. But such a plan is neither fair nor practicable; the Colonies ought to contribute a part; but they cannot be expected to contribute the whole. Of the proprietors resident in this country, a respectable portion have subscribed to the Society for the Conversion of the Negroes, and additional contributions are confidently expected. The Society has already doubled the number of its missionaries; and will make further additions as its funds increase. By supporting such an institution the Colonists prove their readiness to bear part of the expense of religious instruction; and in their present impoverished condition more cannot reasonably be required. The generosity of individuals and the public purse must do the rest. And those persons who speak so much of the popular feeling upon the subject, will of course be the first to grant his Majesty a supply. Mistakes may have been committed on either side, or on both sides; but the business at last is in a good train, and we look forward to a speedy and satisfactory conclusion.

As a specimen of the instruction given to negroes by

clergymen, we had intended to review the Sermons of Mr. Harte, and the Lectures of Mr. Pinder. The former are valuable in every point of view, and we recommend them most earnestly to general attention. The latter afford a pleasing specimen of familiar instruction. Both are particularly interesting at the present moment, as they shew the sort of instruction which clergymen provide for slaves, as well as the sort of clergymen which the Church provides for the Colonies.

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**ART. XVII.** *Recollections of the Peninsula.* By the Author of *Sketches of India*. 8vo. 262 pp. 8s. Longman. 1823.

THIS pleasing and interesting volume contains a narrative of the observations and feelings of a British officer during five years of the war in Spain. It embraces a period which was important from our political relations with that country, and from the influence which it had in determining a contest which so deeply involved the interests of Europe. Without pretending to throw any new light upon the progress of our arms, it contains a well-drawn picture of the various situations into which the large and meritorious class of subaltern officers are thrown while engaged in actual service. The alternations of hardship and pleasure, and the ardour of professional enthusiasm, surmounting all discouragements, are vividly and well portrayed. There are already a sufficient number of works which detail the progress of military operations, and present an arrative of the steps by which important advantages have been obtained; but there are few which describe the circumstances of individuals employed in fulfilling the subordinate duties of the army. We are at no loss to trace the progress of the General under whose auspices so much has been gained; but we have learned little of the feelings and situation of those who, without being so conspicuously placed, have had ample opportunity for observation.

In the description of scenery, the writer is poetical and animated; and he has been very successful in the delineation of the manners of the people, which he illustrates by several interesting anecdotes. Of the Spanish character he speaks, perhaps, in terms of greater commendation than it deserves. Enervated by the wealth and luxuries which flowed in upon them from the New World, the Spaniards have little left of the high and chivalrous spirit which they once possessed; and in the degeneracy and loss of many of their national vir-

ties they have paid a heavy price for the acquisition of remoter territory.

We cannot forbear to extract the account which is given of a scene of peaceful happiness, which might almost remind us of the simplicity of ancient days.

“ In attempting to ride a nearer road from Garfete to Abrantes, than that which led by Gaviao, we lost our way, and were obliged to put up for the night in a poor goat-herd's hut. We here, however, witnessed a scene of domestic happiness and patriarchal manners, which gave us reason to rejoice that we had slept under such a roof. The family consisted of a venerable old peasant, his daughter, a woman about four-and-thirty, and her five children: the eldest, a most beautiful girl of fifteen; and the youngest, a fine black-eyed boy of eight. The husband of this woman was absent on a journey; the old peasant was not within; and when we first entered, the mother and her children were at supper; they pressed us to partake of it; we declined, but procured from them some fine rich goat's milk; and boiling it up with bread of Indian corn, made an excellent meal. It was late when the old man came in from his labour; he expressed great delight at our having rested in his cot, as, he said, there was no house within two leagues of that spot, the night dark and stormy, and the road bad and dangerous. A small wooden bowl of vegetable soup was brought him for his supper; he crossed himself and said a short grace; but my astonishment was not a little excited, by observing, that during the whole time he was eating his frugal meal, the family all stood up; and with their hands closed and lifted up, and their eyes raised towards the crucifix, prayed; not with extravagant fervour, nor as if it were a tame unmeaning form, but with much natural feeling, and seemed to invoke blessings on the head of this, the respected elder of their cottage.

“ The old man, too, however habitual it might be, appeared deeply impressed with the ceremony, and took his food with a sort of quiet, solemn thankfulness. The expression of the granddaughter's countenance, who seemed much attached to him, was really seraphic; and I thought the whole scene quite a subject for a painting. In general, the beauty of people, in a common class of life, carries with it a stamp of vulgarity, for which it is difficult to account, but which checks admiration. Here it was far otherwise. An expressive eye of the deepest blue, an elegant contour of countenance, dark clustering ringlets, and a perfect form, would have made this cottage girl remarkable any where; and she would have been gazed on with interest as well as pleasure, amid the most brilliant assemblies of a capital or a court. When we lay down for the night, all the children knelt at the feet of their grandfather and received his blessing, sealed by him with a kiss upon their young foreheads. I slept with a sort of sweet and superstitious confidence under this happy roof; so much, and so pleas-

ingly, had I been affected by the simplicity of manners, among its poor contented inmates." P. 177.

The description of the French prisoners taken by D. Hill, at Arroyo de Molinos, entertained us exceedingly.

"We had here a most amusing specimen of French character: in the French column one of the regiments was numbered thirty-four; in the British column also the thirty-fourth regiment led the pursuit, and got quite mixed with the enemy. Several of the French officers, as they tendered their swords, embraced the officers of the English thirty-fourth, saying,—“Ah, Messieurs, nous sommes des frères, nous sommes du trente-quatrième régiment tous deux.”—“Vous êtes des braves.”—“Les Anglois se battent toujours avec loyauté, et traitent bien leurs prisonniers.”—“Ah, Messieurs, la fortune de la guerre est bien capricieuse.”—Under any circumstances, however unfortunate, this people will find some method of disarming wrath, courting favour, and softening their fate:—they have spirits too, wonderfully elastic; and have the readiest ingenuity in framing excuses for any disaster, or disgrace, which may befall them. I was on duty, over the prisoners, a few days after the affair; at the close of the day's march, a chapel was allotted to them for the night, and to have seen them take possession of it, one really would have thought that they were still marching free, and in arms, they entered it singing, ‘Grenadiers, ici; grenadiers, ici’—‘Voltigeurs, là, là; voltigeurs, là, là’—and ran tumultuously, the grenadiers to the altar, and the voltigeurs to the gallery. In ten minutes all were at home—some playing cards, some singing, some dancing—here a man was performing punch, behind a great coat, with infinite drollery—there again, quieter men were occupied in repairing their clothes, or shoes, while in one part of the chapel a self-elected orator was addressing a groupe on their late capture, in such terms, as, ‘Messieurs, vous n’êtes pas déshonorés’—‘On nous a trompé; cet espion, cet Espagnol, nous a vendu.’—‘Et comment! qui vous a dit cela?’—said a rough voice.—‘Monsieur,’ replied my orator, ‘vous me permettrez de savoir. Je suis de Paris même, et je connois la guerre.’—This speech was highly approved; for several vociferated—‘Ah! oui, il a raison; nous avons été vendu par ce vilain espion.’—‘Nous aurions battu les Anglois dans une affaire rangée, mais certainement,’ said my little Parisian; and just then, the rations making their appearance, they all hurried to the door, and singing some song, the chorus of which was ‘Bonne soupe, bonne soupe,’ they eagerly took their meat, and set about preparing it.” P. 174.

The present work is certainly honourable to the talent and feelings of the writer. Many of the sketches display considerable skill and liveliness of description; while the sentiments which occur indicate a mind of generosity and refinement. It is a pleasing thought, that sternness and ferocity are no longer attached of necessity to the character of a

soldier, and that the profession of arms no longer precludes the cultivation of the intellectual pursuits, and the amiable qualities which are the adornments of private life.

It might be possible to find some inaccuracies of style, and indications of hasty or careless composition; but we shall not take pains to detect these minor blemishes, since they are amply redeemed by the appearance of truth and sincerity which is so evident in the narrative.

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THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
FOR FEBRUARY, 1824.

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ART. I. *Not Paul, but Jesus.* By Gamaliel Smith, Esq. 8vo. 404 pp. 12s. Hunt. 1823.

ART. II. *A Defence of the Apostle St. Paul against the Accusation of Gamaliel Smith, Esq. in a recent Publication, entitled "Not Paul, but Jesus." By the Rev. T. S. Hughes, B.D. Late Fellow of Emmanuel College, Cambridge, Christian Advocate in that University, and Examining Chaplain to the Lord Bishop of Peterborough. Part I.* 8vo. 120 pp. 3s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1823.

ART. III. *The Doctrinal Harmony of the New Testament exemplified; by a Comparison of the Epistles of St. Paul with the Gospels, Acts, and Epistles of the other Apostles. To which is added, a Letter to the Author of a Book, entitled, "Not Paul, but Jesus." By Edward William Grinfield, M.A. Minister of Laura Chapel, Bath.* 12mo. 120 pp. 4s. 6d. Cadell. 1824.

Gamaliel Smith is understood to be the *nom de guerre* of Jeremy Bentham: and the work which has been ushered into the world with this mysterious anagram is worthy of the author of *Church of Englandism*. What can have occurred to put the old gentleman on the alert? Is the business of the constitution-monger at an end? Is codification out of fashion, and the *Chrestomathic* School still-born? Or are the signs of the times alarming? The cause of infidelity and radicalism on the decline, and some extraordinary effort required, in these days of peace and plenty, to fan the cooling embers of atheism and treason? We shall not presume to answer these questions; but content ourselves with wishing, that in his future works against religion, Mr. Bentham may have recourse to the same obstetrical aid to which he applies in matters of politics and law. Several of his earlier productions were rendered readable and intelligible by M. Dumont. The jacobinical absurdities of the *Westminster Review* are varnished over by some practised pamphleteers. But in theology, "the mighty mother" toils "unaided and alone." Her

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reasonings are too profound to be fathomed; her slang too ridiculous to be read without laughter; her nonsense, like Irish whiskey above proof, stronger than any stomach can digest, or any brain endure. We protest against this odious monopoly. If Mr. Leigh Hunt is too busy to turn his friend's Biblical Criticism into verse, Mr. Carlile or Mr. Cobbett should be taken into pay, to shorten sentences, cut out repetitions, and soften down cant phrases. The volume now before us contains upwards of four hundred pages; the greater part of no use to any one but the owner. To make this blasphemy a little more portable, to lend the old gentleman "lighter wings to fly," would be a dutiful and praiseworthy task in any of his adopted children. While they treat their venerable parent with such disrespectful neglect, reviewers can do no more than skim the cream of his lucubrations, and present it unchurned to their readers.

The sum and substance then of "Not Paul, but Jesus," is as follows:—Its author affects to believe in Jesus Christ; to receive the Gospels as authentic histories, and to entertain the highest respect for the lessons they contain. But with the Acts of the Apostles he wages open war. He declares St. Paul to be an impostor, the great corrupter of the religion of Jesus, the constant enemy of his faith and his followers; never acknowledged as a brother by the other apostles, and persecuted throughout his whole career by the Christians. All this is discovered in the Acts, and deduced from them with great parade of logical accuracy. They are supposed to have been written by a partizan of St. Paul, as a vindication of his conduct, rather than a narrative of his life; and such is the ingenuity of Gamaliel Smith, Esq. that from this vindication itself he convicts the Apostle of treason and perjury, and wonders that the discovery escaped Newton and Locke.

Throughout the whole of these four hundred pages there is one, and only one, plausible objection. This objection is so plain that it must strike every reader; so old that it is noticed by every commentator; and so trifling that it never has produced, and never will produce, the slightest effect:—it rests upon an apparent discrepancy between Acts ix. 7, and Acts xxii. 9; in the former of which it is said, that the men which journeyed with Paul, on his road to Damascus, stood speechless; "hearing a voice, but seeing no man;" while in the latter the words are, "they that were with me saw indeed the light and were afraid; but they heard not the voice of him that spake unto me." The most probable explanation of this difficulty turns upon the indefinite meaning of the words

translated *heard* and *voice*. And distinguished critics have supposed that the companions of the Apostle heard a voice, but could not distinguish the *words* of the speaker. Without inquiring into the merits of this interpretation, we would leave it to any rational sceptic to say whether it is not more probable that such an interpretation should be correct, or that some error should have crept into the manuscripts, than that the writer of the Acts of the Apostles should have made two statements, so diametrically opposite to each other. Mr. Gamaliel Smith represents that writer as a deceiver, artfully adding a forged narrative, respecting St. Paul, to the authentic histories of Jesus Christ. Is it possible that such a person could have overlooked the discrepancy which appears on the face of the English translation of the Bible? Is it possible that weighty objections can exist against a volume which is reviled upon such pitiful pretences as these? So important does it appear in the eyes of the author, that the passages are printed in a table, called, with his usual felicity of phrase, "the Conversion Table;" and the binder is strictly enjoined to let it face the title page. Such a frontispiece is not unworthy of the solid contents of this work to which it introduces us.

Having satisfied himself for the reasons already mentioned, that St. Paul was not miraculously converted on his road to Damascus, our author kindly undertakes to shew why he pretended to be so. We extract this most entertaining discovery.

"CHAPTER II. *Outward Conversion—how produced—how planned.* SECTION I. *Motive, Temporal Advantage—Plan.* How flourishing the state of the church had at this period become, will be seen more fully in another place. Long before this period, numbers of converts, in Jerusalem alone, above three thousand. The aggregate, of the property belonging to the individuals, had been formed into one common fund: the management—too great a burthen for the united labours of the eleven Apostles, with their new associate Matthias—had, under the name so inappositely represented at present by the English word *deacon*, been committed to seven trustees; one of whom, Stephen, had, at the instance of Paul, been made to pay, with his life, for the imprudence, with which he had, in the most public manner, indulged himself, in blaspheming the idol of the Jews—their temple.

"Of that flourishing condition, Paul, under his original name of Saul, had all along been a witness. While carrying on against it that persecution, in which, if not the original instigator, he had been a most active instrument, persecuting (if he himself, in what he is made to say, in Acts xxiii. 4, is to be believed)—"persecuting unto the death, binding and delivering into prisons both men

and women;—while thus occupied, he could not, in the course of such his disastrous employment, have failed to obtain a considerable insight into the state of their worldly affairs.

“ Samaria—the field of the exploits and renown of the great sorcerer Simon, distinguished in those times by the name of *Magus*—Samaria, the near neighbour and constant rival, not to say enemy, of Jerusalem;—is not more than about five and forty miles distant from it. To Paul’s alert and busy mind, the offer made by the sorcerer, to purchase of the Apostles a share in the government of the church, could not have been a secret.

“ At the hands of those rulers of the Christian Church, this offer had not found acceptance. Shares in the direction of their affairs were not, like those in the government of the British Empire in these our days, objects of sale. The nine rulers would not come into any such bargain; their disciples were not as cattle in their eyes: by those disciples themselves no such bargain would have been endured; they were not as cattle in their own eyes.

“ But though the bargain proposed by the sorcerer did not take place, this evidence, which the offer of it so clearly affords—this evidence, of the value of a situation of that sort in a commercial point of view, could not naturally either have remained a secret to Paul, or failed to engage his attention, and present to his avidity and ambition a ground of speculation—an inviting field of enterprize.

“ From the time when he took that leading part, in the condemnation and execution, of the too flamingly zealous manager, of the temporal concerns of the associated disciples of that disastrous orator, by whom the preaching and spiritual functions might, with so much happier an issue, have been left in the hands of the Apostles.—From that time, down to that in which we find him, with letters in his pocket, from the rulers of the Jews in their own country, to the rulers of the same nation under the government of the neighbouring state of Damascus, he continued, according to the Acts (Acts ix. 1.) ‘ yet breathing out threatenings and slaughter against the disciples of the Lord.’

“ Of these letters, the object was—the employing the influence of the authorities from which they came, viz. the high priest and the elders, to the purpose of engaging those to whom they were addressed, to enable him to bring in bonds, to Jerusalem from Damascus, all such converts to the religion of Jesus, as should have been found in the place last mentioned.

“ In his own person the author of the Acts informs us—that, by Saul, letters to this effect were *desired*. In a subsequent chapter, in the person of Paul, (viz. in the speech to the multitude by whom he had been dragged out of the temple, in the design of putting him to death) he informs us they were actually *obtained*.

“ It was in the course of this his journey, and with these letters in his pocket, that, in and by the vision seen by him while on the road—at that time and not earlier—his conversion was, according to his own account of the matter, effected.

"That which is thought to have been already proved, let it, at least for argument's sake, be affirmed. Let us say accordingly—this vision-story was a mere fable. On this supposition, then, what will be to be said of those same letters?—of the views in which they were obtained?—of the use which was eventually made of them?—of the purpose to which they were applied? For all these questions one solution may serve. From what is known beyond dispute—on the one hand, of his former way of life and connexions—on the other hand, of his subsequent proceeding—an answer, of the satisfactoriness of which the reader will have to judge, may, without much expense of thought, be collected.

"If, in reality, no such vision was perceived by him, no circumstance remains manifest whereby the change which so manifestly and notoriously took place in his plan of life, came to be referred to *that* point in the field of time—in preference to any antecedent one.

"Supposing, then, the time of the change to have been antecedent to the commencement of that journey of his to Damascus,—antecedent to the time of the application, in compliance with which his letter from the ruling powers at Jerusalem, the object of which was to place at his disposal the lot of the Christians at Damascus, was obtained;—this supposed, what, in the endeavour to obtain this letter, was his object? Manifestly to place in his power these same Christians: to place them in his power, and thereby to obtain from them whatsoever assistance was regarded by him as necessary for the ulterior prosecution of his schemes, as above indicated.

"On this supposition, in the event of their giving him that assistance, which, in the shape of money and other necessary shapes, he required—on this supposition he made known to them his determination, not only to spare their persons, but to join with them in their religion; and, by taking the lead in it among the heathen, (to whom he was, in several respects, so much better qualified for communicating it than any of the Apostles or their adherents), to promote it to the utmost of his power. An offer of this nature—was it in the nature of things that it should be refused? Whatsoever was most dear to them—their own personal security, and the sacred interests of the new religion, the zeal of which was yet flaming in their bosoms, concurred in pressing it upon their acceptance.

"With the assistance thus obtained, the plan was—to become a declared convert to the religion of Jesus, for the purpose of setting himself at the head of it; and by means of the expertness he had acquired in the use of the Greek language, to preach, in the name of Jesus, that sort of religion, by the preaching of which, an empire over the minds of his converts, and, by that means, the power and opulence to which he aspired, might, with the fairest prospect of success, be aimed at." P. 69.

The next section is headed, "At Damascus, no such Ananias, PROBABLY;" and the third section, "On Damas-



cus journey—companions none.” The latter fact is indisputable, in consequence of the omission of the names of those who journeyed with St. Paul. In the former case, however, the *name* of Ananias happens to have been preserved, and even the name of the person in whose house Ananias resided; our lawyer therefore suggests, that the *number* of Judas’s house, in the street called Straight, ought to have been recorded; and that the absence of such a specification is fatal to the entire instrument!!! The sixth section is, if possible, more ingenious.

“SECTION 6. *Gamaliel—Had he part in Paul’s Plan?*—Gamaliel—in the working of this conversion, may it not be that Gamaliel—a person whose reality seems little exposed to doubt—had rather a more considerable share, than the above-mentioned unknown and unknowable Ananias.

“Gamaliel was ‘a doctor of law’—a person of sufficient note to have been a member of the council, in which the chief priests, under the presidency of the high priest, took cognizance of the offence with which Peter and his associates had a little before this been charged, on the occasion of their preaching Jesus. Under this Gamaliel, had Paul, he so at least is made to tell us, studied. Between Paul and this Gamaliel, here then is a connexion: a connexion—of that sort, which, in all places, at all times, has existence—and of which the nature is every where and at all times so well understood—the connexion between *protégé* and protector. It was by authority from the governing body, that Paul was, at this time, lavishing his exertions in the persecution of the Apostles and their adherents:—who then so likely, as this same Gamaliel, to have been the patron, at whose recommendation the commission was obtained? Of the cognizance which this Gamaliel took of the conduct and mode of life of the religionists in question—the result was favourable. ‘Let them alone,’ were his words (Acts v. 38.). The maintenance, derived by the *protégé*, on that same occasion, from the persecution of these innoxious men—this maintenance being at once odious, dangerous, and precarious,—while the maintenance, derivable from the taking a part in the direction of their affairs, presented to view a promise of being at once respectable, lucrative, and permanent;—what more natural then, that this change, from left to right, had for its origin the advice of this same patron?—advice, to which, all things considered, the epithet *good* could not very easily be refused.”

Having faithfully extracted these specimens of conjectural criticism, the remainder of Mr. Smith’s lucubrations need not detain us long. He asserts that “neither the Divine commission nor the inward conversion of St. Paul were ever credited by the Apostles or their Jerusalem disciples.” That Barnabas was the sole means of that apparent recognition

which took place on Paul's first visit to Jerusalem, the Apostles being afraid to resist the recommendation of the wealthiest member of their church, and that wealthy individual being determined (for what reason Mr. Smith does not inform us) to patch up a treaty between St. Peter and St. Paul. He likewise omits to mention whether Barnabas kept the secret after, and during the violent quarrel which occurred between him and St. Paul. But doubtless these omissions will be supplied in a future edition. The main point is certain—as certain as four hundred pages of ribaldry, lies, and nonsense can make it; and Mr. Bentham, or whatever other *alias* this writer may choose to assume, has no doubt that the Apostles, whom he affects to esteem and even patronize, were bullied by Barnabas and bribed by Paul into conniving at a gross imposture, the obvious effect of which was, to undermine their own authority, divide their infant church, and corrupt the truth which had been committed to their charge.

Many other discoveries are announced in the progress of the work. In one place Mr. Gamaliel informs us that “none of the Apostles ever quitted Jerusalem for any considerable length of time.” In another he throws a new light upon St. Paul's last visit to Jerusalem; and assures us that the advice which he received from the Apostles, Acts xxi. 23, 24.—*Do therefore this that we say to thee. We have four men which have a vow on them. Them take, and purify thyself with them, and be at charges with them, &c.* signified that he should make oath that he had never taught the Jews to forsake Moses. The advice was given under the idea that it would be indignantly rejected by Paul. But Paul consented to perjure himself rather than confess his guilt. And he was attacked in the Temple, and dragged away, and almost murdered, *not by the Jews, but by the Christians*, from their indignation at so gross a falsehood. What a heap of stuff is here! The oath, its falsehood (supposing it to have been ever dreamed of before the days of Gamaliel Smith) the purification which Mr. Smith conceives to be a ceremony somewhat akin to kissing the book, the indignation of the multitude at that oath when we are expressly told that this wrath arose from a different cause, the sudden and miraculous conversion of Jewish persecutors into Jewish Christians, these are the feats of our learned writer in the second half of his ponderous tome; and they defy all rivalry or imitation.

“Perjurious was the purpose of the exculpatory oath commenced by Paul in the Temple.” p. 254. Blasphemous

was the purpose of the nonsensical trash put forth by Bentham, under the name of Gamaliel Smith!

"Perjurious Paul," is the heading, or running title of twenty of these infamous pages. As many more are designated by the term "Simple Falsehoods," and we suspect that it was nothing less than an error of the press, one of those oversights of human frailty from which we, and our authors and our readers so frequently suffer, that these words were not inserted conspicuously in the title page and prefixed to each of the sixteen chapters, and each of the eighty sections into which this voluminous piece of impertinence is divided. Having given sufficient specimens of the religious part of the performance; we close our extracts with a bit of radicalism worthy of its venerable parent. On the subject of St. Paul at Ephesus; thus speaketh poor old Jeremy.

"The *Judge* by whom the principal cause was tried, and the plaintiffs nonsuited; is styled, we see '*the Town Clerk*;' the more appropriate and respected title would not on this occasion have been ill-applied to him. Except what we have here been seeing, we know nothing of him that is *positive*: but, seeing thus much of him, we see that he was an honest man: and an honest man is not ill pourtrayed by negatives. He had no coronet playing before his eyes: no overpaid places and sinecures for relatives. He had not been made judge, for publishing a liturgy of the church of Diana, with an embroidery composed of his own comments,—or for circulating, with anonymous delicacy, a pious warning, never to be absent from the shrine of Diana, when the sacred cup was proffered by the hands of holy priests. Accordingly when the charge of *blasphemy* was brought before him,—being a heathen, he found no difficulty in treating it, in that gentle and soothing mode, in which, when, from the bosom of an established church it enters into a man, the spirit, which calls itself the spirit of Christianity, renders him so averse to the treating it. If, when his robes were off, he spoke of Diana what we now think of her,—he did not, when they were on, foam or rave, or declare—that all, who would not swear to their belief in her, were not fit to be believed or so much as fit to live.

"By him, one man was not robbed of his rights, because another man, when called upon as a witness, refused to perjure himself. By him, a man was not refused to be heard as a witness, nor refused protection for the fruits of his industry, nor deprived of the guardianship of his children, because he waited to see Diana, before he declared himself a believer in her existence. In the open theatre was pronounced the judgment we have seen. He did not, by secret sittings, deprive men of the protection of the public eye. He did not, we may stand assured—for we see how far the people

of Ephesus were from being tame enough to endure it—he did not keep men's property in his hands, to be plundered by himself, his children, or his creatures, till the property was absorbed, and the proprietors sent broken-hearted to their graves. He did not—for the people of Ephesus would not have endured it—wringing out of distress a princely income, on pretence of giving decisions, declaring all the while his matchless incapacity for every thing but prating or raising doubts. He did not display,—he could not have displayed—the people of Ephesus could not have endured it—any such effrontery, as, when a judicatory was to sit upon his conduct, to sit himself down in it, and assume and carry on the management of it. He would not have sought impunity—for if he had sought it in Ephesus, he would not have found it there—he would not have sought impunity, in eyes lifted up to heaven, or streaming with crocodile tears.

“Thus much as to his negative merits. But, we have seen enough of him, to see one great positive one. When, from the inexhaustible source of inflammation, a flame was kindled,—he did not fan the flame,—he quenched it.

“The religion of Diana having thus come upon the carpet, a reflection which could not be put by, is—spite of all efforts of the church-silversmiths, in how many essential points, negative as they are, the religion of Diana had, on the ground of usefulness, the advantage of that, which *is* the religion of Paul, and *is called* the religion of Jesus. Diana drove no men out of their senses, by pictures or preachments of never-ending torments. On pretence of saving men from future sufferings, no men were consigned by it to present ones. No mischievous, no pain-producing, no real vice, was promoted by it. It compelled no perjury, no hypocrisy: it rewarded none. It committed, it supported, it blessed, it lauded, no depredation, no oppression in any shape: it plundered no man of the fruits of his industry, under the name of *tithes*. For the enrichment of the sacred shrines,—money, in any quantity, we may venture to say, received: received, yes: but in no quantity extorted. One temple was sufficient for *that* goddess. Believing, or not believing in her divinity,—no men were compelled to pay money, for more temples, more priests, or more shrines.

“As to the religion of Jesus, true it is, that so long as it continued the religion of Jesus, all was good government, all was equality, all was harmony: free church, the whole; established church, none: monarchy, none; constitution, democratical. Constitutive authority, the whole community: legislative, the Apostles of Jesus; executive, the Commissioners of the Treasury: not Lords Commissioners, appointed by a King Herod, but trustees or *stewards*; for such should have been the word, and not *deacons*,—agents elected by *universal suffrage*. In this felicitous state, how long it continued—we know not. What we do know, is—that, in the fourth century, despotism took possession of it, and made an instrument of it. Becoming *established*, it became noxious,—pre-

ponderantly noxious. For, where *established* is the adjunct to it, what does *religion* mean? what but depredation, corruption, oppression, hypocrisy? depredation, corruption, oppression, hypocrisy—these four: with delusion, in all its forms and trappings, for support. P. 389.

And this is close reasoning. This is the man in comparison with whom Locke had no acuteness, and Newton no discernment. This is the “illustrious” Mr. Bentham of the Westminster Review, whose disciples are to give the law on politics and religion, whose *Chrestomathic* is to abolish the *Propria quæ maribus*, and re-organize perishing Britain, and who is employed at this moment in finding sense for a score of silly scribblers who believe that the trash which we nauseate in the Black Dwarf and the Examiner will be greedily swallowed in a new Quarterly Review. Dr. Kitchiner, Mr. Bowring, and Mr. Mill may be clever men in their way; but lighter than hydrogen must they be to keep such a load of blasphemy afloat. We believe better things of the British Public. The Liberal is dead and gone, “Not Paul” is ordered for execution, and the Westminster, as it deserves, will share its fate.

It is hardly worth while to give a serious answer to the nonsense upon which we have commented. But if there be any one who reads it without derision, any one who supposes that there must be some meaning at the bottom of this deep well; we would request him to remember a few facts. There is not the slightest ground to believe that St. Paul’s conversion was denied by the Christians. The disputes that did exist related to his independent authority and apostleship; if therefore the Acts of the Apostles were written in support of St. Paul, the point and the only point which the author would endeavour to establish would be this independent authority. Whereas the ingenuity of Gamaliel Smith is exhausted in attempting to shew that the conversion is not adequately proved. By those for whom the Acts were written (supposing them to have been written for a particular purpose) the conversion was never doubted. And yet, because it is not proved according to the forms of modern law; because the names of the eye-witnesses are not recorded, and the numbers of their dwelling places set forth, Mr. Smith pronounces the whole a fabrication: the joint work of Gamaliel and Barnabas, and the commencement of corruption in the primitive church. With artful or childish ignorance, the man reads a plain narrative, and has not the least idea what it is about. He mistakes a piece of scripture history for a controversial pamphlet; and quarrels with a

well told tale because it is not drawn up by an adept in codification. His particular objections are as stale as they are trifling. There is not one new piece of criticism from the beginning to the end. If he is unacquainted with the answers to his "discrepancies," and "contradictions," it is because he has ears but will not hear. And if he wishes the world to become familiar with his foolery about Gamaliel, and Ananias, and Barnabas, he must trust to his reviewers for effecting his object—his book will neither be bought nor read.

Since these remarks were written our attention has been called to Mr. Hughes's "Defence of the Apostle Paul," and to Mr. Grinfield's "Doctrinal Harmony." We cannot consider the former a judicious publication. Mr. Hughes states that "Not Paul, was put into his hands by a friend, with an intimation that an answer would be expected from the Christian Advocate in the University of Cambridge." Unless this friend be a person of unquestionable gravity, we should conjecture that he was *quizzing* the unsuspicious author of the Defence. Mr. Hughes may be assured that the friends of Jeremy Bentham treat his attack upon St. Paul with as little ceremony as we do. And the honour of being refuted by so distinguished a character exceeds the utmost limits of their ambition. They knew, in fact, that there was nothing to answer. And so does Mr. Hughes. What occurs in the shape of argument or criticism he disposes of successfully in a very few words. But the bulk of his pamphlet is mere "beating the air." Was it worth while, for instance, that a public functionary in the University of Cambridge, should shew that Paul was better qualified for the work to which he was called than Ananias? Does any man in his senses doubt it? Can the opposite side of the question be advocated without calling forth general contempt and disgust? Was it worth while to argue with Gamaliel Smith upon the nature and effects of the Sacrament of Baptism? We admit the propriety of Mr. Hughes's determination to answer every real objection to the truth of the Scriptures. But if he means to class old Jeremy among real objectors, he is bound at least to shew the same respect to the Hones, and Hunts, and Cobbetts. In powers of reasoning, and powers of writing, as well as in power of doing mischief, they are far superior to the would be sage of Westminster; and we fear that the Christian Advocate who gives Mr. Bentham the controversial privilege of a gentleman, cannot refuse a similar favour to his betters in criticism and composition.

The only tangible parts of the work which Mr. Hughes undertakes to answer, are treated, as we have already ob-

served, very well. There is an eloquent panegyric upon St. Paul which we have great pleasure in extracting; and as a specimen of the satisfactory answers which even Mr. Bentham has been the means of eliciting, we also present the reader with a passage respecting the companions of the Apostle at the time of his conversion. If Mr. Hughes had confined himself to such topics as these, his work would have been considerably reduced in size, but not impaired in value.

"In opening this new Commission to the world, and in reconciling both Jewish and Gentile Converts to its terms, who ever distinguished himself like St. Paul, by consummate zeal, by firmness of purpose, by contempt of danger, by endurance of hardship, by acuteness of intellect, by depth of knowledge, by power of argument, and by sublimity of eloquence? I will venture to say, that to every candid enquirer, the last-mentioned quality alone, displayed as it has been by the Apostle in so conspicuous a manner, would be a sufficient proof of his sincerity.—*Pectus est quod disertum facit.*—A hypocrite could never have attained to those extraordinary heights, nor could deceit have lurked in the pathos of those affectionate exhortations, in the severity of those cutting rebukes, or in the sublimity of those awful denunciations. No—the religion which this great Apostle contemplated in all its glory, and cultivated with all his soul, administered its own light to his understanding. He both spake and wrote for truth, and it was conviction which imparted to his heart, and from thence to his writings, that fervid glow, which has melted the bosom of many an obdurate sinner." P. 40.

"10. *Paul's companions. What part, if any, took they in the conversation?*"

"By a reference to the list of objections (pp. 53, 54.) the reader will perceive that Mr. Gamaliel Smith has changed his ground here, for the purpose of introducing a mass of irrelevant matter, respecting these companions of Paul. To the question why they took no part in the conversation, it may be replied, that the voice addressed Saul by name. At such an awful moment the by-standers, even if they had not been struck *speechless*, would have been little inclined to interpose their questions, or remarks. But at length our Author returns to his original proposition, and gives us again something tangible in the shape of an argument. It is said that St. Paul, when his eyes were opened, *saw no man, οὐδὲνα ἑώρακε*, and of his companions, that they stood *speechless*, hearing a voice, *but seeing no man, μηδὲνα δὲ θεωροῦντες*. Would any body, unacquainted with Mr. Gamaliel Smith, have supposed that he could have argued from these expressions, that St. Paul saw not the Lord, 'Nay but (says somebody) though it is said he saw no *man*, it is not said he saw not the Lord:' and elsewhere he may *seen saying*—'saying in the most positive terms, that he did see the Lord. (1 Cor. xv. 8.) And if he did see the Lord any where, why not here as well as any where else?'

"*'Saw no man.'* Yes: so says the English version. But the original is more comprehensive: saw no person, says the original; that is, to speak literally, saw no one of the masculine gender. No one, what? No one person of this gender: this is what the word means, if it means any thing. No person; and therefore no Lord, no God; if so it be that, when applied to denote no God, the word person means God, or as some say *a part of God*. Note, likewise, that when the companions are spoken of, both in the translation and in the original, the object to which the negative is applied is expressed by the same word as when he Paul is spoken of." Did any mortal ever see such impotent flippancy as is contained in this extract? Such a Socinian twist as this unfortunate *οὐδεὶς* has received? Yet how soon may all these phantoms of Mr. Gamaliel Smith's imagination be put to flight, and made to vanish into thin air, by the most simple process! When is it said, that St. Paul's companions saw no man? Why, when the light first appeared, and when Paul both saw and heard whatever he says he saw or heard, and 'blasted with excess of light, closed his eyes.' But when is it said, that *St. Paul* saw no man? Why, when he arose from the ground; when he opened his eyes, and found them covered with a film, and saw *no man*, that is, no one of his companions: *but they* (as it immediately follows) led him by the hand, and brought him into Damascus." P. 68.

Mr. Grinfield appears to us to have turned Jeremy Bentham to better account. That venerable personage affirms that St. Paul preached a different doctrine from our Saviour and his Apostles; and without ever attempting to prove the truth of his assertion, he maintains that the contradiction is fatal to the pretensions of the New Testament. Mr. Grinfield shews that there is a concordance instead of a contradiction, and thus produces additional evidence of the truth of our religion. He converts a bold but groundless objection into a valuable and satisfactory defence; and without compromising his dignity by speaking of "Not Paul," with seriousness, he makes that bungling piece of ribaldry conducive to the establishment of truth. The harmony which he has drawn up is simple and conclusive. To those who have read their Bible with understanding, it conveys little new information; but even to them it may serve the purpose of a useful refresher; while by others it will be perused with considerable advantage. His design and the argument which he draws from his accomplishment, will be best understood by an extract from his Preface.

"If all the writings of the New Testament be of Divine, they are all of equal authority; and then nothing can be more hazardous or absurd than to represent any one part as superior to another.



If they are all genuine, they are all derived from the same authority: they have emanated from one spirit, and they must harmonize and agree together.

"It is under these convictions that the following compilation has been drawn up, in which we have endeavoured to collect the leading doctrines which are contained in the Epistles of St. Paul, with those which are found in the other parts of the New Testament,

"But here it is proper to observe, that we are not to look for the same fulness of exposition in the Gospels, as in the subsequent parts of the Inspired Volume, though it would be difficult to unbelievers, to shew, that there is any doctrine advanced by St. Paul, which may not be shewn to exist in the Four Evangelists. The reason for this difference is plain and obvious. Previous to the resurrection of Jesus, there were some doctrines of Christianity which could not have been fully proclaimed, or thoroughly understood. How, for instance, was it possible to preach the doctrine of Christ's atonement with the same precision before, as after his crucifixion? Still, as the proportions of a building may generally be judged of from its first plan and groundplot, so, I conceive, that all the doctrines of Christianity may be discovered in the Gospels, if not in all the fulness of detail, yet laid down as plain and historical facts,

And nothing can more clearly evince the candour and honesty of the Evangelists than the confession, that they did not themselves fully believe in these doctrines, till their faith had been confirmed by the event of the resurrection. Nay, Jesus charged them that they should not declare some things they had heard and seen, 'until the Son of Man were risen from the dead,' Mark ix. 9. And these particulars were recalled to their recollections when the Resurrection actually took place. 'He is not here, but is risen: remember how he spake unto you when he was yet in Galilee,' &c. Luke xxiv. 6—8. And we are expressly told by them 'that Jesus opened their understandings, that they should understand the Scriptures,' xxiv. 25. These considerations will shew how unreasonable it is to expect that all the doctrines of Christianity should be laid down with the same fulness and precision by the Evangelists, as they were afterwards preached and explained by the Apostles.

"But besides the Gospels, we may compare the doctrines which St. Paul delivered, with those which are *historically* recorded by Luke in the Acts, and which are *doctrinally* delivered by the other Apostles. In the *earlier* parts of the Acts, we have a general account of the history of the church previous to the conversion of St. Paul. This narrative is to be esteemed as a separate and independent testimony; and if we had possessed nothing more, it would have furnished us with good and sufficient evidence, that it would have been impossible for this Apostle to have introduced any strange or unheard of doctrines into the church.

"Nor is this all—from the Gospels and the Acts, we may proceed

to the acknowledged writings of St. Peter, St. John, St. James and Jude; and here we shall find plain and incontrovertible proof, that the Epistles of Paul contain no doctrines which are not found corroborated by their authority.

"Now, when we consider the peculiar situation in which St. Paul stood in relation to the other Apostles, that he was not originally one of their number, and that he always claimed to be quite independent of their authority, and to have received his revelations immediately from Heaven; it must be admitted that such a comparison is made on the most just and impartial principles. Here then there could be no conspiracy, no collusion between the parties, for there was evidently a degree of jealousy and suspicion subsisting between them. Of all men, St. Paul would have been the least adapted to bring new opinions into the Church, because St. Peter and the rest of the Apostles would have instantly suspected his designs." P. v.

The Harmony is followed by some sensible remarks upon the superiority of the Scriptures to any other collection of the works of independent writers, especially with regard to the unity of doctrines which they contain. We feel a little surprised at Mr. Grinfield's declaration that "he was not aware of the extent of this uniformity till an accident set him upon drawing up this concordance." But the confession is to the credit of his candour and fair dealing, and we trust that it will give additional weight to his plea for conciliation and mutual forbearance among Christians and Churchmen.

The letter to Gamaliel Smith, with which this little work concludes, furnishes a slight but faithful sketch of that masquerader's lucubrations. It does not extend to twenty pages; but even in that short space Mr. Grinfield says quite as much as his subject requires or deserves. We quote a passage in which he exposes some laughable blunders, in addition to those which have been pointed out by Mr. Hughes or ourselves.

"After this ludicrous exhibition of self-importance, we might reasonably expect to meet with some traces of uncommon learning, or some displays of extraordinary talent. But of these, I can find no vestiges in your singular book, unless you claim the character of a profound calculator, for your computation of the 50,000 pieces of silver which are mentioned in the Acts, and which you estimate at 166,666*l.*; whilst, if reckoned by the shekel, the amount would be 6,250*l.*, or if by the Attic drachma, which is the more probable method, it amounts only to 1,875*l.* To a more sober inquirer, it would have immediately occurred, that such a sum as you have mentioned could never have been inserted; no, not by an impostor in his narrative, as the 'price of curious arts and books,' for it would have led to immediate detection. But you

set all previous calculation at defiance—'to consult Arbuthnot or any other successor of his would be mere illusion,' p. 324.

"Nor are you more fortunate in your historical researches. Aware that the chances are always incalculably great against finding an obscure fact of ancient history substantiated by any other evidence than that of the narrator, you would insinuate that, at the time of Paul's conversion, there was no such personage as Aretas, p. 136. Now if you had consulted either Josephus, or Dion Cassius, you would have found this same Aretas mentioned by them, as king of that part of Arabia; and that the reason for there being a garrison placed by him in Damascus, was on account of the offence which he had given to the Roman power, by making war on Herod.

"Really, 'Doctor Gamaliel,' after such a display of your wonderful prowess—you should not feel quite so confident that you were born to give the death warrant to the apostleship of St. Paul, p. 380." *Grinfield*, p. 115.

ART. IV. *Memoirs of the Life, Writings, and Religious Connexions of John Owen, D.D. Vice Chancellor of Oxford, and Dean of Christ Church, during the Commonwealth.* By W. Orme. 8vo. 12s. Hamilton. 1820.

No clerical person figured more extensively or variously, during the evil times of the grand rebellion, than did Dr. Owen, the Episcopalian, the Presbyterian, the Independent Vice-Chancellor of Oxford. The remarkable pliancy of his principles in regard to church government, and the uniform subserviency of his views, both to his own interest and to the favourite objects of the leading men in power, excite in the mind of the most candid reader no small degree of suspicion, that a divine who changed so often and always coincided with the dominant faction, must have occasionally listened to other counsellors than the mere abstract love of truth, or the still small voice of conscience. He excelled most men of his age in that valuable gift which the ancients called *προγνωσις μελλοντων*—the power of discerning the signs of the times, and the talent of being always ready to avail one's self of approaching contingencies.

We are furnished in some degree with a key to his character, in the declaration made by his biographer, apparently on the authority of some family document, that his conduct in the outset of life was influenced entirely by a strong movement of ambition "to raise himself to some emi-

ment station in church or state, to either of which he was then indifferent." He used afterwards to acknowledge, says Mr. Orme, that being naturally of an aspiring mind and very desirous of honour and preferment, he applied very closely to his studies, in the hope of accomplishing these ends; and that then the honour of God and the good of his country were objects subservient to the advancement of his own glory or interest. Soon after this period, no doubt, he became the subject of religious impressions, was melancholy and abstracted; and, in a word, passed through "a course of spiritual conflict," as preparatory for the distinguished part he was about to act as the confidant of Oliver Cromwell and the patron of the Independents.

He appears to have received holy orders at a very early age; being ordained by Bishop Bancroft before he had completed his twenty-first year. It is remarkable, too, that it was whilst he was a prey to the painful convictions just mentioned, that he received, from the hands of a bishop, power and authority to minister in the church; a proof, it may be presumed, that among the numerous topics which perplexed his religious contemplations, the lawfulness of episcopal government, is not to be included. But the measures adopted by Archbishop Laud to prevent innovations in the university over which, as chancellor, he presided at that unhappy period, irritated the impatience of the young divine; for, says the author of his life, though the mind of Owen was not sufficiently enlightened to see the *glory of his gospel*, his conscience was brought so far under the authority of Divine Revelation, that he could not submit to these *human exactions*.

"The result of his refusing to submit, and of the opposition of Laud's party, was his leaving the university, never to return, until he who disposes equally the lot of nations and of individuals, *sent Haman to a scuffold and raised Mordecai to fill his place.*"

It is but justice to mention that Owen had to view attentively both sides of the question, and to balance motives of no inconsiderable weight, before he finally determined to place himself on the side of the parliament, and desert the church of which he had so recently become a member. An uncle, upon whom he had long relied for pecuniary assistance, was a decided royalist; and who immediately, upon hearing of the defection of his nephew, cut him off, not only from his usual supplies, but also from the hope of inheritance to which he had been encouraged to look forward.

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This, no doubt, was a very considerable sacrifice; and, as we know not what were his immediate inducements to espouse the popular cause, candour requires that we should suspend our opinions, if we are not disposed to give him credit for an heroic effort of generosity and self-denial.

It appears not, however, that his mind was yet emancipated from the captivity of its own gloomy thoughts. The spiritual conflict still continued; and it was not until he went to Aldermanbury Church to hear a presbyterian minister, that his soul was comforted and his resolution confirmed. It may, perhaps, occur to some captious reader, that the simple fact of his going to seek consolation in a presbyterian conventicle, manifested, not unequivocally, the bias of his predilections; and, as that class of Christians had a fair prospect, at the period in question, of an established ascendancy, the religious convictions which had so long tortured the sensitive spirit of the juvenile priest, may have been brought to maturity by the seasonable developement of political events. Mr. Orme remarks, with much pious simplicity, that now "Jehovah's time of mercy had arrived, and the truth was received, not as the word of man, but as the word of the living and true God."

The slightest attention to the condition of things in the church and country at large will supply a motive for Owen's conversion, altogether independent of miraculous interposition. A strong tendency had already shewn itself in favour of Calvinistic doctrines and discipline, on the part of the popular leaders; and this aspiring divine, accordingly, whose mental depressions had not entirely subdued his "natural vanity and ambition," employed his talents in the composition of a book against Arminianism, which he forthwith dedicated to the Committee of Religion. The parliamentary saints received the compliment in good part; ordered the work to be printed; and, as they were at that period employed in the pleasant duty of purging the church of scandalous ministers, they lost no time in securing preferment for Mr. Owen, by depriving the incumbent of Fordham, in Essex. This sequestered clergyman is described by Walker, as a "person of great learning, religion, and sobriety;" but, not being so great a master of religious convictions, nor so eminent for acting a successful part in what Mr. Orme calls the spiritual conflict, he was turned out to make way for a man who was depressed in heart until he had mustered courage to become a rebel, and who had laboured under a settled melancholy until he formed the resolution to oppose the church which he had sworn to defend. His biographer,

however, in relating these occurrences, suspects no mixture of earthly considerations. His charity never permits him to imagine that, in becoming a presbyterian, in abetting the views of the parliamentary commission, and in accepting a living at their hands, as the reward of his well-timed exertions, Mr. Owen could possibly be influenced by any other motive than a desire to promote the glory of God. "The faithful minister," says he, "will never pass unteward. In all situations God will acknowledge that portion of his own truth which is properly brought forward!"

We would not heedlessly violate the trite maxim in regard to the characters of the dead. But when a young man whose "whole ambition," it is confessed, "was to raise himself to some eminent station in church or state, to either of which he was indifferent," barter his zeal and talents for preferment, and changes his views on several essential points as often as his patrons found it expedient to alter their course as ecclesiastical reformers, we must either shut our eyes altogether to the relation of cause and effect in human action, or take leave to express our doubts as to the sincerity and disinterestedness of Mr. Owen's conduct. By accepting the living of Fordham, he formally connected himself with the Presbyterian body, who at that period had attained the highest point of their popularity and power; and yet, when he afterwards became an Independent, he urges, as an apology for his fickleness, that, though he had joined the Presbyterians and even written a tract in favour of their polity, he was in fact very imperfectly acquainted with their tenets. "I was then a young man," says Owen himself, "about the age of twenty-six, or twenty-seven. The controversy between Independency and Presbytery was then young also; nor indeed, by me clearly understood." It is worthy of remark, too, that this unpardonable precipitancy; this attack upon his mother-church; and this ignorant, spontaneous defence of a system to which he was a stranger, marked the first steps of his progress in his converted state. "The time of Jehovah's mercy had arrived," says his biographer; but the new-born saint makes such a questionable use of that dispensation of grace that he only makes haste to eat the bread of another man; to join a communion which he was soon to abjure; and to publish a book on a subject which he had neglected to study!

Mr. Orme is extremely eager to prove that Mr. Owen, even before he became an Independent, never entertained those intolerant and persecuting doctrines, which distinguished the Presbyterians in the time of the long parliament.

It is clear, however, that Dr. Owen was not, in this respect, more liberal than the men of his age: and, in his *Display of Arminianism*, dedicated to that celebrated body of legislators, he informs them very intelligibly that the arm of secular power might be employed with great advantage to check the progress of error and the increase of sects. He soon discovered, it is true, that the leaders of the Commons had no intention of investing any denomination of professors with the authority of an establishment, that their object was rather to tolerate all and patronize none; and accordingly, his eyes were opened to the new light which was thus reflected from the wisdom of his superiors, and his mind became gradually accessible to the influence of gentler maxims, which, however, he had failed to derive from his theological tenets.

The Presbyterians of that period were certainly intolerant in the extreme, and they also embraced every opportunity to urge the adoption of their worst principles upon the men in power. Before parliament, as well as in their numerous publications, they represented,

“A toleration as the grand design of the devil—his masterpiece, and the chief engine he works by at this time to uphold his tottering kingdom. It is the most compendious, ready, sure way to destroy all religion, lay all waste, and bring in all evil. It is a most transcendent, catholic, and fundamental evil for this kingdom of any that can be imagined. As original sin is the most fundamental sin, having the original seed and spawn of all in it; so a toleration hath all errors in it and all evils. It is against the whole stream and current of scripture, both in the Old and New Testament; both in matters of faith and manner; both in general and particular commands. It overthrows all relations, political, ecclesiastical, and economical. And whereas other evils, whether of judgment or practice, be but against some one or two places of Scripture, this is against all—this is the Abaddon, Apollyon, the destroyer of all religion, the abomination of desolation and astonishment, the liberty of perdition, and therefore the devil follows it night and day; working mightily, in many by writing books for it, and other ways; all the devils in hell and their instruments being at work to promote a toleration.”

This miserable raving, which is quoted from Edward's *Gangrena*, expressed the sentiments of almost the whole presbyterian body. It was that party who, in the Westminster Assembly, defeated the attempt, recommended by the Committee of Lords and Commons, to promote a union with the Independents. They refused even to tolerate the churches of the latter denomination. And when, at length, they found

that the House of Commons would not support their violent and unreasonable demands to suppress all other sects, they brought forward the Scotch Parliament to request that their counsels should be complied with, and to publish a declaration against toleration. The whole body of the London ministers addressed a letter to the Assembly in which they most solemnly declare how much they "detest and abhor the much-endeboured toleration." The *Jus divinum* of church government published by the same body, argues for "a compulsive, co-active, punitive, corrective power to the political magistrate, in favour of religion." The provincial assembly of the metropolis, the ministers of Warwickshire and Lancashire published declarations or addresses to the same purport. We select from a paper signed by eighty-four of the latter body, entitled "The Harmonious Consent of the Lancashire Ministers with their brethren at London," the following singular expressions.

"A toleration would be the putting a sword into a madman's hand; a cup of poison into the hand of a child; a letting loose of madmen with firebrands in their hands; and appointing a city of refuge in men's consciences for the devil to fly to; a laying of a stumbling block before the blind; a proclaiming liberty to the wolves to come into Christ's fold to prey upon the lambs; neither would it be to provide for tender consciences, but to take away all conscience."

Such was the spirit of the sectaries who at that memorable period rose up against the mild and apostolical church of England! They had complained of persecution merely because they were desired to comply with the decent forms of a long established worship; whilst, on their part, they had no sooner attained to a transient authority, than they denounced toleration as at once the greatest of all sins and the most alarming of national calamities! As to Owen, there is not the slightest doubt that he at first held all the *punitive* and *corrective* notions of his party till his mind was expanded by the more liberal views which began to gain ground in the parliamentary army under Cromwell and his adherents. His connexion with the independents was accelerated by the following circumstance.

The deprived incumbent of Fordham having died in 1646, the patron presented another person to the living and dispossessed Owen: a circumstance, we may remark in passing, which proves that, in such cases, the parliamentary presentations did not permanently interfere with the right of the patron; and that a person preferred in the place of one



who had been rejected for insufficiency, held the parish only during the life of the sequestered minister. On being deprived of Fordham, he was presented by the Earl of Warwick to Coggeshall; where he found it expedient to abjure the Presbyterian polity and to form his congregation on the Independent model. Warwick, from his personal friendship and domestic relationship with Cromwell, was led to co-operate in all his leading measures; and the congregational system of ecclesiastical management being now a favourite object with that celebrated demagogue, the preferment of Mr. Owen was an act which seems to have implied a perfect understanding between the patron and the new incumbent. Mr. Orme wishes his reader to believe that Dr. Owen had long hesitated, on purely spiritual grounds, between Presbyterianism and Independency; and also that his ultimate decision, in favour of the latter, was influenced by a sacred regard to the interests of truth: but he who has observed with attention the successive apostasies which had already stained the youthful life of this ambitious divine, and noted the striking fact that his conscience never failed to supply him with arguments in support of the prevailing party, will be slow to ascribe to a heavenly impulse any change which may be so easily accounted for on human motives.

From this period, Owen became a ready tool in the hands of the ruling faction. He was soon afterwards employed by General Fairfax as his chaplain, and, in this capacity, preached to the army on the fall of Colchester, one of the famous sermons which were printed for the edification of the faithful.

"Where is the God of Marston Moor, and the God of Naseby! Oh! what a catalogue of mercies hath this nation to plead in a time of trouble! God came from Naseby and the Holy One from the West! His glory covered the heavens and the earth was full of his praise. He went forth in the North, and in the East he did not withhold his hand. The poor town wherein I live is more enriched with a store of mercies in a few months than with a full trade of many years."

On the 21st of January, 1649, Owen was summoned to preach before parliament; and his greatest admirers in the present day congratulate themselves upon finding that he did not directly approve the tragical event which had just occurred. We agree, however, with Dr. Grey, in thinking that the following passage intimates as high a degree of approbation as a cautious preacher might find it expedient to utter in the presence of men whose hands were still reeking with blood;

and who, it is well known, were more desirous to ascribe the murder of the king to the general will of the nation than to vouch it by their own individual responsibility.

.....“As this flaming sword,” said the orator, “turns every way, so God can turn it into every thing. To those who cry, ‘Give me a king,’ God can give him in his anger; and from those that cry, ‘Take him away,’ he can take him away in his wrath. When kings turn seducers, they seldom want good store of followers. Now, if the blind lead the blind, they shall both fall into the ditch. When kings command unrighteous things, and the people suit them with willing compliance, none doubts but the destruction of them both is just and righteous.”

The mere title of the discourse expresses, we think, not only the good pleasure of the author in all that had been done, but, moreover, appears to insinuate that the counsels of heaven were thereby fulfilled, and the sanction of the Almighty revealed in favour of the regicides. What is the meaning of the phrase, “Righteous zeal encouraged by Divine protection,” when applied to the events in question, if we are not to understand that the author approved the holy zeal of the Parliament, and pointed to the divine protection as a proof that their doings were acceptable in the eyes of heaven.

In April following, Owen preached again before Parliament; when he delivered a striking sermon on the “Shaking and Translation of the Heavens and the Earth,” for which he next day received the thanks of the house, and an order to print it. In his Dedication to the Commons, he apologises for his inability to do justice to the subject, from the little time he had to prepare it, and “the daily troubles, pressures, and temptations he had to encounter in the midst of a poor and numerous people.” Would it be uncharitable to imagine that this hint about the poverty and pressure of his parish was intended to suggest the expediency of placing so useful a man more at his ease? If his whole ambition originally was to raise himself to an eminent station in church or state; whilst he was indifferent to either, it may be presumed that he could not look upon the numerous facilities which now presented themselves for securing wealth and preferment, without experiencing some little revival of his old propensities. Nor were his expectations altogether disappointed; for,

“Calling before he left town to pay his respects to General Fairfax, with whom he had become acquainted at the siege of Colchester; he there accidentally met with Cromwell. When Owen waited on his Excellency, the servants told him he was so much

indisposed that several persons of quality had been refused admittance. He, however, sent in his name, requesting it to be mentioned to the general, that he only came to express his obligations for the many favours received from him. In the meantime, Cromwell came in with a number of his officers, who, seeing Owen, immediately walked up to him, and laying his hand on his shoulder, in the familiar manner which he used to his friends, said, 'Sir, you are the person I must be acquainted with.' Owen modestly replied, 'That will be much more to my advantage than yours.' We shall soon see that, said Cromwell; and taking him by the hand, led him into Fairfax's garden, where he told him of his intended expedition to Ireland, and requested that he would accompany him for the purpose of regulating the affairs of Trinity College. Owen objected on account of the charge of his church at Coggeshall; but Cromwell would take no denial, and from entreaties proceeded to commands. Owen finding how things stood, at last consulted some of his brethren in the ministry, who advising him to comply, he finally began to make some preparation for the journey."

Nothing very important occurred during his residence in Ireland. He preached a great deal, and his labours were so far crowned with success, that he could number among his converts, a female who had never before thought of religion, and a major, who ascribed his first convictions to the evangelical earnestness of Owen. He employed part of his time, too, in composing an answer to Baxter's remarks on his work on Redemption; exposing the arguments of an antagonist who had no fixed views on the nature of the Christian covenant, and who contrived to unite in his theological system, some of the distinguishing tenets both of Calvin and of Arminius.

Before Owen set out for Dublin, the city of London gave a great entertainment in Grocers' Hall, to the General, the officers of State, and the House of Commons, to which they repaired in great pomp, after having heard two sermons from Goodwin and the minister of Coggeshall. On the following day the House proposed to the Oxford Committee, that they should name the preachers as heads of colleges in that university, and returned them thanks for their sermons. This recommendation was not forgotten. It was not not, however, till the year 1651, upon the return of Owen from Scotland, whither he had likewise accompanied the army, that he was preferred to the deanery of Christ Church, and Goodwin appointed to the presidency of Magdalene College. Having reached this eminent station, he gave vent, in the true spirit of the times, to the following

expressions of consummate and disguised pride, which his simple biographer most unaffectedly ascribes to his "natural modesty and Christian humility."

"I now clearly found that I who dreaded almost every academical employment, as being unequal to the task, and at a time, too, when I had entertained hopes that, through the goodness of God, in giving me leisure and retirement and strength for study, the deficiency of genius and penetration might be made up by industry and diligence, was now so circumstanced that the career of my studies must be interrupted by more and greater impediments than ever. For what could be expected from a man not far advanced in years, and who had for some time been very full of employment, and accustomed only to the popular mode of speaking; and who, being entirely devoted to the investigation of the grace of God, through Jesus Christ, had taken leave of all scholastic studies; whose genius is by no means quick, and who had even forgot, in some measure, the portion of polite learning that he might have formerly acquired."

But this deep feeling of incapacity did not prevent him from filling the place and eating the bread of Dr. Reynolds, a presbyterian brother, who had been ejected by the Parliament, simply because he refused to pledge his allegiance to a government without a King or a House of Lords. Nor did his principles, as an independent, prove any obstacle to his acceptance of an office which had always been regarded as part of an ecclesiastical establishment. In a word, his conscience had learned to regulate its decisions agreeably to Acts of Parliament and private views of expediency; and his conduct throughout kept pace with the measures of his political patrons, and took its character from the spirit of their administration. Had Cromwell succeeded in placing himself on the throne, and found it convenient to re-establish episcopacy, Owen would have discovered some holy reason for allowing himself to be compelled to become primate of all England, and for sanctifying, by his godly presence, the palace wherein Laud framed his statutes for square cap and surplice, and matured his plans against the inroads of Puritanism. The indignant Milton opened the thunder of his wrath upon such time-serving hypocrites. "I hate," says he, "that Independents should should take that name, and seek to be *dependents* on the magistrates for their maintenance; which two things, *Independence* and *state-hire* in religion, can never consist long or certainly together."

Nor was Dr. Owen altogether a stranger to the fact, that the greater number of the figuring characters of his day were nothing better than masquers playing their part on the great

stage of religion and politics. Hear how he speaks against the Covenanters of Scotland; who were only greater fools than the faction to which he was himself attached, inasmuch as they were less clever knives, and less ably directed.

"With what deceivableness of unrighteousness and lies in hypocrisy, the late grand attempt in Scotland was carried on, is in some measure now made naked to the loathing of its abominations. In digging deep to lay a foundation for blood and revenge, in covering private and sordid ends with a pretence of things glorious, in limning a face of religion upon a worldly stock, in concealing distant aims and bloody animosities, to compass one common end, that a theatre might be provided to act several parts upon, in pleading a necessity for an oath of God to most desperate undertakings against God, it does not give place to any former ages I have been acquainted with."

In the Spring of 1652, Owen was called upon to preach a funeral sermon over the body of Henry Ireton, son-in-law of Cromwell; a character, of whom Burnet says, that "he had the principles and temper of a Cassius," and whom Noble represents as the "most artful, dark, deliberate man of all the republicans." To the sermon delivered on this occasion, the accommodating Dean of Christ Church gave the following title:—"The labouring Saint's Dismission to his rest." A precious *saint* indeed! But in those days, as well, perhaps, as in the present, the epithet *holy* was not meant to imply any degree of self-denial or affection for the truth, or any thing, in short, besides a certain personal influence among the leaders of popular opinion, and a firm resolution to promote the interests of party.

Cromwell having been elected chancellor of the University of Oxford in 1651, nominated Owen the following year to fill the place of vice-chancellor, in the room of Dr. Greenwood. He was chosen, says his biographer, by the unanimous suffrage of the senate, "*notwithstanding his urgent request to the contrary.*" In the course of twelve months the university conferred upon him the further honours of the degree of Doctor in Divinity,—an honour to which he submitted "*with great reluctance.*" In short this saint of the commonwealth, though he took every thing that was offered to him, and made the best use of all his advantages, whether to procure riches or influence, made a point of prefacing every act of acceptance with a canting profession of unworthiness, and a modest request to be saved the pain of a blush. He even condescended to become member of Parliament for the university, notwithstanding the disqualification under which he stood by having been admitted into holy

orders. Cawdry says, that when he was asked whether he was a minister or not, he refused to answer; and Wood, in his *Athenae Oxonienses*, assures us that "rather than he would be set aside because he was a theologian, he renounced his orders and pleaded that he was a mere layman, notwithstanding he had been actually created D.D. in the year before." The author of South's life, too, repeats the story of the renunciation, and ascribes to Doctor South the merit of "so managing matters with the doctors, bachelors of divinity and masters of arts, the electors, that he was returned with great difficulty, and after a few days sitting had his election declared null and void, because his renunciation was not reported valid."

Mr. Orme is a good deal perplexed with this incident in the life of the pious Dean of Christ Church. He describes the statements just made as infamous misrepresentations; but he cannot deny the fact that Dr. Owen was returned for the university, and that his election was shortly afterwards set aside by the Committee of Privileges, on the ground of his being in the ministry;—a circumstance which must have been either concealed or overruled when he was recommended to his constituents. But why, says Mr. Orme, put such a question to the candidate? To what purpose ask the vice-chancellor of Oxford and Dean of Christ Church, whether he were a minister? Did not all the world know it? The answer is ready; and the subterfuge of which the Reverend member wished to avail himself is not more difficult to be found. To be a *minister*, and to be in *holy orders*, were not, in those days of confusion, expressions of equivalent import; and of all men a partizan of the Cromwellian government would have the least hesitation in renouncing the validity of an ordinance which was held so little essential to the exercise of spiritual functions. Considering the spirit of the age, as well as the prevailing motives which appear to have actuated Owen throughout the whole of his public life, the most candid reader will find it impossible not to suspect that the Dean would answer no questions which were likely to impede the progress of his ambition.

Owen was one of the ministers chosen by the Parliamentary Committee to assist them in determining what doctrines ought to be held *fundamentals* in religion, and thereby to fix the limits of the toleration which Cromwell and his officers might think it expedient to grant. This instrument of government as it was called, appears to have extended freedom of conscience only to the Presbyterians and Independents; all others being indirectly excluded from the credit of holding

essentials, as also from every such civil immunity and political privilege as that qualification was intended to confer. So ample, forsooth, was the boasted liberality of that unhappy period, that Papists, Protestant Episcopalians, Socinians, Arians, Antinomians and Quakers were liable to be restrained from the exercise of their religion, and to be deprived of that protection in the profession of their faith; which was granted to the more favoured sects!

The Dean of Christ Church next appears as one of the Tryers, as they were called, who were thirty-eight in number and consisted of Independents, Presbyterians, and Baptists. The conduct of these inquisitors has been every where denounced as most arbitrary and tyrannical. They were commissioned to inquire particularly "into the grace of God in the candidate, also into his knowledge, and utterance, and fitness to preach the gospel." They were, as the poet expresses it,

"To find, in lines of beard and face  
The physiognomy of grace;  
And by the sound of twang and nose  
If all be sound within disclose."

The celebrated Dr. Pococke, Professor of Arabic in Oxford, was brought before the commissioners for the county of Berks, on account of a living he had there, and would certainly have received hard measure from them, had not Owen, to save the Tryers from indelible disgrace, as well perhaps as from a more generous motive, interposed his good offices on behalf of the great orientalist. In a letter to secretary Thurloe, he thus speaks of these commissioners:

"There are in Berkshire some few men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady *enemies of tythes*, who are the commissioners for the ejecting of ministers. They alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out on slight pretences very worthy men; one especially they intend to eject next week, whose name is Pococke, a man of as unblameable a conversation as any that I know living, of repute for learning throughout the world, being the professor of Arabic in our university. So that they do exceedingly exasperate all men and provoke them to the height. If any thing could be done to cause them to suspend acting till this storm be over\*, I cannot but think it would be good service to His Highness and the Commonwealth†."

Not certain of realizing his object in this way, he went accompanied by Doctors Ward, Wilkins, and Wallis,

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\* Pearcedock's rising.

† Thurloe's State Papers.

to the place where those precious Tryers were sitting; and there they all laboured with the utmost earnestness to convince them of the strange absurdity of their conduct. Dr. Owen in particular with some warmth, endeavoured to make them sensible of the infinite contempt and reproach which would certainly fall upon them, when it should be said that they had turned out a man for *insufficiency*, whom all the learned, not of England only, but of all Europe, so justly admired for his vast knowledge and extraordinary accomplishments. The commissioners being very much mortified at the remonstrances of so many eminent men, especially of Dr. Owen, in whom they had a particular confidence, thought it best to put an end to the matter, and discharge Pococke from further attendance.

A great deal has been said on the characters and proceedings of the Tryers, as well by those who defend this measure of Cromwell's government as by those who condemn its rigour and partiality. To us no stronger proof could be supplied both of their incapacity and prejudices than that which has just been presented to us from the writings of Owen himself. He describes them as "men of mean quality and condition, rash, heady enemies of tythes;" and adds, that "they alone sit and act, and are at this time casting out on very slight pretences, very worthy men." Walker and Bates have denounced that inquisitorial tribunal as ignorant, vindictive, and selfish, bringing forward many instances of their tyrannical decisions; but nowhere have we met with so strong and pointed a condemnation of their proceedings as that which appears in Dr. Owen's letter to secretary Thurloe. It is worthy of remark too, that the pious Dean vituperates the conduct of the Tryers, inas-much as they had become *enemies to tythes*, and of course hostilely disposed towards all such pensionaries as himself, who enjoyed the revenue of an ecclesiastical office without doing any of its duties. If their zeal led them to eject for *insufficiency* such a scholar as Pococke, though elevated to the high station of Arabic professor, what security could be entertained by the Dean himself that a similar fit of fanatical inquisition might not endanger his own rich and dignified sinecure. Like all reformers who employ the passions of the multitude to further their cause, he already found that his instruments were about to be used in levelling to the earth the fabric which they had been the means of raising; and therefore he was most desirous to discountenance the doings of those men of mean quality and condition, those rash and heady inquisitors, the enemies of tythes and of



learning, who were objecting for insufficiency a body of clergy whose acquirements they were unable either to estimate or to approve.

Pennraddock's rising afforded to Dr. Owen an opportunity for manifesting his attachment to Cromwell's interests and his readiness to act in its defence. In a letter to Thurloe he says,

"I have raised and now well settled a troop of sixty horse beside their officers. The town also has raised some foot for their defence. We have some persons in custody, on very good grounds of suspicion; and shall yet secure them. There is much riding to and fro in the villages near us; but as yet I cannot learn any certain place of their meeting: so I keep a continual guard, and hope some good service has been effected by our arming ourselves. The gentlemen of the county have met, are backward and cold; but something we have gotten them to engage for, towards the raising of some troops. Had I a blank commission or two for horse, I could as I suppose on good grounds raise a troop in Berkshire; sundry good ministers and others have been with me to assist you for that purpose. Pray send me down one or two commissions."

There is some ground therefore for the satirical remarks which were made on the sanctified Dean of Christ Church by a contemporary writer, whom Mr. Orme is pleased to call a "virulent reviler."

"When those loyal gentlemen of the west made an attempt to redeem their native soil from the bondage of the Cromwellian task-masters, how did this Cromwellian Doctor, rather like a major-general than vice-chancellor, carry God in his scabbard and religion at his sword's point! How did he make his beakles exchange their staves for fighting irons! How did he turn his gown into a cloak, and vaunt it with white powder in his hair and black in his pocket, threatening every one with disaffection to the government who would not join with him in his designs! And so he rode up and down like a spiritual Abaddon, breathing out against those brave souls outrage and fury, slaughter and blood!"

In 1656 the Protector summoned a parliament with the view of having his power as chief magistrate placed on a firmer basis than that on which it had hitherto stood; and for this purpose he employed Owen to enlighten the minds of his faithful commons by preaching on the advantages of a fixed and stable government. The politic Dean printed his sermon, with a dedication; as usual, to Cromwell and the Parliament, under the title of "God's work in founding Zion and his People's Duty thereupon."

Mr. Orme supposes, without any direct evidence, that Dr. Owen was the author of the petition of Colonel Mason, presented in the House of Commons, against the assumption of the royal titles and prerogatives on the part of Cromwell; and ascribes to this patriotic act the diminution of his influence at Court. There is a degree of mystery connected with this part of the Dean's biography which it is not easy to remove; and, perhaps, the step which he took in co-operation with Desborough and Fleetwood in opposing the ambitious projects of the Lord Protector, was the effect rather than the cause of his cold reception at Whitehall. There is some ground for imagining that the presbyterian interest was again on the increase among the leading men of the council, as well as for concluding that had Cromwell once got himself securely seated on the throne, he would have strengthened his administration by establishing a church on a more regular footing than Independency admits of. This hypothesis likewise enables us to account for the fact that most of the preferments in the University of Oxford, whilst Cromwell was chancellor, were bestowed upon Presbyterians; a line of policy which has been viewed by the enemies of Owen as a proof that, though he had found it expedient to join the Independents, he was in reality a Presbyterian at heart; and which, with as little reason, has been represented by his friends as an evidence of uncommon liberality. At all events, in the course of the same year in which Cromwell displayed so strikingly the towering nature of his ambition, and the pliant character of his profound hypocrisy, in declining to accept a crown for which he sighed in secret, and to obtain which had been the main object of his open acts and his hidden counsels, he actually resigned the chancellorship of Oxford in favour of Richard his eldest son. In six weeks, the new chancellor dismissed Dr. Owen from the vicarious duty which he held in the university, and appointed Dr. John Conant, a presbyterian and Rector of Exeter College in his room.

Mr. Orme favours his readers with a long chapter on the state of the university when Owen became vice-chancellor, as well as on the improvement which took place in it during his official superintendence; containing at the same time a catalogue of the learned men who flourished in the several colleges, in consequence of his wise and liberal administration. We are not disposed to deny that Dr. Owen was both himself a scholar and an encourager of learning in others, and that the general condition of things was much improved whilst he directed the concerns of that dis-

tinguished seat of literature, loyalty, and orthodoxy. But in regard to most of the names which figure in the list now before us, their eminence in science and philology had no closer a relation to the measures of the vice-chancellor than to the policy of the grand vizier at the Court of Constantinople. The polyglot of Walton, for example, the proudest monument of English erudition, sprung from the persecution rather than from the patronage of the times in which it was brought forward; for it was whilst the learned churchmen connected with it were excluded from the official duties of their order that they devoted their leisure to that celebrated work. It may seem paradoxical to assert, that the distinguished proficiency in oriental learning to which many of the English Clergy had attained about that period was owing to the countenance bestowed by James the First on that description of philology, and even to the example which he was so eager to supply in his own person. To him, however, who reads the literary history of that age with due attention, many facts will present themselves to fortify the opinion which we have now ventured to give.

The biographer of Dr. Owen labours sedulously to acquit him of having had any share in the strange scene which, on the authority of Burnet, is said to have passed immediately after the death of the Protector.

“Tillotson told me,” says the Bishop of Salisbury, “that a week after Cromwell’s death, he by accident being at Whitehall, and hearing that there was to be a fast that day in the household, out of curiosity, went into the presence chamber where it was held. On one side of a table, Richard with the rest of Cromwell’s family was placed, and six of the preachers were on the other side. Thomas Goodwin, Owen, Caryl and Sterry were of the number. There he heard a great deal of strange stuff, enough to disgust a man for ever of that enthusiastic boldness. God was, as it were, reproached with Cromwell’s services, and challenged for taking him away so soon. Goodwin, who had pretended to assure them in a prayer that he was not to die, which was but a very few minutes before he expired, had now the impudence to say ‘Thou hast deceived us and we were deceived.’ Sterry praying for Richard, used these indecent words. ‘Make him the brightness of his father’s glory and the express image of his person.’”

The authenticity of the anecdote is called in question by our author, who is willing to ascribe its original circulation to the credulity and gossiping turn of Bishop Burnet. He is besides perfectly satisfied that Owen was not present, from the circumstance that “nothing is put into his mouth;” a reason for scepticism which, if it be admissible at all, will

prove that neither Caryl nor Richard nor any other individual was there but the two whose ravings are recorded.

Among the first acts of Richard's government was the summoning of a parliament, which met on the 27th of January 1659; and on the 4th of February following we find Owen preaching before it at a private fast. From the dedication to the House (he omits the name of Richard) it appears that some false reports had been circulated about the sentiments of the discourse, respecting forms of civil government; and the events which followed give some countenance to the suspicion that the Dean of Christ Church had not forgotten his dismissal from the office of Vice-chancellor. It has been said again and again that Dr. Owen was one of the principal instruments by whom the son of Cromwell was compelled to relinquish the reins of government, and that he had previously to this event united his interest with those of the Wallingford-House party who wished to perpetuate the form of a Commonwealth. Fleetwood and Desborough, who were the heads of that party, are said to have invited Dr. Owen and Dr. Manton to share in their consultations. Before they entered on business Dr. Owen went to prayer, but Manton, who was too late, in going heard a loud voice from within saying, *He must down, and he shall down.* Manton knew the voice to be Owen's and understood him to mean the deposing of Richard, and therefore would not enter the apartment.

Neal, Baxter, and Calamy, unite in holding the opinion that Manton's conjecture was founded on fact, and that Owen was at that moment urging the necessity of setting Richard aside, and of restoring the regime of the Long Parliament. Owen afterwards indirectly denied that he had any hand in deposing Richard, and for want of proper evidence the guilt or the merit of that proceeding cannot be positively affixed to the name of the ex-vice-chancellor, as Mr. Orme calls him. The event, however, appears to corroborate the testimony of those who maintain that the downfall of Richard had been determined in the consultations held at Wallingford-House. The following day, the Protector's parliament was dissolved, and his power brought to a close. The remains of the Rump were collected to re-establish the vigour of republicanism; but the sense of the nation at large was opposed to the continuance of a state of things which combined tyranny with licentiousness, and placed the lives, the liberty, and the fortunes of this great country at the hazard of democratical cupidity.

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Owen, it is clear, was very active in restoring the Long Parliament. Richard was known to favour the Presbyterians: the Independents took the alarm for the safety of religion and religious liberty: and the only hope they had was in the resuscitation of the old spirit which apostrophized the God of Naseby and of Marston-moor. It was alleged among the republicans that there was not a sufficient number of members still surviving to make or form a parliament. "Upon this," says Ludlow, "Dr. Owen having desired me to give him a list of their names, I gave him one, wherein I had marked those who had sat in the house since the year 1648, and were yet alive, amounting to the number of about 160. The Doctor having perused it carried it to those of Wallingford-House."

Dr. Owen preached before parliament for the last time on the 8th of May 1659, being the second day after it had met. In the month of August following the congregational churches in London desired leave to raise three regiments for the parliament, and obtained its consent to do so; they had, says Mr. Orme become exceedingly alarmed for their liberties. Monk had been for some time playing a part; he had formerly acted with the Independents, and now seemed disposed to support the Presbyterians. Owen wrote to this general who was at this time in Scotland, and dispatched Caryl and Barker to wait on him at the palace of Holyrood-House. The commissioners however could make nothing of Monk. He had been bred in the same school with themselves, and could play off upon them their own artillery of deceit and hypocritical profession. He sent them back with a letter full of compliment and specious promise, whilst he prosecuted his own ends and promoted a separate interest. He commenced his march southward; upon which the Independents offered once more to stand by their friends in parliament, and to force back Monk into Scotland. Owen and Nye had frequent interviews with Whitelock and St. John; and at a private treaty with the officers at Wallingford-House, offered to raise one hundred thousand pounds for the use of the army, provided it would protect them in their religious liberties, now threatened by Monk and the Presbyterians. But the hour of deliberation was already past. The northern army advanced, and the cause for which the General had undertaken his march was placed beyond the risk of failure.

The first moment of success was one of triumph for the Presbyterians. The deanery of Christ Church was restored to Dr. Reynolds, whilst Owen and Goodwin were no longer

allowed to occupy the pulpit of St. Mary's. The tide ran hard against the Independents; and Dr. Owen their leader after having attempted to plunge the nation into a second civil war, retired to reflect on the incidents of his past life, and to pursue the peaceful studies which, in an evil day, he had been induced to relinquish.

"Thus," says Mr. Orme, "terminated Dr. Owen's connexions with the Commonwealth, and with the public politics of his time. That they never proved a snare to him or involved him in conduct and discussions foreign from the business of the christian ministry, I am unable to affirm. If he could not keep himself entirely unspotted from the world, or at all times justly avoid its censure, we have only to remember what he himself would have been the first to confess, that he was a sinful fallible creature who made no claim to perfection."

One half of Mr. Orme's book is occupied with tedious commentaries on the numerous and very unreadable books written from time to time by Dr. Owen. His work on the Hebrews still maintains a certain degree of reputation among biblical students; and some of his fanatical treatises are still used by the pious of all communions to warm their devotion or to revive in their minds the proper objects of worship. But his polemical and controversial tracts are no longer of any value in the eye of the theological student, as being for the most part carelessly or clumsily composed, and filled with topics of a personal or transient interest, which at this day are neither instructive nor altogether intelligible.

Dr. Owen lived twenty-three years after the Restoration, maintaining a good name in his own connexion, and occasionally edifying the world at large with his learning and seriousness. His friends chuse to assert that he would have been received into the bosom of the Establishment, had he made the smallest concessions in point of doctrine and ecclesiastical order. If Dr. Owen declined preferment from the government of Charles the Second, he consulted wisely for his reputation; for no man could twice run with impunity the course of apostasy and fickleness through which he had already passed. He lived in evil times; but as his object from the outset appears to have been personal influence and aggrandizement, no man knew better than he how to avail himself of the confusion into which the public mind was thrown, and to place himself in the current which flowed towards political power, wealth, and consideration. He refused nothing that was ever offered to him, and relinquished nothing as long as he could hold it: like all the adventurers of his age he talked about the other world

whilst he acted for this, and made his way to temporal things by descanting on the value of those that are eternal. He belonged to a bad school; and in such a case it is no small compliment to say that he retained in his manners to the very last a good deal of the gentleman and the scholar.

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ART. V.. *The Philosophy of Zoology; or, a General View of the Structure, Functions and Classification of Animals.* By John Fleming, D.D. Minister of Flisk, Fifeshire, F.R.S.E. Member of the Wernerian Society, &c. 2 vols. 1l. 10s. Constable, Edinburgh. 1822.

THE work whose title we have just given is one of a nature hitherto much wanted; and this in several respects. In the first place, previously to the present publication there has not been extant in our language any good scientific introduction to the extensive and important study of general zoology and physiology. In this point of view we think Dr. Fleming has done considerable service to the public by giving a compendious yet sufficiently detailed system of the science. He has first treated of general physiology and comparative anatomy; and then proceeded to a survey of the whole animal kingdom.

In another point of view we also congratulate the public on the appearance of this work, inasmuch as too many which have appeared of late years on similar subjects have clearly displayed, if not made their ruling principle, a desire to impugn and calumniate the most sacred doctrines of revelation; and to overthrow the most fundamental positions on which the whole superstructure of religion not only revealed but natural also is built. The work before us exhibits a character widely different from these. The author seems to have made it a point of particular attention, to take every opportunity which his subject afforded for inculcating a respect for religion; and for pointing out those various and striking arguments which the science he is treating of so abundantly supplies in support of it.

To give any thing like a detailed analysis of a work of this description, would be unsuitable both to the nature and limits of our journal: and to give less than such an account would not be to do the work justice. We conceive, therefore, that we shall be making our review of it at once more profitable and less uninteresting, if we confine our remarks to

a consideration of the work, in the latter of the two points of view in which, we have first remarked, its merits may be contemplated. We shall endeavour to exhibit to our readers the most prominent of those parts of the book where the author, by his cautious and truly philosophical mode of investigating and describing some parts of the economy of the animated world, sufficiently and ably refutes those unfounded theories, and most completely unphilosophical hypotheses, which have been palmed upon the world as the results of genuine science, by a set of superficial smatterers, in their obviously gratuitous assumption of a material cause for vital and intellectual phenomena.

Dr. Fleming after treating of the divisions into which natural science resolves itself, proceeds to the distribution of natural objects into the two grand classes of organized and inorganic productions. He traces the chain of existence through all the various links of which it is composed, from the fossil to the animal: and discriminates with great accuracy the various distinctions to be drawn between its different parts.

He next proceeds to examine the peculiar character of organized bodies. And in so doing the first and most prominent object is the nature of what we term the vital principle.

"When we examine a plant or an animal as near to the origin of its existence as possible; we witness its embryo or germ, small indeed, but possessing a power capable of developing in succession the destined phenomena of existence. By means of this *power* the germ is able to attract towards it particles of inanimate matter; and bestow on them an arrangement widely different from that which the laws of chemistry and mechanics would have assigned them. The same power not only attracts those particles and preserves them in their new situation, but is continually engaged in removing those which by their presence might prevent or otherwise derange its operations." P. 8.

He then goes on to point out that the vital principle is limited in each species to a particular magnitude of body, a peculiar form, structure, and chemical composition, as also an assignable duration. The faculty named irritability seems to be the most remarkable feature accompanying organic life. It appears to reside in the fibrous parts and is imperfectly displayed even by some vegetables: whilst in animals it seems closely connected with the display of muscular power, and the exercise of almost all the faculties.

Instinct is another characteristic of organic life; and in its comprehensive sense is enjoyed by plants as well as ani-



mals. It regulates the supply of nutriment; obviates difficulties; repairs injuries; and leads to the means of procreating the species; powers, the partial display of which in vegetables is highly curious, and points out many close analogies between them and the animal kingdom. It is from the detailed consideration of all these particulars that our author is led to some further remarks on the nature of the vital principle, which their excellence induces us now to copy.

"These different operations of living beings which we have thus briefly enumerated, can never be regarded as the effect of their peculiar organization. The organs are formed according to a uniform and determined plan, from inorganic matter, collected from various sources, and arranged, according to the species, on different models. By what power then does this organization take place? And what is the nature of that principle which regulates animated beings? We have already taken notice of the laws by which it is regulated in the constitution, duration, and continuance of organized bodies. These make us acquainted with the existence of a principle different from any of those which the mechanical or chemical philosophers have investigated with so much success. This power has been denominated the living or vital principle; and the phenomena which it exhibits are included in our idea of life or vitality." P. 21.

The vital principle, whatever may be its nature, appears to be capable of residing only in bodies possessing a regularly organized structure. Our author points out the *temporary* nature of the connexion thus subsisting, and shews that it may be dissolved by a variety of circumstances. He enumerates the various conditions necessary for the existence of the vital principle so far as observation has detected them. They are these, 1. a parent; 2. moisture; 3. temperature; 4. atmospheric air; 5. nourishment. He then adverts to the consideration of the modifications of the vital principle, which seem to arise from the exact harmony being disturbed, which should exist between all the different parts and functions of organization. These ought, in order to the healthy continuance of life, to be so exactly regulated as to form, as it were, a system of perfect equilibrium. The undue predominance or deficiency of any function is what we term disease, and if it proceed beyond a certain limit, terminates in the complete interruption of the whole system of functions, and the death of the individual ensues. This tends to shew that the vital principle must be something more than a mere result of organization; because, besides organization, a certain other condition, viz. the *proportion* to be maintained between the various functions in their operations, is necessary in order to the continuance of life.

The distinctions between animals and vegetables; the general polity (as the author terms it) of nature in the mutual arrangement of the two kingdoms, and their dependence on each other; the chemical examination of the compounds which constitute the animal frame; the mechanical structure of the various parts; and a general, anatomical, and physiological survey of animal bodies, are the topics of successive discussion: and are treated of in a clear, accurate, and sufficiently detailed manner. Amongst the various parts of the animal economy the author is led to treat particularly of the muscles, and, closely connected with them, of the nerves and brain. The nervous system, whether considered in its structure simply, or in its functions, is one of the most curious and most complicated parts of physiology. This subject is first examined in regard to the structure of the brain and nerves. An anatomical view is given of the different parts of the brain, and the general structure of the spinal marrow, and the two systems of nerves which pervade the body. The modifications of this system are traced through the different gradations of animal existence, down to those classes where no such system can be detected. The comparison of the brain in different classes of animals is a most interesting and valuable topic of enquiry. This point has fortunately occupied the attention of one of the greatest physiologists of the age, M. Cuvier. From his researches our author has exhibited a compendious, but instructive table of the differences which characterize the structure of the brain in different classes. But the most generally interesting part of these results we conceive to be the following, which bear upon the question of the connection between organization and mind.

It appears that there exist certain relations between the *faculties* of animals, and the proportions of those parts of the brain which they possess in common.

“ Thus the intelligence they possess appears more perfect in proportion to the volume of the appendix of the corpus striatum, which forms the vault of the hemisphere. Man has that part greater, more extended, and more reflected than the other animals. In proportion as we descend from man, we observe that it becomes smaller and smoother on the surface, and that the parts of the brain are less complicated with each other, but seem to be unfolded and spread out longitudinally. It even appears that certain parts assume, in all classes, forms which have a relation to particular qualities of animals: for example, the anterior tubercula quadrigemina of carps, which are the most feeble and least carnivorous of fishes, are proportionally larger than in the other genera, in the same manner as they are in the herbivorous quadrupeds.

By following these enquiries we may hope to obtain some knowledge of the particular uses of each of the parts of the brain." P. 151.

These remarks of M. Cuvier exhibit a valuable specimen of truly philosophical procedure in the enquiry after truth: and afford a striking contrast to the many crude and hasty speculations on similar points, which have led so many empty and superficial pretenders to science, into a variety of absurd, unfounded, and often most culpable theories, on subjects of the utmost importance, from their being so intimately connected with the prospects which mankind entertain with respect to their own nature, their obligations and their end.

We regret that our limits will not permit us to follow up our author through many excellent remarks connected with this part of the subject, but we must proceed.

Thus far he has considered the nervous system only in respect to its *structure* and nature: the next division of the subject relates to the same system when exhibited in *action*. And this part of the enquiry is one into which the most dangerously erroneous views have been introduced. The nervous system considered in action is a subject unquestionably the most interesting in the whole range of zoological science. Yet it is still involved in much obscurity, and will probably continue to be so unless new methods of observation shall be devised, and more rigorous induction practised. This the improving state of physiological science encourages us to hope may at some future time be the case. Meanwhile our author proceeds thus.

"That the brain is the organ to which the impressions produced by external objects are conveyed, and from which the excitements to motion in the different parts are propagated, has been demonstrated by observation and experiment. We have already stated the complicated structure of this organ, and the variety in the texture and situation of its different parts. What then are the uses of each? Physiologists have always been greatly divided in their opinions on this important subject." P. 153.

Some supposing that the seat of the intellectual operations must exist near the centre of the brain, have considered the pineal gland as the 'common sensorium.' Others have bestowed the same honour on other parts. Some on the aqueous fluid found in the ventricles. According to Gall and Spurzheim, the various operations have each their distinct portion of the brain as a peculiar organ. Other theories also of a similar description, and equally unsupported by facts, have been advanced by various other authors.

All theories of this kind appear to us extremely liable to degenerate into dangerous errors. Considered in themselves, they may be harmless speculations; but they are always liable to take a particular tone and character from the minds of those who adopt them: and if that be of an irreligious nature, they may very easily convert the visionary views of some speculative physiologist into the vehicles of most fatal error, productive of the worst practical consequences, and spreading far and wide their insidious infection; not the less poisonous and deadly in its effects, because it is conveyed to unthinking minds in association with an entertaining and ingenious system. If the idea of giving a local habitation to the mental faculties, be understood as implying that those parts of the brain are the actual agents of thought, the consequences are dangerous in a religious point of view:—if on the other hand it be meant to confine an immaterial principle to a certain physical space, the idea is philosophically speaking absurd, so that either way such speculations can do no good, and may, and probably will, do much harm. They tend either to mislead philosophy, or to destroy religion.

The nerves by their arrangement in two distinct systems appear to be the instruments of two different sets of functions, voluntary and involuntary. The former constituting our external actions, the latter our internal sensations, and the various processes which go on in the body. Yet though thus distinct, the different sets of nerves act in close connexion with one another. Thus tending in various ways to keep up that perpetual balance and harmony between all the various functions which is so essential to vitality. This is a part of physiology of considerable importance in regard to the connexion of these with intellectual phenomena. Our author has given many interesting views of this part of the subject from which we extract the following passage.

“ But this intimate connexion between the different parts of the nervous system becomes scarcely perceptible in the lower orders of animals. Where the bulk of the brain is greatest in proportion to the nerves connected with it, as in man, we find this union most intimate. As the bulk of the brain decreases, in proportion to the bulk of the nerves, the connexion ceases to be so close. In reptiles and fishes this is so conspicuously displayed that it becomes difficult to induce death. The brain or the spinal marrow may be removed, and yet the other functions of life still proceed for a considerable time. Among the mollusca an equal want of sympathy among the different parts, is well known to prevail. As we descend still lower, to those animals in which the nervous system, instead of appearing in the form of brain, nerves, or ganglia,

is uniformly diffused, we observe scarcely any dependent connection between the different parts. When portions of the body are removed they are speedily reproduced, and the detached fragments even begin to enjoy independent existence." P. 161.

This sketch of one of the most curious parts of comparative physiology, may tend to suggest considerations bearing in some measure on those topics which we have professed to be our more immediate object in the present article. This apparent diffusion of the vital principle in many animals, in such a way throughout their various ganglia and separate systems of nerves, as to admit of conferring separate vitality on detached portions, shews clearly that in those animals at least the vital principle is not confined to any one spot. And since each of the separate parts to which it can be communicated is furnished with a certain nervous system complete in itself; it seems that such a complete nervous system, having its parts connected in a certain way, is the essential datum for the superinduction of life. Wherein that completeness consists, and what is the precise nature of the requisite connexion remains to be investigated. But life seems to go on by the agency of such a system disseminated throughout the animal frame: to depend for its continuance on the joint operation of the *whole in connexion*, not on the *insulated* function of any particular part. And this corresponds with the idea of an immaterial principle, which as we before observed, it would be contradictory to limit to one particular spot. And at the same time such a view of the subject excludes materialism, or at least reduces it to this, that the whole animal frame thinks. Which is surely too absurd an hypothesis even for unbelievers to adopt.

The proximate cause of nervous action is a topic on which physiologists have, as might be supposed, entertained the most opposite, and in many instances the most hypothetical opinions—and moreover, in the cause thus assigned have supposed that they had discovered the vital principle. Our author comments very sensibly on these opinions.

"It would be to no purpose to enquire into the nature of that action which is excited in the nerve, either in sensation or volition; because the subject is yet in obscurity, and its elucidation, perhaps, impracticable. The rapidity with which the functions of the nervous system are executed, have induced some to consider its action as performed by means of some fluid similar to electricity, secreted by the medullary matter, and restrained by the tunics of the brain and nerves. All this may be true; but it is without proof. Others, from contemplating the effects of electricity on the

parts of dead animals, have concluded, that the nervous and electrical fluids were identical. There is, however, one experiment, easily performed, which proves the fallacy of this conclusion. The nervous energy is suspended or destroyed by the compression or section of the nerve, while the electrical matter is not arrested in its progress, provided, in the latter case, the cut ends of the nerve are brought in contact."

This experiment is conclusive, and, we think, very important; since it at once destroys the hypothesis of the vital functions going on merely by galvanism: an hypothesis which seems to have been a favourite one with many who would rather adopt any supposition than that of a spiritual existence. Many of these profound philosophers look upon man as nothing more than a walking galvanic battery. They suppose that the nerves act upon the system, and the system re-acts upon the nerves by a set of galvanic combinations; that this constant circuit is the *cause* of life, and is life itself, and is, moreover, the *effect* of life, all at once; that the brain is part of the combination which keeps up the galvanic current; that the galvanic currents make the brain act; while the action of the brain produces the galvanic currents; that the action of the brain is thought; and, consequently, that thought produces galvanic currents, whilst they reciprocally produce thought. Such is the rigid, the inductive, the philosophic system of materialism! It is ably and briefly exposed by our author in the following passage.

"Of the elementary nature of this exciting power, we indeed know nothing. Physiologists have termed it a secretion of the nervous system; without perceiving that, in the manner of its operations, it is essentially different from any other secretion in the system. That it results from organization, is disproved by the phenomena of death; that it is of electrical or magnetical nature, is contradicted by the totality of its phenomena." P. 164.

Having thus examined the nature of the nervous system, the author next proposes to inquire into the phenomena of the mind. In order to do this the more satisfactorily, he makes a preliminary inquiry into the nature of our different sensations, and the organs employed in their production; and the kind of information which they convey to the mind, with regard to the properties of external objects. In this interesting and detailed account of the different senses (of which, by the way, our author reckons six, by adding the sense of heat) we will not follow him; but proceed to comment on one or two more passages bearing more immediately upon the leading topic of our remarks.

We have just noticed some of the palpable and ridiculous contradictions and inconsistencies which result from the doctrine of the intelligent principle being only a result of organization. We have exposed a few of the glaring absurdities of those who, because they learn from the discoveries of science, that galvanism is capable of producing powerful effects on some part of the animal economy, infer that galvanism is the sole principle of life, and the cause of intellectual phenomena. In other words, they are not content with rejecting revelation, but must also pervert philosophy: they not only offend against religion, but think to excuse it by an equally outrageous offence against all sound principles of reasoning. And when a man shews himself so utterly unable to make correct inferences even in the science which is his professed study, surely no sensible person would trust his judgment in reasoning upon another subject of so totally different a nature. Yet it is from the reputation of scientific eminence in the proposers of sceptical doctrines, that their authority over their disciples and dupes is chiefly maintained.

Our author views the matter in a very philosophical light; keeping clear from hypothesis in the scientific view of the subject, and superadding the doctrine of revelation.

Thus, speaking philosophically, he observes,

“Of the essence of mind we absolutely know nothing: and hence the various phrases, unity, indivisibility, immateriality, and others, which have been employed to express the nature of this essence, are, in fact, expressions of our own ignorance and presumption. When we witness the mind capable of exciting action in matter, and of being excited to action by matter,—exhibiting its identity by its local residence,—variable in its relations to matter,—variable relatively to its own conditions,—capable of exercising different functions at the same time,—and, last of all, multiplying with an increase of population,—we feel overwhelmed with the incomprehensible phenomena which it presents, and admit the suitableness of an expression of our divine master, when applied to the present case, ‘Ye know not what manner of spirit ye are of.’” P. 214.

How infinitely superior are such views of this important, yet inscrutable point, to the crude theories and flimsy systems of the materialist. Real science is always distinguished by the humility of its pretensions: it teaches us with certainty what human ability is capable of investigating, but it also teaches us where an insurmountable barrier is opposed to those investigations. A false and spurious kind of philosophy, by dazzling the eyes of its votaries with its glittering pretensions, hinders them from perceiving those boundaries, and imposes no limit to their extravagant flights. Real phi-

osophy, on the points more immediately under consideration; stops short of the doctrines of Revelation, and therefore leaves the mind open to their reception; and, further, admirably disposes it to receive them. Fallacious theory soars far beyond Revelation, and consequently, makes the mind incapable of humbling itself to admit or revere its sacred truths.

Whilst discussing the subject of the mental faculties, Dr. Fleming has, perhaps, gone somewhat beyond the strict limits of what we should consider the peculiar province of zoological science. We do not think him, upon the whole, so able a metaphysician as he has evinced himself to be a naturalist. It is foreign, however, to the object which we at present wish to keep more immediately in view, to enter upon any examination of the merits of his book in these respects: we will merely continue our remarks upon such passages as have struck us in this part of the work, which bear upon the religious tendency of zoological inquiries.

He has discussed, at some length, the nature of those ideas both from perception and reflection, of which the human mind is susceptible. Among them he classes "ideas of duty." He comments upon many natural and obvious duties; and then proceeds to enquire what ideas the mind has with respect to the nature of duty, its standard, and obligation. He gives a variety of instances, tending to shew that, by mere natural light, the standard is so various, so vague, and uncertain, as scarcely to deserve such a designation. His resulting observation is as follows:

"We could easily swell the proofs of the variableness of the human standards of duty; and, although all are convinced that there is or ought to be a standard, they differ with respect to its character. This display of a moral deficiency or want in our nature, is the strongest proof that can be urged for the necessity of a revelation. The Christian religion supplies this moral want, and furnishes a standard which, if observed, would make all men, in every condition, happy, exalted, and wise." P. 239.

From the subject of our ideas of moral obligation, the author is very naturally led to that of our notion of a Supreme Being and his attributes. On this awful and important topic we will give his remark in his own words.

"From the displays of our own power and that of others in the production of motion, we are led to attend to the changes which take place around us, as the marks of some other power; and by witnessing the variety of means which are employed in the accomplishment of these various alterations, and the regularity which they exhibit in their succession, we arrive at the conclusion, that



a Being, superior to man in power and wisdom, exists, and continually exerts an influence on the surrounding world. So simple is this effort of the mind, and so easily excited by the smallest degree of reflection, that the belief in a superior Being may be considered as universal among mankind. Nations may be found who have scarcely devised signs to express their ideas on this subject, and over whom their notions of the Deity may exercise little controul; but we can scarcely believe it possible for man to exist in any stage of society, without being furnished, by the natural operations of his mind, with the first principles of religion." P. 240.

It has been our object in the foregoing remarks and extracts to shew the tendency of Dr. Fleming's work in regard to the important question of the immaterial and separate existence of the human soul: in regard to the natural condition of man in his sense of moral obligation: and in regard to his notion of a deity. On all these topics we uniformly find this distinguished observer of nature exhibiting the most sound and cautious spirit of philosophizing, united with the most profound respect for divine revelation; and an adoption of such views respecting the points just enumerated as are in every respect conformable to those of the inspired writers: while he constantly observes the just limits which bound the particular province both of experimental investigation, and a belief in divine revelation.

We cannot conclude without expressing our conviction that works like that before us, characterised by such excellent principles, and coming from men of such acknowledged eminence in science, will do much, as well to drive away from the field of physical investigation those obnoxious opinions with which it has been of late too much infested, as, on the other hand to strengthen the influence of true religion by the powerful auxiliary proofs which scientific research, properly carried on, can hardly fail to afford to the inquisitive and well-disposed mind.

We regard this work, as answering two very valuable purposes besides that of conveying a knowledge of zoology: it offers strong auxiliary proofs of the great truths of natural religion; and shews that true science can oppose no difficulties in the way of a reception of the doctrines of revelation. On the other hand, by so doing, it tends to vindicate the cause of real science; and to disprove those accusations which have been brought against it, solely, as it appears to us, from improperly confounding it with a species of speculation altogether unworthy the name of science.

The *cause* of vitality and thought is not to be learned from physiology: the *properties* of both may be examined by

science; and the most valuable discovery which science could make, and this it has made, is, to teach us that *no physical* cause is competent to explain the phenomena: for a knowledge of that principle, then, we must go to a higher source; and we shall unquestionably find it in the sacred declaration that, "God breathed into man's nostrils the breath of life, and man became a living soul."

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**ART. VI.** *Sermons on several Subjects; with Notes, Critical, Historical, and Explanatory: and an Appendix. By the Rev. Charles Swan, late of Catharine Hall, Cambridge.* 8vo. 394 pp. Rivingtons. 10s. 6d. 1823.

THE difficulty of saying any thing original must, in this age, be felt by every preacher. The topics of his discourses have been too frequently discussed to admit the probability of introducing much that is new. He may employ new language, new illustrations, and occasionally new thoughts; but the chief part of his arguments and expositions must of necessity be the same as have been used and enforced by others. Nor is this a subject which the preacher ought to regret. Considering the danger of attempting theological novelties, it is both more prudent and more safe to follow an old and beaten track. Besides, on subjects so often handled neither the hearers nor the readers expect many new thoughts, and it is much easier to satisfy those whose anticipations have not been great.

It being the duty of the preacher to inculcate the truths of revealed religion, not to be studious of novelty, or of displaying his own talents, he is justified in availing himself of the labours of his predecessors. Beveridge, Barrow, Clarke, Secker, Sherlock, Taylor, and a host of other divines, supply an inexhaustible treasure, from which the ministers of the Gospel, not only are allowed, but perhaps ought to draw. To borrow assistance from these worthies is attended with many advantages. What is drawn from their stores has the sanction of illustrious names. Both the doctrines advanced, and the arguments adduced in their support, may be delivered from the pulpit with greater confidence by having been approved by such high authority. The preacher, therefore, when aided by such auxiliaries, may hope to impress a deeper conviction upon his hearers than if he relied solely upon his own powers. Owing to a persuasion of this kind, the ge-

nerality of divines have had recourse to the productions of former writers, of whose labours they have not scrupled to avail themselves. In fact, there is scarcely a volume of modern sermons which is not greatly indebted to these sources, which have supplied the basis of many of our most eloquent and impressive discourses.

With a candour and ingenuousness highly creditable to himself, Mr. Swan acknowledges that he has "founded the ensuing discourses upon the basis of our old divines." But he has done this with very considerable latitude; and as far as we have observed, he has never drawn unwarrantably from these sources. He has as much originality as it is reasonable to expect in such performances.

The sermons of Mr. Swan are occupied in urging the duties rather than the doctrines of religion. Much vulgar abuse has been cast upon able and conscientious Clergymen on account of their diligence in exhorting to practical morality. It is to be hoped, however, that it is no longer the fashion to exclaim with violence against *moral* preaching. Several of those who by way of distinction are styled *evangelical preachers* have lately severely condemned this propensity to slight the moral precepts of Christianity. The dwelling upon doctrines, to the utter exclusion of duties must, in the natural course of things, lead to practical Antinomianism. The vices of men are thus permitted "to vegetate untouched by the pruning knife." Against such a mode of preaching Mr. Swan strongly remonstrates in his Preface, and observes, "I would pursue a different line of conduct, for I feel *this* cannot be the right one. I would preach 'Christ crucified,'—and Christ in every particular of his melancholy history. I would omit no portion of doctrine which he enforced; and no duty which he commanded." (P. xiv.) This undoubtedly should be the practice of all who are entrusted with the sacred office of the Ministry. There can be no truly Gospel sermons without morality: conduct to be acceptable to God must spring from Christian faith, and faith must be evidenced by Christian conduct; the Christian preacher must therefore be equally diligent in inculcating the duties and the doctrines of his religion.

As far as Mr. Swan has touched upon articles of faith he appears consistent with the Established Church; and his fifth sermon on "the grace of God" may be recommended as a sound exposition of the doctrine relating to that subject.

In the interpretation which he has given of some passages of Scripture it cannot be expected that all will be agreed. As for instance that of 1 John v. 16. "If any man see

his brother sin a sin *which* is not unto death, he shall ask, and he shall give him life for them that sin not unto death." By Macknight and some of the most eminent commentators this text is considered as relating entirely to temporal life, and to a release from corporal sufferings. They refer the promise exclusively to the time when the elder of the church had authority to remove diseases by the intervention of miraculous powers. They argue that it cannot refer to prayers for the eternal life of such persons, because no ordinary Christian can know whether those for whom he asks life have sincerely repented of their sins; and yet, unless he certainly knows this, he is not warranted to ask life for them; and because the Scriptures give no ground for thinking that our asking eternal life for our brethren, has any influence in procuring that blessing for them.

These must be acknowledged to be very strong arguments for referring the text to temporal deliverances only, but in reply to the first of them Mr. S. argues that the same condition is required whether the text relate to temporal or to eternal life, namely, a state of repentance; and in neither case is it in the power of a mortal to estimate the sincerity of repentance. If such a power of discrimination rested in those who were enabled to work miracles, why might it not be exercised in asking eternal as well as temporal life? Besides, the faculty of restoring men to bodily health, must necessarily have resided in a few, and the instruction of the writer of the Epistle is general. To the second of the above arguments he replies that, though repentance will of itself procure the mercy of God, yet the prayer of piety may "avail much" in strengthening that repentance, and in multiplying that mercy. Human weakness requires every auxiliary. He, therefore, who sees his brother ready to sin, asks of God *life*, viz. the continuance of that sufficient grace which may lead him to life, and prevent a relapse into error. He does not solicit everlasting salvation directly and immediately, which would be a vain and presumptuous request; but he solicits the increase of God's acceptance of him, as the only means by which life is inherited. From these considerations Mr. S. infers that the text of St. John does not relate to temporal, but to eternal life, and that the meaning is, that if a man behold a brother about to trespass, and his error be not unto death, and shall pray unto the Almighty, he shall be heard. God at the request of a good man, will more powerfully exert the influence of his grace upon the brother's heart, and enable him more diligently to work out his own salvation.

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In regard to the text in question Mr. S. reasons with considerable force, and his observations are deserving of a careful consideration. The passage is confessedly one of the most difficult in the New Testament; and we do not feel called upon to express any opinion of our own, further than that it cannot, by any mode of reasonable interpretation, be brought to favour the Popish doctrine of purgatory and prayers for the dead. Whatever the Apostle may mean, he clearly speaks of those who commit a sin "not unto death," and consequently the declaration relates to something in **THIS LIFE**, which excludes the possibility of any reference to a state after death. If the Papist adduces this text in support of his sacrament of Extreme Unction it will be equally unfriendly to his purpose; for the Apostolical prescription applies only to those who sin a sin not unto death, whereas Papists apply the sacrament of Extreme Unction to all indiscriminately. Popery, therefore, cannot avail itself of this passage of St. John's Epistle.

Our limits, rather than our inclination, prevent us from commenting on the first sermon of the series "On the coming of Elias." It was, as the author tells us, occasioned by a discourse attributed to Sir John Harington. It presents a specious, and in a great measure, new view of the subject, to which we can at present only invite the attention of our readers, without expressing any opinion of our own.

The Appendix contains "A Discourse, shewing that Elias must personally come before the day of judgment," by Sir John Harington; and an Essay on Prayer by Dr. William King. To each of the sermons also the Author has added Notes, partly critical and partly explanatory. How far this mode of illustrating sermons intended for general edification may be judicious, will fairly admit a doubt. To sermons treating of some difficult and polemical subject the addition of notes may not only be admissible but necessary. It may, however, be made a question how far it is proper to add them to such as treat of those matters which form the ordinary topics of preaching. Such additions seem to imply some defect in the discourse, or some omission which requires to be supplied. A sermon intended for general perusal should be complete in itself; and if any thing seem useful or necessary to be added, should it not be introduced into the body of the discourse? Our remarks, as before stated, do not refer to such sermons as require critical and controversial illustrations, which of course must be annexed in the shape of Notes; but our doubts refer to the annexation of Notes to sermons indiscriminately: and we have been induced to state them, from

observing a prevalent disposition to load the text with such appendages. We will not however, quarrel, with Mr. Swan, for his Notes are in general very valuable, and for the most part justify his own representation of them.

"I have endeavoured to be explicit, and as distinct as possible; and with this view have had recourse to the juxtaposition of what, I hope, will be considered useful notes. I recommend them, however, with confidence; because I am persuaded, that no man can peruse such extracts from the worthies of old without improvement. I do not by this intend to forestal even the humble merit of appropriate selection, but unhesitatingly commend them, from the assurance, that their very refuse is of price. Opinion should be free: and if I have sometimes ventured to object to any individual statement I have explained my reasons, and, as I trust with a befitting modesty. This, at least, I am sure I purposed; and, for the rest, I intreat excuse." *Preface*, p. ix.

Upon the whole the discourses under consideration are sound, practical, and calculated to do good. We cannot in justice place Mr. Swan in the first rank of the writers of sermons, but he is entitled to a respectable place among them. If he has not produced a volume of the highest order, it is nevertheless far above mediocrity. It will be useful to the young divine, and may be read with advantage in the family circle.

**ART. VII.** *Memoir descriptive of the Resources, Inhabitants, and Hydrography of Sicily and its Islands, interspersed with Antiquarian and other Notices.* By Captain William Henry Smyth, R. N. 4to. 377 pp. 2l. 12s. 6d. Murray. 1824.

THIS work originated in the "laudable zeal" of the Lords of the Admiralty "for promoting nautical science." The charts of the Mediterranean sea were found to be very defective; and Captain Smyth was therefore appointed to a command in the Flotilla of Sicily, during the period of the military occupation of the fortresses by the English. We think he has produced a very respectable performance; and one to which scientific men will recur with satisfaction and confidence. The general reader, it is true, may, perhaps, experience some weariness, and conceive the labour of perusal hardly recompensed by the quantum of entertainment. But it was not for such that Captain Smyth wrote; and we

were much pleased with the honorable and manly reason which he assigns for the deficiency.

"I could very easily have related numberless anecdotes that might be amusing enough to many; but I think the liberal reader will admit there would be a degree of cruelty in dragging forth, and exposing to view, those whose failings became known to me only through their hospitality and confidence." P. xvi.

We confess we were prepared to accompany him with an increased pleasure, which, but for this candid and gentlemanly conduct, we might not have felt: and while so many travellers believe themselves called upon to expose the innocent foibles of individuals, whose friendly attentions they have not scrupled to receive; and ungenerously set before the public the unrestrained communication of social hours, we cannot do less than commend the one, as, when we find just occasion, we shall reprobate and denounce the other.

The soil of Sicily affords considerable variety. It is loamy, argillaceous, aluminous, siliceous, and calcareous; and rendered, by the influence of volcanoes, abundantly fruitful. Its mineral deposits are silver, lead, copper, cinnabar, marcasite, emery, and antimony. In some parts of the country, auriferous pyrites, lapis lazuli, mercury, alum, and coal are obtained; with rock-salt, bitumen, gypsum, marbles, agates, chalcedonies, and jaspers of great variety. The climate is delicious. The medium height of the thermometer is 62°. 5, and of the barometer 29°. 80. The most troublesome wind is the Sirocco, or South East, which seems to acquire heat as it passes over the land.

"At its commencement the air is dense and hazy, with long white clouds settling a little below the summits of the mountains, and at sea floating just above the horizon in a direction parallel to it." P. 5.

Captain Smyth is of opinion that the heat of this wind is more oppressive, and the lassitude greater than is ever experienced in the East and West Indies, or on the sands of Arabia and Africa.

In considering the produce, our author thinks the increase which was usually estimated at a hundred-fold, purely metaphorical. There can be no doubt of it. A definite term for a large but indefinite number is a usual mode of expression in most languages.

"The grape vine is one of the chief objects of agricultural attention; and, from the care taken in its cultivation, proves abundantly productive, affording comfort and profit to the farmers and consider-

able revenue to the state. The vines are commonly planted about four feet from each other; but in very fertile plains, rather wider asunder, in order to admit of the use of the plough, instead of the hoe. The ground is turned up three times a year; first in January, immediately after the pruning, when the buds that will bear fruit are already distinguishable; secondly, in April, when the branches are sufficiently grown to show where the support of reeds will be needed, and which are placed accordingly; and lastly, in June or July, when it is advisable to expose the grapes to the sun, by tying up the leaves, but not taking them off, as that would force the plants to throw out fresh shoots at an improper season. Some farmers give an additional hoeing in the course of the spring, for the purpose of raising a crop of pulse between the vines. The grape is not produced until the third year after the planting of the vine; but then begins to ripen in July, and is plucked for the vintage in September. The produce of a thousand vines varies from about a pipe and a quarter to four pipes of wine, according to the season, to their situation, age, and culture. On planting a vineyard, olive trees are sometimes intermixed, in the proportion of one to fifty, and in other instances they are more thickly strewed, because the vine begins to bear, as before stated, after the third year, but the olive tree not until after the tenth year, by which time the vine is already past its prime; thus oil is made to succeed wine, and the land continues equally profitable without any loss of time. There are nineteen different species of grapes; of which, the most esteemed are the zibibbo, the carniola, the Greek, the muscatel, the canicula, the dry, and the winter grape; and from the greater part is expressed a great variety of rich flavoured wines of every kind." P. 12.

The method of catching a fish, called the Tunny, is extremely curious, and similar to that usually practised by the ancients.

"Large nets are spread out in the shape of a parallelogram, about fifteen hundred feet long, three hundred wide, and from forty to a hundred deep, divided into four quadrilateral spaces, called rooms, having channels of communication with each other. The nets are moved East and West, at about a mile distant from the shore, across the known route of the fish, with each of the spaces at right angles, and secured vertically, by a number of anchors and stones at the bottom, while the upper edge of the net is floated by large logs of the cork tree, and other light wood. The whole is then connected with the shore by a stout single net of very wide meshes, called the wall, or by others 'il codardo,' that arrests the progress of the Tunny, and induces them to enter the outer room, called the 'bordonaro,' which is thereupon raised a little, and closed by the boatmen on the look-out. The fish, alarmed, and seeking to escape, then swim from side to side, and thus enter the next room, or 'bastardo,' when their retreat is again



prevented; and thus successively, into the 'piccolo', until they finally enter the fatal part, called the 'corpo,' or chamber of death, where the meshes are smaller and stronger, and made of rope superior in quality to that of the rest of the net. When by these means the chamber is filled, which sometimes occupies two or three days, large flat-floored boats, peculiarly constructed for the purpose, assisted by smaller ones, close round, and weighing the net, secure the prey with harpoons and another species of sharp hook, on a wooden staff, that is struck into the head to prevent the fish from floundering, and, in the management of which weapon, the fishermen display an active dexterity. There are often many other fish taken with the tunnies, all of which, except the sword-fish, the alalonga, and palanuta, become the property of the labourers." P. 22.

Captain Smyth speaks with just reprehension of the immoral tendency of the *cicisbeo*, or *cavalier-servente*, which seems equally prevalent in this country as in Italy. The account of the ceremonies used at the birth of a child is singular (p. 34.); but the superstitious reverence of the Host, as here recorded, is rather calculated to excite disgust than devotion. The Sicilians are reported temperate in their meals, though with some exceptions. They commence with soup, followed by macaroni, vegetables variously dressed, and shell-fish called "frutti di mare." The table is garnished with small plates of raw ham, anchovies, olives, fresh figs, and melons, when in season. Bouilli, huge fish, made dishes, roast meats, salad, luscious pastry, and lastly, fruit and coffee. Wine is plentifully drunk during the repast, but, as in France, every one rises with the ladies. The food of the peasantry consists of brown bread, eaten with cheese, onions, garlic, or salt fish.

Sicilian literature is said to bear "the varnish of a base metal rather than the polish of a true gem:" no very estimable character, certainly, yet an Idyl of Meli is inserted with a rather spirited, though literal, prose translation; from which we are tempted to transcribe a few stanzas.

" DAMETU CANTA.

" Sti silenzii, sta verdura  
Sti muntagni, sti vallati,  
L'ha criati la natura,  
Pri li cori enamurati.

" La susurru di li frundi  
Di lu sciumi lu lamentu  
L'aria, l'ecu chi rispundi,  
Tuttu spira sentimentu.

“ Dda farfalla, accussi vaga ;  
La muggitu di li tori ;  
L'innocenza, chi vi appaga ;  
Tutti paraunu a lu cori.

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

“ Sulu è reu chi po guardari  
Duru e immobili sta scena,  
Ma lu stissu nun amari,  
E' delitto insemi e pena.

“ Donna bella, senza amuri,  
E' una rosa fatta in cira ;  
Senza vezzi, senza oduri,  
Chi nun veggeta, ne spira.”

“ DAMON SINGS.

“ This silence, this verdure,  
These mountains, these vales,  
Nature has created them  
For hearts that are in love.

“ The rustling of the leaves,  
The lament of the river,  
The air, and echo who answers,  
All inspire sentiment.

“ That butterfly, so beautiful ;  
The lowing of the cattle ;  
Innocence, that is doubtless ;  
All speak to the heart.

\* \* \* \*  
\* \* \* \*

“ Only he is criminal who can look  
Hard and immoveable upon this scene.  
But the not loving, is in itself  
Both crime and punishment.

“ A handsome woman, devoid of love,  
Is a rose made of wax ;  
Without charms, without perfume,  
It neither vegetates nor breathes.”

With few exceptions, Captain Smyth says, Sicilian authors write in pure Italian.

In p. 61 there are some just observations relative to the "analogy apparent in the mysteries of Pagan and Roman Catholic polytheism;" but it is so clear, that, we should imagine the Catholics themselves are not ignorant of it.

The account of Palermo is picturesque and curious.

"Palermo is regularly built, and with a better finish, might be esteemed an elegant city; but it presents an incongruous mixture of pomp and poverty, of fascinating gaiety and disgusting wretchedness, exemplified in noble ranges of palaces, disgraced at their bases by the stalls, shops, and "mezzanini," or lofts, of the lower orders; in gaudy equipages, parading the same street with sturdy mendicants, vociferously demanding food, or sluggishly taking their siestas on the pavement, ridding each other of vermin between their naps. The vacant holes of scaffolding, every where visible, seem to indicate unfinished labors; the mixed architecture and heavy corbelled balconies, ever displaying wet linen, and the opera play-bills pasted on boards, suspended across streets already too narrow for the height of the buildings, ruin the perspective effect. Swarms of priests, nobles, officers, and other loungers, yawning on chairs before the coffee-houses, and the cobblers, tailors, coopers, carpenters, and artisans of every description, at their respective employments outside their shop-doors, complete the usurpation of the sides of the streets, driving foot-passengers to run the gauntlet among the numerous carriages. The constant calling out this occasions, on the part of the coachmen, who seek to distinguish every person by an appropriate appellation, added to the hurry of business, and the thirsty groups around the fantastically decorated iced-water stalls, conspire to crowd and confuse the whole scene." P. 74.

We have much work before us, or we should be induced to present our readers with the relation of a horrible domestic tragedy, which occurred here in the year 1815; we prefer, therefore, extracting a passage relative to what our author terms a "*cadavery*:" the phrase is not amiss.

"In a Capuchin Convent in the suburbs of Palermo, is one of those cemeteries, common in Sicily, consisting of a large subterraneous space, clean and airy, divided into galleries, surrounded with niches, for the reception of dead bodies; but this one having been represented as a sort of exhibition of portraits of departed friends, I the more particularly notice it. Previously to descending, the acolyte directs the attention of the visitors to the pictures on each side of the door, the one representing the death of a good man surrounded by priests and angels; the other, that of a sinner, whose dying moments are embittered by fiends and flames; added to which, there is a sonnet between them, on mortal dissolution; so that, on the whole, the feelings are prepared for a solemn and mournful spectacle. On descending, however, it is difficult to ex-

press the disgust arising from seeing the human form so degradingly caricatured, in the ridiculous assemblage of distorted mummies, that are here hung by the neck in hundreds, with aspects, features, and proportions so strangely altered by the operation of drying, as hardly to bear a resemblance to human beings. From their curious attitudes, they are rather calculated to excite derision, than the awful emotions arising from the sight of two thousand deceased mortals. There are four long galleries with their niches filled, besides many coffins containing noblemen in court-dresses; and among the principal personages is a King of Tunis, who died in 1620. At the end of the great corridor is an altar, with the front formed of human teeth, skulls and bones, inlaid like a kind of mosaic work. There is a small apartment at the end of the galleries, which I entered, but soon quitted with the greatest nausea, from an exceedingly offensive stench; for I found it was a dirty room, called the oven, in which several bodies, in various stages of putrescence, were undergoing the operation of drying. I observed, however, that the friar, who accompanied me, did not appear to be incommoded either by the sight or the effluvia." P. 87.

It is very strange that the nineteenth century, called, and justly, the age of reason, should present examples of the gross superstition which Roman Catholics delight to perpetuate. At Messina,

"In caskets and phials, set in gold and silver, enriched with cut-glass and jewels, are preserved an arm of St. Paul, some blood of St. Mark, the skull of Mary Magdalene, and among other relics a lock of hair sent by the Virgin Mary to the citizens of Messina, when their deputies returned from Palestine with the celebrated letter; in which, after a preamble wishing them health and benediction, she expresses her satisfaction at their faith, and desires to be perpetually considered as the tutelary patroness of Messina." P. 120.

These stupid forgeries are a disgrace to the age and nation; and if, as it has often been confidently asserted, the better informed Catholics put no faith in such buffoonery, why do they not exert themselves in its suppression? If they abjure, as they pretend, the undue enthrallment of priest-craft, why do they not discountenance Prince Hohenlohe's marvels, and conventual jugglery?

The silk-worm flourishes in this climate, and is a great source of occupation and emolument to the female peasantry. They are kept in rooms, with long narrow apertures in the wall to admit the air.

"In April, when the eggs are on the point of being hatched, these slips or windows, are closed, and if the weather is not mild, a slow fire is kept up; this precaution, however, is used only while the

eggs are quickening; the incubation being previously accelerated by the women keeping them in their bosom by day, and under their pillows by night, for a few days before their expected animation. In proportion as the caterpillars are produced, leaves of the white mulberry are strewed over them, upon which they creep: and then are placed in shallow baskets, on a kind of shelves constructed of canes, where they undergo the changes of moulting, during which they are kept clean, and regularly supplied with fresh leaves. As they are extremely voracious, if uninjured by any sudden change of atmosphere, an ounce of eggs will devour, from the time of their hatching to the third and last casting, on an average, fifteen hundred pounds weight of mulberry leaves. The three changes occupy a space of about forty days, when they commence enveloping themselves in a cocoon or pod. Some of these cocoons are preserved for propagating the species, and in about ten days the chrysalis, having undergone its last transformation, forces its way through one end of the cocoon, and issues forth a heavy, ill-looking moth. The other pods are placed in the sun, or in a slow oven, to kill the chrysalis, and are afterwards, at leisure, thrown into coppers of hot water, for the glutinous particles by which the filaments adhere, to be dissolved: the raw silk is then wound off, over glass-hooks, upon reels made for the purpose.' P. 124.

Of Mount *Ætna*, our Author furnishes some interesting notices, but the subject is too familiar to justify any length of extract. The account of the mud volcano is curious and not generally known.

"Three or four miles to the northward of Gergente, and on the road towards *Airogond*, is the mud volcano, called *Macaluba*, probably a corruption of the Arabic word '*Makloubé*,' or upside down. It consists of numerous little hillocks with craters, on a kind of large truncated cone of argillaceous barren soil, with wide cracks in all directions, elevated nearly two hundred feet above the surrounding arid plain, and about half a mile in circuit. These craters are continually in action with a hollow rumbling noise, and by the exertion of a subterraneous force, they throw up a fine cold mud mixed with water, a little pertoleum and salt, and occasionally bubbles of air with a sulphureous taint. The eruptions are more violent in hot than in rainy weather, owing, perhaps, to the outer crust acquiring a greater consistence. Sometimes reports, like the discharge of artillery, are heard, and slight local earthquakes are felt; until, at length, the whole is eased by an ebullition of mud and stones, sometimes ejected to the height of from thirty to sixty feet, though the usual spouts reach only from a few inches to two or three feet, increasing in violence at intervals. P. 213.

Another volcano, *Stromboli*, is described by Captain Smyth "in good set terms;" and nowhere is the venturous spirit of a British seaman more conspicuous than in the

hazardous expedition from which (conceiving the subject one of the most interesting that appertains to natural phenomena,) we shall make an extract.

"The crater is about one-third of the way down the side of the mountain, and is continually burning, with frequent explosions, and a constant ejection of fiery matter: it is of a circular form, and about a hundred and seventy yards in diameter, with a yellow efflorescence adhering to its sides, as to those of *Ætna*. When the smoke cleared away we perceived an undulating ignited substance, which, at short intervals, rose and fell in great agitation; and, when swollen to the utmost height, burst with a violent explosion, and a discharge of red-hot stones, in a semi-fluid state, accompanied with showers of ashes and sand, and a strong sulphureous smell. The masses are usually thrown up to the height of from sixty or seventy to three hundred feet; but some, the descent of which I computed to occupy from nine to twelve seconds, must have ascended above a thousand. In the moderate ejections, the stones in their ascent gradually diverged, like a grand pyrotechnical exhibition, and fell into the abyss again; except on the side next the sea, where they rolled down in quick succession, after bounding from the declivity to a considerable distance in the water. A few fell near us, into which, while in their fluid state, we thrust small pieces of money, as memorials for friends.

"I enjoyed the superb sight until nearly ten o'clock; and, as it was uncommonly dark, our situation was the more dreadful and grand, for every explosion shewed the abrupt precipice beneath, and the foam of the furious waves breaking against the rocks so far below us as to be unheard; while the detonations of the volcano shook the very ground we sat on." P. 255.

At Trapani, the ancient Drepanon, a fraternity was established about the early part of the 16th century under the appellation of "*Confraternità di san Paolo*," on principles similar to the "*Secret Tribunal*," once so terrible throughout Germany. Captain Smyth, however, though he enters pretty largely into the historical details of the City of Trapani, omits the mention of this circumstance altogether. It certainly merited notice, if only to introduce the judicious sentiments with which a French Author sums up his account of the transaction. "Such," he observes, "are the results of sectarianism and anarchy; the fanaticism of opinion, and the fanaticism of independence. The crime which has generated them is stifled by crimes \*."

In conclusion, we would express our thanks to Captain Smyth for much instructive matter contained in this volume.

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\* "*Voyage de Sicile et de quelques parties de la Calabre, en 1791.*"

His opinions on points of antiquarian research are generally judicious, and advanced without any over-weening conceit. He has displayed an active and a well-stored mind; very considerable acuteness of investigation, and a perseverance in the attainment of his object which is infinitely creditable. He writes in a perspicuous and manly style; and if we occasionally discover a few grammatical inaccuracies or inelegancies, we attribute them to an accidental oversight which does not at all impeach the general character of the volume.

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ART. VIII. *Peter Schlemihl: from the German of Lamotte Fouqué. With Plates by George Cruickshank.* 12mo. 166 pp. 6s. 6d. Whittakers. 1824.

PETER SCHLEMIHL had a fortunate voyage, and delivered his letters of introduction to Mr. Thomas Jones, the wealthy merchant whose brother had written in behalf of the young aspirant to his patronage. Mr. Jones was promenading his magnificent grounds with a small company. Among them was a meagre, pale, tall, elderly man, in an old fashioned grey taffetan coat, who, without the interchange of a single word, appeared on all occasions to minister to the wants and wishes of the party, be they what they might. A lady pricked her finger, and immediately from his close-fitting breast-pocket he produced a supply of English court-plaster. A vessel was perceived in the offing; this same pocket furnished a Dollond's telescope. The turf felt damp during the *al fresco* nooning, and the wish for a Turkey carpet had scarcely escaped some individual's lips, before the tall, thin man drew one out and spread it at his feet. Fanny asked for a marquise, and forth came this also, canvass, bars, ropes, iron-work and all. Next followed three riding horses with saddles and appurtenances. If Peter Schlemihl had not visually seen these things with his own eyes, and solemnly recorded them with his pen, none of his readers would believe the narrative.

Yet those before whom these wonders occurred, expressed no surprise, neither could they tell Peter Schlemihl who the tall, thin, meagre, pale, elderly man was, nor whence he came. Peter, in spite of his marvellous acts, and the air of embarrassment and humility with which they were performed, did not like his look, and resolved to steal out of his way, and get home. But this was not his luck: in a sequestered part of

the garden he found the very person whom he most wished to avoid, unexpectedly beside him. He approached with many bows, and a singular request. He had been struck, it seems, with the beauty of Peter's shadow; would he but make him a present of it?

Peter thought him crazy; but the tall man followed up the request with a tempting offer. He had many things in his pocket which the gentleman might like, and he deemed any price too little in exchange. Jewels, divining rods, man-drake roots, change-pennies, money-extractors, the napkins of Rolando's Squire, (would that we were acquainted with that history!) Fortunatus's wishing-cap.—The last clenched the bargain,—Done! The shadow was given for the bag; and in Mr. Cruickshank's inimitable frontispiece we almost see the wonderful dexterity with which the tall, thin, pale, meagre, elderly gentleman loosened it from the ground from head to foot, lifted it up, rolled it together, and put it into his pocket.

Peter Schlemihl went back to the town light hearted, and full of glee. His pockets were lined and laden with gold, and the inexhaustible source of future supplies was safe in his bosom. He was first roused from his waking dreams of assured wealth by a shrill old woman. "Take care, Sir, take care, you have lost your shadow!" "Where has the gentleman left his shadow?" cried the sentinel as he passed the gate; "Good heavens, the poor fellow has no shadow," said two wenches within it; and a hunch-backed schoolboy at last drove him into a hackney coach by observing that "respectable people are accustomed to carry their shadows with them when they go into the sun."

Alone and in his chamber Peter found to his cost that man is not always *pulvis et umbra* jointly. *Dust* he could down with in any quantity, for the bag had no limit; but he looked in vain for the accompaniment of a shadow which had become a substantial want. For his abode he chose a tavern which faced the North, and there in a delirium of avarice and possession he shook the purse again and again till he rolled and wallowed on the overflowing heaps of gold. Night came on, and he fell asleep on this most uncomfortable mattress. In the morning he perceived the new difficulty in which he had involved himself. The purse refused to reingorge the treasure which it had vomited forth so lavishly; no windows opened on the sea; and at last with infinite toil and trouble he succeeded in dragging his cumbrous heaps to a large cupboard which stood in a recess.

Could he but again see the man with whom he had struck his unprofitable bargain. He described him minutely to



Bendel, his valet, and ordered him strictly to detain any one who resembled him. But the tall man was too cunning for the valet. He left a message that he was going to cross the sea, and that in a year and a day he would again seek out Peter, and propose another arrangement which perhaps might be to his liking. Bendel took the message without knowing that it was delivered by the very man whom he most wanted to catch.

Foiled in any immediate chance of an interview with his tormentor, Peter tried to engage a painter to furnish him with a false shadow. It was necessary to offer some excuse for the loss of the real original appurtenance, and he stated that while travelling in Russia one hard winter, the cold was so intense, that his shadow was frozen to the ground, and it was impossible for him to get it free. The painter it seems *was awake*; he threw a piercing glance upon his customer, and answered that the simplest and wisest determination for him who had no shadow, was never to go into the sun. In his despair at this rebuff, Peter made Bendel his confidant; and the good youth, though shocked at the discovery, promised every aid in his power to his pitiable master, and dedicated all his services to conceal the tremendous secret. Somewhat relieved by this unexpected instance of self-devotion, Peter recovered courage enough to mix in society, though only in shades, and during twilight. He again encountered Fanny, the nymph who had asked for the marquëe. In her rich suitor there was no fear that she might recognize the raw and bashful novice whom she had once only seen; and Peter was not without hopes of a lover's success. In an illuminated garden, he contrived to separate her from the other guests. She looked modestly towards the ground and gently returned the pressure of his hand, when the envious moon burst through a cloud and shewed but one shadow for both. Fanny swooned with affright. Schlemihl dashed hastily from the garden, and by the next morning was a hundred miles from the scene of his disgrace.

Bendel and another servant, Rascal, who had learnt to make himself useful by his dexterity, were the sole companions of his flight. He continued his journey into a distant Kingdom, and sending Bendel forward to procure a fitting residence, from the sums which were expended in preparation, and from the mysterious hints of the arrival of an illustrious stranger, (his name was concealed for obvious reasons,) he was astonished on his entry to the town which he had chosen for his abode, by a long procession of priests, virgins, and aldermen, who hailed him with *vivas*, as their

good Prince-incognito. He was mistaken for the King of Prussia in disguise, and all his efforts to undeceive his loyal and simple-hearted subjects were utterly unavailing. The King of Prussia's intended progress was contradicted, but Schlemihl had spent his money profusely, his fêtes were magnificent, and his condescension most truly regal: therefore though no longer King of Prussia, he was still a King,—aye every inch a King,—though it little mattered, since he chose to keep on the mask, what crown it was he wore. And now he fell seriously in love. It was but a *petite amourette* with Fanny. A sort of wish to discover whether without a shadow any woman could think him marriageable. But with the good and gentle Mina, he fell heartily and romantically in love. Mina loved in return. She was the daughter of a simple forest-master, who was astonished at the good fortune of his child. The marriage day was fixed. It was to be the morning *after* the year and the day had closed. We have no space to follow up the catastrophe. Rascal, the servant, by some means discovered his master's secret, and blazoned it abroad. The Forester granted but three days for the chance of the recovery of the shadow. At the expiration of that time, if Schlemihl failed to place himself "i'the sun," Mina was to become Rascal's bride; for he too was a suitor, and he had pillaged his master sufficiently to make good his claim.

Meantime the grey-coated stranger is true to his appointment. Our readers must have anticipated his real nature ere this, and will not be surprised at his new request. Pen, blood, and parchment were all ready, and the bond required as the price of the restitution of the shadow ran in the following words, "I hereby promise to deliver over my soul to the bearer, after its natural separation from my body." Schlemihl had virtue enough to refuse, or, as he honestly allows, his personal antipathy prevented him more strongly than his principles from signing the contract; for he considered the tall elderly gentleman to be no better than a sneaking scoundrel and a scornful irritating imp. What the gentleman thought of him in return, shall be given in his own words.

"I am sorry, Mr. Schlemihl, that you so capriciously push away the favours which are presented to you; but I may be more fortunate another time. Farewell, till our speedy meeting! By the way, you will allow me to mention, that I do not by any means permit my purchases to get mouldy; I hold them in special regard, and take the best possible care of them."

"With this he took my shadow out of his pocket, and with a

dexterous fling it was unrolled and spread out on the heath on the sunny side of his feet, so that he stood between the two attendant shadows, mine and his, and walked away; mine seemed to belong to him as much as his own; it accommodated itself to all his movements and all his necessities.

"When I saw my poor shadow again after so long a separation, and found it applied to such base uses, at a moment when for its sake I was suffering nameless anguish, my heart broke within me, and I began to weep most bitterly. The hated one walked proudly on with his spoil, and unblushingly renewed his proposals.

"You may have it—'tis but a stroke of the pen; you will save, too, your poor unhappy Mina from the claws of the vagabond; save her for the arms of the most honourable Count. 'Tis but a stroke of the pen, I say.' Tears broke forth with new violence; but I turned away, and beckoned to him to be gone.

"Bendel, who had followed my steps to the present spot, approached me full of sadness at this instant. The kind-hearted fellow perceived me weeping, and observed my shadow, which he could not mistake, attached to the figure of the extraordinary, grey unknown one, and he endeavoured by force to put me in possession of my property; but not being able to lay firm hold on this subtil thing, he ordered the old man, in a peremptory tone, to abandon what did not belong to him. He, for a reply, turned his back upon my well-meaning servant, and marched away. Bendel followed him closely, and lifting up the stout black-thorn cudgel which he carried, required the man to give up the shadow, enforcing the command with the strength of his nervous arm; but the man, accustomed perhaps to such encounters, bowed his head, raised his shoulders, and walked silently and calmly over the heath, accompanied by my shadow and my faithful man. For a long time I heard the dull sound echoed over the waste. It was lost at last in the distance. I stood alone with my misery as before." P. 86.

For three days Schlemihl wandered in despair over the dreary heath on which this interview had occurred. On the morning of the fourth, as he sat musing under a rock which sheltered him from the sun and the betrayal threatened by its beams, a gentle rustling approached him. He saw no one, but a shadow, not unlike his own, and without an owner, passed by him on the sand. A chase ensued, Schlemihl gained upon the shadow, when it stopped and turned suddenly round.

"Like the lion pouncing upon his prey, I sprung forward upon it with a mighty effort to take possession. I felt most unexpectedly that I had dashed against something which made a bodily resistance—I received from an unseen power the most violent thrust which a human being ever felt. The working of terror was dreadfully acting within me; its effect was to close my arms as in a spasm,

to seize on what stood unseen before me. I staggered onwards, and fell prostrate on the ground; beneath me, on his back, was a man whom I held fast, and who now was visible.

"The whole affair was now naturally explained. The man must have possessed the viewless charm which makes the possessor, but not his shadow, invisible. He first held it, and afterwards had thrown it away. I looked round, and immediately discovered the shadow of the invisible charm—I leaped up and sprang towards it, and did not miss at last the valuable spoil—unseen, and shadowless, I held the charm in my hand." P. 94.

Possessed of the secret of invisibility he hastened to the Forester's garden.

"I walked into the garden, my bosom trembling with the alarm of expectation. A laugh approached me. I shook: looked eagerly around me, but could perceive nobody. I moved farther forward, and a noise as of the pacing of human feet seemed near me. Still I could see nothing—I thought my ears were deceived; but it was early, nobody was in Count Peter's arbour—the garden was empty. I rambled over the familiar paths, until I came near to the mansion. I heard the same sound more distinctly. I sat down with a sorrowful heart upon a bank immediately opposite the front door, in a sunny spot. It appeared to me as if I heard the invisible ~~man~~ laughing insultingly. The key was turned in the door, which opened, and the forest-master walked out with papers in his hand. I felt something like a mist around my eyes—I looked round—and, oh horrible! the man in the grey coat was sitting close to me, looked on me with a satanic smile. He had drawn his wishing-cap over my head. At his feet my shadow and his own lay peacefully one against the other; he was playing carelessly with the well-known parchment which he held in his hand, and while the forest-master was walking backwards and forwards in the shade of the arbour, he bent himself familiarly to my ear, and whispered to me these words:—

" 'Now, then, you have at last accepted my offer, and so we sit two heads under one cap. Very good! very good! But pray give me my charm again—you do not want it any more, and are too honourable a man to keep what does not belong to you—no thanks—I assure you I lent it you from my heart.' He took it gently from my hand, put it into his pocket, laughed insultingly at me, and so loudly, that the forest-master looked round attracted by the noise. I sat there as if I had been petrified.

" 'You most agree,' he rejoined, 'that such a cap is much more convenient. It does not cover its possessor alone, but his shadow also, and as many people besides as he likes to have with him. Look, now, to-day I get two of ye.' He laughed again. 'You must know, Schlemihl, that what is not done by fair means at first, may be enforced at last; I still thought you would have

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bought the trifle. Take back your bride (there is yet time), and send Rascal to swing on the gallows; that is an easy matter while while we have a rope at hand. Hearken, I give you the cap into the bargain.' " P. 97.

Schlemihl still refused; the marriage was agreed upon before his eyes, and all was completed during a deep swoon, into which the miserable victim fell on being convinced of the destruction of his hopes.

Rascal not only had plundered his coffers, and deprived him of his mistress, but he had denounced his master to the police as a suspicious person, and only four and twenty hours were allowed him to quit the town, in which he resided. Alone, in darkness, after taking an affectionate leave of Bendel, he sprang upon his horse, and rode away. A foot passenger soon joined him; he walked awhile by the side of the horse, and then asked leave to throw his cloak over the crupper. Schlemihl silently bowed assent, but his companion continued to talk, and reasoned eloquently, though in soliloquy through the whole night. When morning dawned, Peter, horror-struck, perceived that it was the man in the grey coat.

No means of escape offered themselves. Their roads were the same, for there was but one, and Schlemihl did not dare retrace his steps. Besides, the old gentleman was civil, and, observing the sun rise, volunteered to lend Peter his own shadow as a *compagnon de voyage*.

"I accepted his offer. He smiled, and let my shadow fall on the ground; it took its station upon that of my horse, and cheerfully moved forward. My mind was in a strange mood. I rode by a body of country people, who were respectfully making room with their heads uncovered as for a wealthy looking man. I rode farther, and looked aside with eager eyes and beating heart from my horse, on what was once my shadow; but which I had now borrowed from a stranger, aye, from an enemy.

"He came on carelessly by my side, and whistled a tune—he on foot, I on horseback. A dizziness seized me, the temptation was too great; I hastily turned the reins, drove both spurs into the horse, and thus went off at full speed through a cross road. I could not elope with the shadow, it slipped away when the horse started, and waited on the road for its lawful owner. I was obliged to turn round, ashamed; the man in the grey coat, as he unconcernedly finished his tune, began to laugh at me, and fixing the shadow again in its place, informed me it would only stick to me, and remain with me, when I had properly and lawfully become possessed of it." P. 122.

For many a long day this hateful communion was main-

tained. The grey-coated gentleman, with all the cold and cutting sarcasm of his fellow-labourer and friend Mephistophilus, continued to urge Schlemihl for his signature; and Schlemihl, though abhorring his comrade, and dreading the reiteration of the demand, bore with him for the sake of the loan of his shadow. At length his patience was exhausted. We give the parting scene, if it be only that we may notice another triumph of Mr. Cruickshank's burin. The skin pelisse, which once encircled Mr. Jones's rich carcase, and which the grey man exhibited at his finger's ends, is a masterpiece of the *ludicro sublime*.

" 'Did Mr. Jones give you his signature?' He smiled:—' With so good a friend it was not necessary.'—' Where is he—where? By heavens I will know!' He put his hand slowly into his pocket, and drew out by the hair the pale and ghastly form of Thomas Jones. Its blue and deadly lips trembled with the dreadful words: '*Justo judicio Dei Judicatus sum, Justo judicio Dei condemnatus sum.*' I was horror-struck—I dashed the clinking purse hastily into the abyss, and uttered these last words, 'I conjure thee, in the name of God, monster, begone, and never again appear before these eyes.' He rose up with a gloomy frown, and vanished instantaneously behind the dark masses of rocks which surrounded that wild and savage place." P. 131.

Thus far Lamotte Fouqué has written, as he for the most part has written before, with singular power and originality. If the present story be not as touching as that most exquisite of all tales *Undine*, it fully equals it in wildness of conception, and dexterity of management. And hitherto we follow him with an inability to lay down his pages. The conclusion is not of a piece with the commencement, and we shall content ourselves with a very rapid abstract of it. Schlemihl bought a pair of old boots at a village fair,—they turned out to be the well-known seven-leaguers, and with them he traversed the greater part of the earth. On one occasion he caught a fever. On waking from his delirium, he found himself in an hospital named after himself, *Schlemihl*, and endowed by the charity of Bendel. Mina had been left a widow by the sure process of the law, which had required the life of Rascal, and her hours were employed in the pious office of attendance upon the sick. Without betraying himself, Schlemihl recognized the benevolent pair; and on his recovery resumed his boots and his travels, in both of which, for aught we know to the contrary, he is still to be found.

The translator, in his preface, affirms that this story is a moral one, that the lesson which it contains is obvious, and

that he therefore leaves its developement to his readers. We are bound to believe him, but we have not enough sagacity to discover the moral. Nor do we quarrel with his tale on that account. Imagination demands and will take to itself no little licence; and the writer who determines to combine the sportiveness of an innocent but wayward fancy, with the unbending rigidity of a fixed and definite moral, is often reduced to most pitiable shifts without compassing his object. As long as no offence is given to sound and honest feeling, it is better to write vaguely than rapidly: and religion and virtue have seldom found more deadly enemies than among the demure and the dull, who with the most provoking zeal have sometimes unwittingly taken up arms in their behalf.

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**ART. IX.** *The Captivity, Sufferings, and Escape, of James Scurry, who was detained a Prisoner during Ten Years in the Dominions of Hyder Ali and Tippoo Saib. Written by Himself.* 12mo. 268 pp. 4s. Fisher. 1824.

It would be difficult to say how, according to the notion of the publisher of these Memoirs, "the cause of humanity" is to be promoted by their delivery to the press; for a more substantial tale of horrors we never perused. As far as a narrative of grievous suffering under atrocious cruelty may be supposed "to purge the mind of fear and terror," this tale however conforms to the rule of the Stagyrite, and thus, perhaps, *humanity* may be advanced by it. For the sake of its author we should rejoice if we could believe that it was only an "imitation;" but the events which he records appear to have been too real.

With the adventures of James Scurry previous to the main subject of this volume his readers are not likely to be much interested, and we therefore shall dismiss them briefly. He went to sea at seven years of age, and in the year 1781, when about fifteen, the ship Hannibal of 50 guns, to which he belonged, was captured by the French. On board the vessel which took him he suffered fewer hardships than his brethren in captivity; for he attracted the notice and regard of an officer, who obtained permission for him to sleep on the poop, and some other little privileges of no small importance to a prisoner. In consequence of illness this officer was sent on shore, on parole, at Tranquebar, and he begged hard,

though without success, that Scurry might accompany him. The ship was two miles from shore and there was a heavy surf, but the boy determined to attempt to rejoin his friend and patron. At night he stole softly from his berth on the hencoop, gained the mizzen-chains, and lowered himself into the water by the main sheet.

"As soon as I was fairly in, I swam under her stern, and instantly dived, going under as far as I could, in order to elude the vigilance of the watch on the poop: the darkness of the night favoured me much, for when I came up, I could scarcely see the ship; and in this case I was well assured they could not see me. I had nothing about me but a silk handkerchief with two rupees, all my treasure, tied up in the corner; this article was very injurious to me, for as I had a side wind to cope with, it would frequently blow over my face, and cause me to turn my back to the sea till I got it righted again; nor could I by any means untie it, though I often tried. Under those circumstances, I stretched towards the shore; there was a Moor ship about half the distance, which vessel I reached within, I suppose, ten or twelve fathoms, and here I had hopes of resting; but here all my exertions proved fruitless, owing to the handkerchief about my neck. I conclude I must have been under her counter for at least ten minutes; and when I could gain a yard or two the handkerchief would be blown over my face: here I nearly exhausted my strength, without gaining my point, and I was under the necessity of relinquishing the hopes I had entertained of resting, turning my back to the wind, and treading water in order to recruit my strength.

"I was soon astern of this ship, and knew not what to do; in fact, I could do but one thing, and that was, to go the way the wind and tide drove me; I knew there were many vessels inside the French fleet, and as I considered myself in the direction of them, I was not without hope. Twenty minutes, or thereabout, brought me alongside of a large ship; I swam astern of her, keeping as near as I could, where, to my no small consolation, I found a boat: I got hold of the gunwale, and, after resting myself some time, made a sufficient effort to see a man, in her stern-sheet, asleep; I called; he awoke, and with the utmost humanity hauled me into the boat. Here, thank kind Providence, I found a resting-place; and after a while I proposed to this merciful man (for such I found him) to go on board; he immediately hauled the boat under the ship's stern, and with his assistance I got up the ladder, walked to the waist, and sat down on the booms; but I very shortly was saluted with a volley of oaths from the mate, who was apprised of an English boy being in the ship. I was not sixteen years old at this time, but it would avail nothing with this monster in human shape: my naked condition, a dark night, a rough sea, and a coast infested with ferocious sharks, made no impression on this brute, for I cannot give him the appellation of man. I solicited, I entreated, to stay a few minutes



longer; but it was unavailable, for he swore if I did not instantly leave the ship he would throw me overboard! This roused me to a state of desperation; I called him a monster, ran to the gangway, and sprang into the sea. Judge of this wretch, reader, when I inform you he threatened to throw a six-pound shot at me when in the water! I fear the poor merciful man in the boat was punished for his kindness to me; but surely 'there is another and a better world!'

"Once more I had to contend with the watery element: it still remained dark, and blew fresh. I had taken the precaution of untying my handkerchief in the boat, and tying it round my waist. The ship I had just left was a small Danish East Indiaman, and I knew, by her situation, that there was another about three quarters of a mile in her wake; this thought animated and gave me hopes. I had no great cause for exertion, the wind and tide being both in my favour. The day was now breaking, and seeing the ship, I swam alongside of her. The men were beginning to wash decks, and on perceiving me they threw out a rope, which I laid hold of; they hauled me about a yard from the water, but not possessing strength enough, I was under the necessity of letting go; they immediately made a running bowline knot, and threw it to me; this I got under my arms, when they drew me, to my great joy, on board. Here I was treated with the utmost tenderness and humanity; but my comforts were transient. After being refreshed with the best they had, I was put into the carpenter's cot: my recent exertions soon helped me to sleep; but a few minutes after I was awake, and informed that a French barge was making direct for the ship I was then in, and I soon saw she was from the ship that I swam from, *Le Flemand* of 50 guns; this to me was alarming indeed. I was hurried down the fore-hold by these humane Danes, and stowed away between the cable and the deck, and I thought all was well, for their search would have been in vain; but the mate betrayed me to the French lieutenant, who desired him to produce me; he learnt where I was, and ordering me on deck, I was obliged to obey." P. 35.

After being six months a prisoner on board ship, he and about 500 others were landed at Cuddalore, and having been delivered up by the French Admiral to Hyder Ali, they were marched to Chillembroom, one of the tyrant's strong forts. The miseries of their confinement were great, and these were soon much increased by the detection of a party in an attempt to escape. Lieutenant Wilson, the leader, was severely flogged with tamarind twigs, and after having his back plastered with sugar, was exposed to the sun. The remaining prisoners were immediately ironed and placed in a strong hold under a double guard. Two months elapsed in this condition: they were then marched in couples to Bangalore: several had no shoes; after reaching the ground on which they were to sleep, they were often kept many hours without

food, and if overpowered by fatigue they attempted to snatch a short repose, they were roused by repeated blows from the butts of musquets.

At Bangalore fifty-two English boys, the eldest seventeen, the youngest only twelve, were drafted into one body from various prisons. They were first carefully searched and deprived of their knives and scissars; they were then indulged with a larger proportion and a better kind of food than hitherto had been allowed them; and with the help of their mouths, their fingers, and a tile, they contrived to separate the legs of mutton which were thrown to them. They were informed that as they were high in the estimation of Hyder, and hereafter were to be considered as his children, they must be removed to the Capital. Nine days were passed in the journey from Bangalore to Seringapatam; but the marches were easy and the food was abundant. For a month after their arrival this kindness was continued; but—*Timeo Danaos*—a renegade European, Dempster, a deserter from the Bengal artillery, soon made his appearance and explained the termination which was approaching. Barbers and Madagascar *Gettoes*, (men kept to exhibit feats of strength and agility) were called in, and in two hours all the boys, at least outwardly, became Mohammedans. One only died in consequence.

Another rite which is new to us was administered a few weeks afterwards.

“Four large coppers were brought into the square, accompanied by facquars or priests, worstards or schoolmasters, and a religious train,—to consummate the business, and make us genuine children of the Prophet. Each copper would, at least, contain one hog's-head and a half of water, which was made unusually warm. The reason assigned for this, was, as we understood afterwards, that we had eaten a great quantity of pork in our time, and consequently were very unclean. Here was no small diversion for idle spectators, to see us jump out of the coppers half scalded; the facquars in the midst of their prayers, suspending their ceremonies, and joining the guards in running after and bringing us back; for, by the time two were taken, they would be in pursuit of two more, who had made their escape from this terrific ordeal. In this we found some advantage; for during our short absence the water naturally cooled, so that we could at length stay in it until the prayers were finished by the priests. This continued three days successively, in conjunction with the confused prayers of the facquars, the threats of the guards, and our own apprehensions at this mode of scalding. These preparations and performances being ended, we were hailed as the children of the Prophet, and the favourites of the Nabob.” P. 65.

Not many months after this proselytism Hyder Ali died. His disease was an ulcerated back, and Scurry mentions that

it was reported in Seringapatam (though he by no means vouches for the fact,) that towards the close of his life several criminals were put to death at different times in order that their livers might be applied to the sore. On the accession of Tippoo Saib the boys were formed into a Company, the command of which was given to Dempster. This apostate is accused as the chief cause of all their subsequent miseries. He was a man of considerable talents, and had officiated as chaplain to a regiment at Gibraltar.

A singular and characteristic ceremony attended Tippoo's first visit to his father's mausoleum. As he entered the gate called Gangam, he passed between an ox and a man, and the head of each was lopped off at the same moment. The boys were now incorporated with four battalions of slaves, and were daily subject to the ill usage of Dempster. On one occasion, having been kept eight and forty hours without food, they complained in a body to the Governor. Care had been taken to prejudice him with a belief that they intended to attempt his person. They were surrounded by Sepoys, bound with their hands behind them, and the ropes having been tightened by the application of the knee of a strong man between their shoulders, they were dragged ignominiously to prison. Their shoulders were almost dislocated, and many bore the marks on their arms for years. The skin of our breasts, says Scurry in his strong and simple language, was tight like a drum-head, and had it not been for the humanity of the *durga* (serjeant,) who at his own great risk, slackened the ropes about twelve o'clock at night, very few could have survived till morning. The next day they were untied, their heads were shaved again, their ears were bored, they were branded with a slave's mark, and forbidden on pain of severe punishment from addressing each other in English.

Of the English military officers whom Scurry saw about this time at Seringapatam, Colonel Bailey was supposed to be afterwards poisoned, Captain Rumney, Lieutenants Fraser and Sampson were known to have had their throats cut at Mysore. General Matthews was poisoned in milk, but the operation of the drug being too slow he was in the end dispatched by the butt ends of firelocks. Before his death he wrote a statement of his having been poisoned, and his knowledge of the short time he had to live, on the bottom of four pewter dishes which he scratched with a fork or nail. He added, that he had borrowed for the support of his army 390,000 rupees from the Malabar Christians, and he requested any European into whose hands this writing might fall to convey the information which it contained to any of the

British Presidencies. The dishes were carried to the Governor, and it happened that Scurry was selected to decipher the inscriptions to him. Scurry ever after accused himself of having unwillingly brought destruction upon the Malabar Christians by revealing their secret. Tippoo, enraged at the assistance which they had furnished to the English, invaded their territories: 30,000 victims of different sexes and ages were driven into Seringapatam. Such of them as were fit to bear arms were circumcised and formed into battalions.

" Their daughters were many of them beautiful girls, and Tippoo was determined to have them for his seraglio; but this they refused; and Mysore was invested by his orders, and the four battalions were disarmed and brought prisoners to Seringapatam. This being done, the officers tied their hands behind them. The chumbers, or sandal-makers, were then sent for, and their noses, ears and upper lips, were cut off; they were then mounted on asses, their faces towards the tail, and led through Petaw, with a wretch before them proclaiming their crime. One fell from his beast, and expired on the spot through loss of blood. Such a mangled and bloody scene excited the compassion of numbers, and our hearts were ready to burst at the inhuman sight. It was reported that Tippoo relented in this case, and I rather think it true, as he never gave any further orders respecting their women. The twenty-six that survived were sent to his different arsenals, where, after the lapse of a few years, I saw several of them lingering out a most miserable existence \*." P. 103.

Tippoo was indiscriminate in his cruelties. The slightest offence or supposed offence was punished with mutilations or death: and not unfrequently two or three hundred noses and ears were exhibited in the public market place. Many of the ship-mechanics who had been taken prisoners from the English were brought down to Seringapatam and employed

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\* "No doubt, many of them survived the downfall of Tippoo, and I should have been proud to hear that the Company had done something for those brave unfortunate men, and particularly so, as all their miseries originated from an English general.—The prison from whence the Malabar Christians were brought to have their noses and ears cut off, for refusing their daughters when Tippoo demanded them for his seraglio, was a horrid dismal hole which we named the Bull, as there was an image considerably larger than life, of that animal, on the building, which was originally designed for an Hindoo place of worship, but by Tippoo converted into a dungeon. This prison we frequently passed, and expected, sooner or later, to occupy some part of it. Very few who were so unfortunate as to be confined here, escaped with less punishment than the loss of their nose and ears. The chumbers, by whom this operation was performed, are held in abhorrence by the Mohammedans, and, on that account, they were consigned to this office; and such was their brutality, that they frequently cut (or sawed, rather) the upper lip off with the nose, leaving the poor unfortunate wretch a pitiable object, to spin out a most miserable existence, being always sent to Tippoo's arsenals, to hard labour on a scanty allowance."

in the arsenal, and most of them from time to time were deprived of their ears and noses, if not of their lives. A serjeant-major in the Company's service on one occasion amused himself by taking a sketch of the surrounding scenery, and for this crime himself and eight others belonging to his party were hanged on the same tree. Among the rest Dempster met with his due, and his fate was a source of joy to the unhappy wretches whom he had persecuted. For some cause which is not stated he was piked to death in his hut. In order to strike terror into the prisoners, nine large tiger-cages, each tenanted by a large animal (one of which was coal black) taken in the Curakee jungles, were placed opposite the Treasury. Before them the English were frequently paraded, and in the short space of four months three of the Sultan's principal officers, his postmaster-general, his paymaster-general, and another, were thrown to them and devoured.

"Amongst numerous other instruments, he had a wooden horse, of a full size, resembling those adopted for his cavalry, curiously and infernally contrived, on the saddle of which were nine rows of sharp spikes, about three quarters of an inch long. The machine was moved by springs; and as soon as the culprit mounted, the horse, by some mechanism, would rear on his hind legs, and then, falling with a jerk on his fore feet, the spikes would enter the posteriors of the rider. The time of riding was proportioned to the crime; though it was said, that one of his horsemen rode this machine with such dexterity as to avoid the spikes,—in consequence of which he was pardoned. I have oft-times seen the horse, with its furniture, &c. but never saw a culprit on his back, though I was at Seringapatam at the time that several were punished that way. It was removed when Lord Cornwallis took possession of Bangalore.

"But his most common mode of punishment was, that of drawing to death by the elephant's feet; the manner of which was as follows: the poor wretches (for several were drawn at one time) first had their arms tied behind them, above the elbows, and then a rope put about the small of their legs, which was fastened to the elephant's foot. This being done, the criminals stood with their backs towards the elephant's posteriors, waiting sometimes an hour for an order for their execution. The distance they stood from the beast was about six yards, and the first step the elephant took would throw the poor unfortunates on their faces; thus they would be dragged over rough and smooth ground till dead, and with no faces left." P. 111.

The Brahmins, if they happened to be in lucrative situations, were constantly subject to plunder and torture. They were picketed and scourged, and while under the lash had their

bodies stuck with needles. If they still persisted in concealing their wealth, which in many cases was only imaginary, they were led into the large pagoda yard, inclosed in cages of iron, and fed with half a pound of rice, and a certain quantity of salt a day, without one drop of water. "In this situation," adds Scurry, "I have seen them, *with their souls looking through their eyes*:" after lingering a few days they expired in agonies.

The prisoners were now provided with wives. A troop of black girls, few exceeding eleven years of age, who with their relations had been expelled by Hyder from the Carnatic, were driven *en masse* into the English quarter. The captives were ordered to fall into rank and file; a girl was placed between each, and as chance thus allotted them, they were afterwards more formally assigned by the priests. The one who fell to Scurry's share was a native of Arcot. He had two children by her, and speaks of her as a model of tenderness and affection.

Tippoo was quite a *fancy* man, and as fond of the sports of the ring as any of our own P. C. amateurs. Sometimes thirty or forty pair of rams were matched together: then the *geties* whom we have before described.

"They had on their right hands the woodguamootie, or four steel talons, which were fixed to each back joint of their fingers, and had a terrific appearance when their fists were closed. Their heads were close shaved, their bodies oiled, and they wore only a pair of short drawers. On being matched, and the signal given from Tippoo, they began the combat, always by throwing the flowers, which they wear round their necks, in each other's faces; watching an opportunity of striking with the right hand, on which they wore this mischievous weapon, which never failed lacerating the flesh, and drawing blood most copiously. Some pairs would close instantly, and no matter which was under, for the gripe was the whole; they were in general taught to suit their holds to their opponent's body, with every part of which, as far as concerned them, they were well acquainted. If one got a hold against which his antagonist could not guard, he would be the conqueror; they would frequently break each other's legs and arms; and if any way tardy, Tippoo had means of infusing spirit into them, for there were always two stout fellows behind each, with instruments in their hands that would soon put them to work. They were obliged to fight as long as Tippoo pleased, unless completely crippled; and if they behaved well, they were generally rewarded with a turban and shawl, the quality being according to their merit." P. 192.

Outside the Circus in which these gladiators exhibited, was placed a man on lofty stilts in the British East India

Company's uniform. His occupation was to take snuff and tobacco, and to seem intoxicated; and the object was to burlesque the English in the eyes of the spectators. After the Geties, tigers and buffaloes were introduced in boxes. Near the top of a pole, *about sixty feet high*, a man stood with a rope which pulled open the door of the cage. The tiger was then started with rockets, and Scurry saw one who made two desperate attempts to reach the man on the pole, which to his great terror *he very nearly accomplished!!* Another tiger, though chained, defeated nine buffaloes, each of which would have been on over-match for the fiercest European bull. Some of the smaller tigers were let loose singly on the pikeman; one with more than twenty pikes in his body broke them and sprang over the heads of his opponents, killing one and wounding two others. In the end the elephants were ordered in to trample upon the dead and wounded tigers, a task which they performed with great reluctance; for the stoutest elephant always seemed uneasy at a tiger. These games, as they were called, were concluded each night with magnificent fireworks.

On the peace of 1784 numbers of prisoners were marched out of Seringapatam for Madras, but Scurry and his comrades were unknown, forgotten, or undemanded. They were thrown into various prisons at Mysore, and lived in daily fear of poison. But the caprice of the tyrant changed their destiny, they were again attached to his army and employed in a campaign against the Nizam. The escape of two of their party subjected them once more to his displeasure. They were heavily ironed and transferred to Chitteldroog where they remained nearly four years.

"We killed a snake at this place, not exceeding two feet in length; out of the middle of its belly grew an arm, similar to a human arm, from the elbow downwards; the whole of which was formed with the most exquisite delicacy. The joints, the nails, and every part belonging to it, equalled, if not exceeded, any thing I ever saw, in point of formation. I have often regretted I did not bring its skin home, as I had it in my possession; but at that time there was very little prospect of my bringing home my own. Numbers of the natives who saw this reptile, considered it as something ominous." P. 163.

At length war was renewed with England, and the battalion of prisoners was again employed on service; during this Scurry and four more bound themselves to each other to attempt their escape: at first they gained a jungle, and *here the night was so impenetrably dark that they must have been lost without hope, if the wind, (which in this climate is in*

variable) had not served them as a compass. By keeping it on their right cheeks they knew they were advancing in the direction which they wished, due north; and after a variety of hardships and hair-breadth escapes they reached the English camp, and were present at the time Seringapatam capitulated to Lord Cornwallis. In 1793 they returned to England.

We have omitted in our abstract of this volume every thing which does not appear to have been derived from Scurry's own personal observation; and we have inserted one or two things, in which (as our readers will probably agree with us) it is likely that his personal observation was not quite correct. On this same principle we shall not cite the histories of the unfortunate capture of Colonel Bailey and General Matthews, nor of the successful campaign of General Harris, and Tippoo's final overthrow and death. Scurry must have made rapid advances in education since his return to England, for in his character of the deceased Sultan he indulges in a splendid display of historical knowledge, and calls him a tyrant, "equal if not superior to a Domitian, a Caligula, a Nero, or even Nabis the tyrant of Sparta." This is a sounding catalogue, and the supplementary account of Scurry's pursuits after his escape leads us to believe that we are indebted for it less to himself than to the multifarious erudition of his Publisher. In London the singularity of Scurry's dress, manner, and colour, drew the boys after him in troops. He proved his identity at the Admiralty, obtained his arrears of pay, and a pension. Upon the strength of this he determined to return to his native county Devonshire.

"From his long confinement in India, and his involuntary conformity to Asiatic manners, he had nearly forgotten the customs of his early years, and the delicate refinements of his native land. To the wearing of English clothes he felt the greatest aversion; nor could he even sit, except according to the manner to which he had been so long accustomed. Of a knife and fork he had almost lost the use, nor could he eat any thing with comfort, only in the style to which stern necessity had compelled him to submit. His language was broken and confused, having lost nearly all its vernacular idiom. His body was disfigured with scars; and his skin was likewise so deeply tinged with the heat of the climate in which he had so long resided, and by the rays of the sun to which he had been so much exposed, that it was only a few shades removed from black. It so nearly resembled the swarthy complexion of the negroes, that he might have passed through Africa without having been at all noticed for the singularity of his colour. These combined peculiarities exposed him to several inconveniences, and



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brought upon him many an eager gaze, and many a curious inquiry, and pointed observation." P. 252.

With the characteristic *dash* of a Sailor he drove up to his mother's door at Porlock, in a chaise and four. He was recognized with difficulty but with no little joy. He then successively engaged himself in the grocery business, as traveller to a house in the wine trade, and in a coal wharf; and latterly applied himself to the inspection of mines. He died at Exeter in 1822 in his 57th year. His Editor would have done better if he had published his narrative exactly as he found it; but even as it is we are obliged to him for an interesting volume.

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ART. X. *A Vindication of the Religious and Civil Principles of the Irish Catholics; in a Letter addressed to His Excellency the Marquis Wellesley, K.G. Lord Lieutenant General, and General Governor of Ireland, &c. &c. By J. K. L.* 8vo. 72 pp. 2s. 6d. Coyne, Dublin. 1823.

ART. XI. *The Case of the Church of Ireland stated, in a Letter respectfully addressed to His Excellency the Marquis Wellesley; and in Reply to the Charges of J. K. L. By Declan.* 8vo. 92 pp. 2s. 6d. Milliken, Dublin. 1823.

ART. XII. *Observations occasioned by the Letter of J. K. L. to His Excellency the Lord Lieutenant.* 8vo. 122 pp. 3s. Milliken, Dublin. 1823.

It becomes our duty to bring under the notice of our readers, one of the most extraordinary productions that we ever had the fortune to peruse. We allude to a Letter written (as it has been declared in the Roman Catholic Association) by a Popish *Bishop* in Ireland, and addressed by him to the KING's representative in that country—the Marquis WELLESLEY. This Letter now lies before us, and really it is quite *unique*. The singular nature of its contents, and their important bearing upon the great question of concession to the claims of Roman Catholics; the office which the author holds in the Romish Church, his influence with the members of his communion in Ireland, the high station and power of the distinguished personage to whom the Letter has been addressed; and (though last not least) its having been lauded in the Roman Catholic Association in Dublin, and in fact adopted by them, as truly expressive of their sentiments and views—all contri-

bute to induce us to bring this remarkable publication under our readers' observation. But we have also another motive—because it has given rise to a pamphlet published in answer to it, under the signature of "DECLAN," by whom *written* we know not, but certainly one of the best publications of the kind that we have ever seen. We shall most earnestly recommend the admirable pamphlet of DECLAN to the public attention; and we wish that every Member of Parliament would carefully peruse it. Its matter is instructive and eminently important—its style perspicuous and elegant. We shall proceed to introduce to our readers' acquaintance the Popish Bishop's production which we have mentioned, and the able and important publication of DECLAN in reply: and we propose to make some remarks on another answer to it, the title of which is the third head of this article. But first, we submit to our readers a few observations relative to the present state of Roman Catholic affairs in these countries.

It would appear from the reports of a late debate in the House of Commons, that it is not intended to bring on the discussion of what has been called "the Catholic Question," in Parliament, during this session: and on the high authority of Mr. Canning, it has been stated, that there is not a prospect of doing so at present with success. True it is, the Roman Catholic cause has, of late, retrograded in public opinion in this country. The intemperance of certain Irish Popish Bishops, their inflammatory publications, their unjustifiable attacks upon an exalted and distinguished ornament of the Established Episcopacy, the re-publication and circulation amongst the Irish Roman Catholic populace, of the most exciting and mischievous extracts from the popish bigot Walmesley's absurd exposition of the Apocalypse, an exposition now pretty generally known by the name of "*Pastorini's* prophecies;" the revival of the gross impositions respecting alleged Popish *miracles*; the establishment of a *Catholic Association* in Dublin, purporting to be, in effect, the representatives of the whole Irish Roman Catholic population, holding debates of an inflammatory tendency, embarrassing the operations of a government whose great object has been to conciliate and tranquillize; all have naturally contributed to produce a retrogression of the Roman Catholic cause in the Protestant mind of the United Kingdom. The feelings of Parliament being understood to be now so adverse to the general measure of concession, that it would be vain to bring it forward; a new system of tactics has been adopted

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by some of its supporters in the House of Commons—that of charging the Government with delinquency in not extending to Roman Catholics the full benefit of those legal concessions which have already been made.

It is very remarkable that this surrender (for the present) of the Roman Catholic Question, this admission of its having lost ground in Parliament, (as it certainly has in the public mind outside the walls of Parliament,) this change of Roman Catholic tactics into charges of criminal partiality—of delinquency, against the Government, should all take place during the administration of the MARQUIS WELLESLEY in Ireland, and after two years of most *laborious* “*conciliation*.” The first attempt made in Parliament, according to the new system of Roman Catholic tactics, has failed most completely. It called forth the opposition not only of Mr. Peel, Mr. Goulburn, and other distinguished supporters of the Protestant cause, but also of Mr. Canning, the powerful advocate of the Roman Catholic claims; and it must, if Mr. Plunkett himself had spoken on the occasion, have placed that able orator and ardent friend of the Roman Catholics, in the ranks of their opponents. And not only was this new mode of supporting the Popish cause in Parliament calculated to array the whole strength of administration against it, but it naturally tended to *discover* completely to the British public the *relative* insignificance, in *property and information*, of the Irish Romanists as a body, *compared* with their Protestant fellow-countrymen. (We make the observation with due allowance for several eminent, wealthy, and highly informed Roman Catholics of Ireland.) We do not believe that this injudicious—this blundering attempt to advance the Roman Catholic interests, originated with any of its Parliamentary supporters. We are convinced that it had its source in some of those heated and confused heads, from which so much popular excitement has lately proceeded in Ireland. From whomsoever the suggestion first came, the alleged principle on which it proceeded, is that which the Popish Bishop, whose Letter we mean to introduce to our readers’ notice, has adopted for the motto of that extraordinary publication.

Another branch of the present system of Roman Catholic tactics, consists in direct, open, and avowed assaults against the Church Establishment in Ireland, as being an insufferable grievance, particularly on account of its *property*. Until very lately, their leaders and advocates have advanced, as one of the strongest arguments for concession to their claims, that they had no view of subverting the

Protestant Church Establishment in that country: no—this was no part of their thoughts; they never would attempt to make use of any new power which they might acquire by concession, in order to subvert the Protestant Church Establishment, or to procure any transfer of Church property. But, we are now indebted, and not a little indebted, to a Popish Bishop, together with the Roman Catholic Association, for completely throwing off the mask, and openly avowing the design they entertain, of despoiling the Church of her property in Ireland, and of destroying the Protestant Church Establishment in that country, as a national grievance. We do not attribute to them the threat of attempting to accomplish this by force, but the public avowal that *this is the great end they seek*. Mr. Joseph Hume and Sir John Newport, (it would appear from the public papers,) have been pleased to take the established religion in Ireland under their peculiar care, and to direct their attention particularly to the *Church property*. We do not presume to conjecture what may be the wise and salutary measures in the contemplation of these great Church reformers. Will they submit to be the ignoble instruments of Dr. Doyle and Co.?

But let us now attend to the singular production of the Popish Bishop, for which he has received the thanks of the Roman Catholic Association. He has published his Letter under the signature J. K. L., these letters being the initials of James Kildare and Leighlin. We are not disposed to submit to any attempt at the assumption of titles which the laws do not concede; and as this Irish Bishop of the Church of Rome, mentions particularly his own humility, we suppose that he will not be offended if we apply to him the designation, which, we conceive, more properly belongs to him, "*Doctor Doyle*." He will remember that we *name* him on the authority of the Roman Catholic Association.

The Romish Bishop, Dr. Doyle, after assuring Lord WELLESLEY that the late alleged "extraordinary cures," which some of our Popish priests so gravely ascribed to the intercession of Prince Hohenloe, were duly *ascertained* to be of a "supernatural kind;" after endeavouring to show their correspondence with the MIRACLES of our divine REDEEMER himself! of his Apostles, and of one of the prophets of God! after comparing the natural discredit with which Protestants in Ireland have treated such revived Popish impostures to the "efforts of enthusiasts and philosophers of antiquity," to oppose the belief of the MIRACLES of our SAVIOUR! and,

after intimating that there is a body of Protestants in Ireland (in which it would appear that he means to include the Bishops and Clergy of the Established Church in that country) "who would crucify" our blessed Redeemer "over again, did he appear in the flesh, lest the *Romans* should come and take their place and nation;" proceeds thus:

"The number and variety of these sudden and extraordinary cures, witnessed not only in this but in the neighbouring nations, and attributed to the intercession of this holy personage, (*viz. Prince Hohenloe!*) or to those who unite in prayer with him, oblige me to think that the grace of curing bodily diseases, mentioned by St. Paul, 1 Cor. xii. 9. as given to some of the primitive Christians, has been revived at present, like as at many other periods of the Church." P. 18.

But really we should not have noticed the *miracles* of that "holy personage," *Prince Hohenloe*, but that the *Papish* Bishop, in his publication before us, describes them as having "given occasion" to certain "charges against the religion and policy of the body to which he belongs:" in order to refute which charges, he tells us, he thought proper to write his letter to Lord WELLESLEY. We shall not find it necessary to enter particularly into his discussion of any of these *alleged* charges, except of that which he has placed *second* in order. Here we find the topic on which he has really afforded us some *new* and *important* information, which we feel it to be our duty to endeavour to make extensively known to the Protestants of Great Britain, and to which we would invite the attention of members of the Legislature: and here is the topic upon which, almost exclusively, the excellent pamphlet of DECLAN has been written—a pamphlet in which the right of the Established Church in Ireland to her property, is most clearly explained and most ably and effectually vindicated.

We proceed at once to his discussion of the *second* alleged charge, and shall afterwards notice very briefly some of his observations in other parts of his publication. We shall allow him to speak fully for himself on his favourite topic; and certainly some part of what he has written on it is plausible, though really fallacious.

"I hasten," he says, "to reply to, or explain the *second* charge, "that we entertain the design of overthrowing the Established Church, and entering upon her possessions.

"Both parts of this proposition, my Lord, are equally false. Catholics, *as such*, entertain no design hostile to the Church; but, as a class of persons almost exclusively employed in agriculture, they object, not to the Church, but to the ESTABLISHMENT."—P. 29.

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Hitherto it has been admitted, and from the principles of the Church of Rome it necessarily follows, that Roman Catholics, *as such*, must object to the Protestant Church on account of its *doctrines*; but we were, at the same time, assured, on the part of their hierarchy, and of the body in general, that they entertained no design hostile to the *Establishment*; and that, therefore, as well as for other reasons, it would be perfectly safe to concede to them the civil privileges and powers which they demand. But, the *new* information communicated by the Popish Bishop *Doyle*, shall be given in his own words; and we shall leave the comment upon it to *DECLAN*, from whose excellent publication we shall lay some important extracts before our readers. Here we shall only observe, and we wish it to be particularly remembered, that it has been abundantly shewn, that such is in general the moderation with which the Established Clergy in Ireland exact payment of tithes, and such too generally the want of moderation shewn by the immediate landlords of the peasantry in the amount of rents which they require, that the system of tithes in Ireland, whatever inconveniences may be connected with any part of its details, is, upon the whole, a relief, not a burthen to the poor cultivators of the soil: that the rent exacted by landlords for farms which are tithe-free, is so much raised on account of this exemption, that a greater burden is thus imposed on the occupying tenant, than if his farm were subject to the payment of tithe to the Clergyman; and that the province of Ireland in which the peasantry are *most* wretched, (Connaught,) is precisely that in which potatoes, their chief crop, and almost their only food, are exempt from the payment of tithes.

But the Popish Bishop *Doyle*, after stating that Roman Catholics, "as a class of persons almost exclusively employed in agriculture object, not to the Church, but to the Establishment," thus proceeds:

"As subjects who are excluded from their rights, chiefly by the wealth, and influence, and intolerant spirit of the Churchmen, they are opposed to it. But as to the Church herself, her doctrine, discipline, government, and laws, they are matters about which no rational Catholic feels more concern than he does about the state of *Mahometanism* on the *Bosphorus*. . . . But as to her *ESTABLISHMENT*, it is such in Ireland, in the opinion of many Protestants as well as Catholics, as should not be suffered to exist in any civilized country, still less in a nation employed almost exclusively in the tillage of land. She possesses domains which, if ascertained and valued, might appear more than sufficient for her support; and

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with these the tenth of the produce of the entire kingdom, (the lay impropriations excepted) which produce consists of the value of the soil, of the manure, of the seed, of the tilling, of the weeding, of the gleanings, of the reaping, of the gathering—in a word, of all the earth can produce, as well as of the capital, skill, and industry of the occupant : add to these the *code of laws*, with which the ESTABLISHMENT is fenced in and secured ; a code which in bulk equals the mountain of Mahomet,” (our Popish priests and bishops can scarcely ever talk of the Protestant Church, without some comparison bearing a reference to MAHOMET,) “ and in wisdom and foresight is not inferior to the books of the Sybils. It is too much, my Lord, to expect of human nature that it could be well affected towards so monstrous an Establishment, and, above all, in IRELAND, where those who possess it are not the *pastors of the people*, and where those who pay it are all employed in agriculture. It is in vain to tell us, my Lord, that they are *our* pastors.” (He and the members of his communion are, it seems, to be exclusively THE PEOPLE.) P. 29.

“ When tithes were assigned to the children of Levi, they obtained no land, and they were one of the twelve tribes, though not the most numerous, who had equal rights to the inheritance of Jacob. The surplus given them in the tithe, while the lands were withheld, does not seem to be considerable ; and Judea, though it flowed with milk and honey, was not, in the opinion of Grotius, (and who was there more competent to judge?) ever rich in agriculture. The provision, therefore, made by ALMIGHTY GOD for the ministers of his Ark, or his Temple, was agreeable to the original right of the ministers themselves, and bore a just proportion to their number and services : but when, in the fulness of time, the special compact of the Jews was dissolved, this ordinance ceased with it, and the right of *tithes* was extinguished by HIM who substituted for that of Aaron his own priesthood, according to the order of Melchizedech.” P. 31.

“ CHRIST and his APOSTLES, as well as the primitive pastors of the Church, were all supported by the voluntary oblations of the faithful, whether in money or other consumable commodities, or by donations and bequests of immoveable property.

“ It was only late in the fifth century, or rather in the sixth, that the right of *tithes* was advanced by the Church, and advanced, as has been observed by the immortal GRATTAN, in a style no way creditable to its pastors. However, the progress of the system was slow, for until the beginning of the ninth century, or the age of CHARLEMAGNE, it obtained no considerable footing amongst the Christians, whether in Europe or in Asia. That great and wise prince, who subdued nations by force, and governed them by salutary laws, promoted the tithe system, as well adapted to all his views and interests. He had rude, fickle, or disaffected nations to restrain or govern ; and without the aid of Religion this could not be effected : hence he established many bishopricks, and founded

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or reformed innumerable Churches: he had no better means of attaching the Clergy to their flocks, than by giving them an interest in their possessions; he had no revenue to dispose of for their use, nay, the only source of revenue almost within his dominions, consisted of land. Hence the tithe of its produce was assigned to the priesthood, that they might be the protectors of agriculture, amongst rude tribes accustomed to live by plunder or the chase. But he was not only wise, but also religious and just: hence he made the inferior Clergy independent of the Bishops as to their support, by dividing one half of the Church property between them: he assigned to the fabric and to the poor the other moiety, that all interests might be promoted, and the Church Establishment be a blessing, *not a curse* to his subjects. This system, so wise and provident in itself extended throughout Europe with the feudal system, and without any other than accidental change subsisted generally and entire in the 13th and 14th, and even during a part of the 15th century." P. 32.

"In this state the Church Establishments were found, when the events of the 16th century commenced a revolution in the affairs of Europe, which is *not yet* terminated: but which, in its progress, has changed all the ideas, and all the laws, and all the habits of men. The Church has fared, like the nations and states in which it subsisted; and her former titles have been abrogated or new modelled, like those of the princes and barons who had created her Establishment. Throughout Europe, with only a few, very few exceptions, her Bishops are reduced to their primitive rank; their domains have been taken from them; their tithes taxed or abolished; and a new provision, more consonant to the public interests, and the opinions of men, substituted for the old. This current of public mind, and public interest, will reach this country, my Lord, sooner or later, whatever barriers may be raised against it; and there is no country where it is more necessary: it would be hailed by nineteen-twentieths of the inhabitants of Ireland, Protestant and Catholic, as the inundations of the Nile are hailed by the Egyptians.

"Tithes in this country, my Lord, should *always* have been odious: they were the price paid Henry II. and the Legate Pa-paro to the Irish Prelates, who sold for them the independence of their native land, and the birth-right of their people: until *that* period, tithes were almost unknown in this country; and from the day of their introduction we may *date* the history of our misfortunes: they were not only the cause, but they were an efficient one of all the calamities which followed: and  *whilst they subsist, peace or concord will not be re-established in Ireland.*" P. 38.

"When the Religion of England was changed, and the conquest of this country was completed, a period which embraces the reigns of Henry, Edward, Mary, Elizabeth, James 1st., Charles 1st., Cromwell, Charles, James, Anne, William; at this period, the English Protestants and Puritans, who had succeeded in sub-



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doing the Irish, and possessing themselves by the right of compact or conquest (the only rights almost, by which any country in Europe is held) of the lands or cities they had obtained or won, they transferred the Church property, from its ancient possessors to those new adventurers, who had come here in the name of CHRIST, to watch the baggage and collect the spoils. They did so, no doubt, on the supposition that the religion of the country would change here as it has done in England, (and where the transfer of Church property, on that account, was reasonable) and that these holy harpies who flocked about them, would one day be transformed into the pastors of their subjects. This was, or *ought to have been* the end of the Law which gave the possessions and tithes of the Irish Church to the Protestant Clergy; to suppose any other would not be reasonable, and if the Law had any other end but this, it wanted *the essential conditions of a Law*; namely, that it should be enacted by a competent authority, and be just, equal, permanent, regulated in all its details by commutative or distributive justice, and tending to the public good . . . .” P. 94.

“ . . . . What then! is the property of the Church to revert to its former proprietors? *Yes: it belongs, my Lord, to the State,* which holds Ireland by the right of conquest or of compact, or by that supreme and best of all rights, the “*Salus Populi.*”

“ The foregoing argument affects the transfer itself; but were we to consider the circumstances in which it was made, and the consequences following from it, the necessity of re-touching it,” (*re-touching it*—so this Popish Bishop calls his proposed speculation) “ would more clearly appear. When the lands and tithes composing the Establishment were given to their present proprietors, the value of them could not be ascertained, on account of the unsettled state of the country: and as far as it was ascertained it was small, owing to the state of devastation and ruin to which the country was reduced by the civil wars. It continued so for a considerable time. Cattle, not crops, were the produce of Ireland; and the Irish Commons, by a wise vote, secured their grazing lands against the inroads of the parson. Had they foreseen the future state of this country, when by tillage she was to be rendered the granary of the empire, and to export, after maintaining her own vast population, corn to the value of several millions sterling annually, would they have assigned the tenth of this immense produce with all her princely domains to the Church?” P. 95.

“ I should suppose not, unless British wisdom and British justice designated other qualities than than they do now, or if they did, they would have guaranteed a competent support to the officiating Clergy, necessary repairs for the parsonage and church, and some support for the naked widow and shivering orphan: they would not have left the poor destitute, until their blood would be changed to water; and ‘ their faces become burnt,’ as the Prophet expresses it, ‘ before the face of the tempest of hunger;’ whilst they assigned *their* patrimony to a Pastor, who was *not* to be *their*

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Paster; that he might be surfeited, that the train of his wife might be borne by some pampered slave, and the crowd of his offspring followed by a retinue of servants. They would not have done so, had they foreseen that all their own future efforts to harmonise and improve and enrich the country, were to be marred by the very men they were enriching; and that murders and atrocities which would for ever stain the character of the nation, harden its heart, and brutalize its feeling, as well as the most unheard of oppressions, were to be occasioned or committed by the agents of this very priesthood."

This is the first information we have received of the dreadful "murders" which, it seems, the agents of the ESTABLISHED CLERGY committed in Ireland. No doubt the Romish Dr. Doyle states this, not only from his disposition to tell truth, but from his anxiety to tranquillize, and to aid by his humble efforts what he praises as "the system of promoting mutual forbearance and conciliation amongst all classes of the Irish people." P. 3.

But we have heard sometimes of *Proctors* or agents of the established clergy being murdered by popish peasants; and possibly it is to these murders that Dr. Doyle refers, giving in his confusion a wrong reading—"committed by the agents," instead of the correct statement—"committed upon the agents." He proceeds to answer certain objections to his plan of despoiling the Church in Ireland of her property.

"But then," continues this popish Bishop, meeting at once the objection so strongly asserted and maintained by Mr. Plunkett and other great and most distinguished legal authorities, "it is objected to any encroachment on the property of the Church, that if it be meddled with, no other is secure: silly objection!" foolish Mr. Plunkett! silly Lord Eldon! O ye poor dolts and blockheads that sit on the judicial benches of England and of Ireland, and that hold the highest rank, and bear the greatest names, at the bar in both countries! Ye are a silly set of fellows!

"The tenure by which it, viz. the property of the Church is held, is different, as has been shown, from that of every other: the nature of it is a public fund always at the disposal of the State, entrusted to a corporation for certain services to be performed: only let it always be employed for public purposes and the public good, and the modifications of its use will never excite a just alarm.

"But the Church and State are inseparably connected. This can only be true of her constitution; it is not possible that the state could be connected with her wealth or possessions."

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"But how could the *patronage* she affords be dispensed with? This, no doubt, if not the best, is her strongest defence, this is the very citadel of her strength. Every free government, my Lord, has two supports besides its own virtue and wisdom; the first and best is public opinion, the second is a just patronage, but what is gained by the latter through the Church (in this country) is lost in the former, the ESTABLISHMENT *being opposed to the interests of the entire community*, and to the feelings and opinions of a vast majority of them. In an empire like ours, sources of patronage can never fail: they are furnished by the army, the navy, the revenue, the state, employments at home and abroad. Here our nobles may *trade*, our colonies are immense, &c." P. 37.

"But by diminishing the property of the Church, you abolish a class of middling gentry, and thereby dissolve one of the few links which keep the frame of our society from falling to pieces.

"Gentry, my Lord, to be useful, must be comparatively great, entirely exempt from petty feelings, and above such interests as only poor men, or low minds, can descend to: but a gentry, whose income only raises them to a *middling* rank—who possess only a life interest in their property—who cannot transmit it to their children—who are constantly *scraping together some little store* for their families—who are invested with an odious privilege, and exhibiting always to the people what is most hateful in the laws; such a gentry can never knit society together: such moral ties as subsist between a landlord and his tenantry, between a pastor and his people, will never be found to unite the minister of the establishment and the catholic cottager.....to seek to govern Ireland by such a gentry, is to *work against the torrent*; they are incapable of serving you, my Lord, *even were they well disposed*; they must injure you. Their *esprit de corps*—the prejudices which encompass them—their *family* circumstances—the *insolence*, often, and *immorality* of their sons—the *pomp* and *vanity* of their *wives and daughters*,"—(what mean and rankling envy the popish law of *calibacy* excites and fosters!) "their ephemeral and transitory rank—unfit them for the office of gentry." P. 38.

"But how is the church to be wrestled with? some hundreds to be displeased, the fears of others to be excited, or their prejudices to be shocked?"

"When a country, my Lord, is to be regenerated, a long system of mis-rule to be corrected, and the reign of equitable and just laws to be established, something must be encountered. But, when a government is engaged in such a work, it should deliberate like the Areopagus, almost in the dark, and with closed doors: it should be inaccessible to friends and connexions, and have hung before it the naked image of its suffering country; the records of justice only, should be opened or consulted. Should you, my Lord, and those who administer the public interests with you, act so, you might displease a few, but your decisions would be hailed like the oracles of heaven by the nation, and you would conduct

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*the faithful people of this desert country, now pathless and without water, into a land flowing with milk and honey: your name would be more glorious than of Numa or Lysurgus, and you would be venerated as the MOSES of the Irish people."*

If Lord WELLESLEY would but act by the advice of this would-be privy counsellor, and aid in the plunder of the Protestant Church, and the destruction of the Protestant Establishment, the Pope himself might do him the honour to entitle him the *Irish Moses*.

"It might be asked, why I have dwelt so long on the concerns of the church? I did so, my Lord, because we catholics are accused, with *wishing to subvert it*; that I might repel so foul a charge, and declare fully, that my hostility is *not to the Doctrine or Constitution of the Church*, but to her present ESTABLISHMENT, which I consider opposed to all the interests of Ireland." P. 39.

It is but a few years, since one of our popish priests, preached and published that the Protestant Doctrine of our Church was a pestilential and damnable heresy—that the Protestant Clergy were, on account of the *Doctrine* which they taught, not only *emissaries of the spirit of darkness and disciples of the father of lies*; but that they were the *greatest curse* with which Heaven in its anger could visit any country—that it would be dealing more mercifully with the people of Great Britain, to devastate their country with pestilence, fire, and sword, than to curse them with preachers of *protestant doctrine*. Such was the *substance* of a part of his preaching and of his publication, the whole of which was lauded and sanctioned by the highest popish authorities, from the palace of the pope, and since received with peculiar favour and approbation by popish bishops in Ireland. Similar sentiments are taught to the Roman Catholics in the notes of their Romish Testament recently re-published—similar sentiments are inculcated by some of the principles maintained even in the *Divinity Class-Book* of their collegiate seminary at Maynooth. But now, it seems, notwithstanding all this, we are called on to believe another popish priest, who assures us on the part of his religious community, that they do not object to our Church on account of its Protestant *doctrine*! No, this is a matter to them and their Church, of perfect indifference! to this they have no hostility! But, with all their *extreme religious toleration and liberality*, their *patriotic feelings* are too deeply wounded by witnessing the sufferings of the people from the burden of *tithes* paid to *Protestant Clergy*, that they have a determined enmity to the Protestant Church

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*Establishment*, and earnestly, but at the same time *most modestly*, advise the representative in Ireland, of the head of the Protestant Church Establishment, to contribute all his efforts to put it down! *any part of the CORONATION OATH of HIS MAJESTY, to the contrary notwithstanding!*

If this new warfare of our Popish priests against *tithes* be in direct opposition to decrees of their own Councils, it is, however, in perfect consistence with the known principle of Popery, to *yield to present circumstances for the interest of the Church*. Provided this temporary surrender of the Popish principle of the divine right of the Church of Rome to tithes shall contribute to advance the interests of that Church, and to aid her efforts to undermine and overthrow the Protestant Establishment in Ireland, and to weaken and injure the Establishment in England; then, indeed, such a temporary surrender is exactly in accordance with the principle of the Church of Rome, to which we have adverted, with her artful and worldly policy. And the very same principle, and the same policy, may, *under altered circumstances*, lead her again to claim the right which at present she affects to abandon.

The Popish Doctor Doyle, however, appears very anxious to persuade us, that his tirade against the tithes now paid to Protestant Clergy is not a second edition of the exclamation of the fox in the fable. He assures Lord WELLESLEY and the public, that "the Catholic Clergy are generally satisfied with what they receive, and the mode of obtaining it;" and adds, "acquainted as I am with their sentiments generally, I could assert on their behalf, that so far from *desiring the possessions* of the Establishment, they would *not accept of the tithes* with all the odium which accompanies them." (P. 40.) Does he here write with a salvo for the expected *removal* of the *odium* by transferring tithes in Ireland to *Romish priests*?

Our quotations from the other parts of this Popish Doctor's publication shall be brief. Speaking of Protestants in Ireland, who have ventured to oppose the late Romish impostures about the Hohenloe miracles, he says, "if they could but exclude us from freedom, and *perpetuate our slavery*, they care but little whether we adopted the *superstition of Juggernaut*, or the religion of St. Paul." And having given this, amongst other similar proofs of his efforts to conciliate, to allay animosity, and render the Roman Catholic populace patient and tranquil, he soon after asks, whether, "since the conquest" of Ireland by England has been completed, whether "*by force, or fraud*,

or both, we need not stop now to inquire," (taking care, however, to "stop" to remind the Popish populace in Ireland of the English conquest by force, or fraud, or both) his religion, in the persons of her bishops and priests, and, of course, in his person also, "has not employed all her efforts to *allay our heats, to bridle our passions, to prevent or stop the vain and fruitless attempts of her children to regain what they had lost?*" (P. 26.) Are we, then, to consider the rebellion of 1798, for instance, as merely a vain and fruitless attempt of the children of the Church of Rome in Ireland "to regain what they had lost?" In another place, ridiculing the "fulsome and absurd," but it seems "*plausible nonsense* which he is sometimes induced to read, about the divided allegiance of Catholics, and of the essential Protestantism of the Constitution," which no less an authority than that of Lord ELDON has so powerfully demonstrated, he exclaims, "the *hoary bigot, or the selfish monopolist, who would exclude us from it on account of our religion, neither understands that religion nor the law of nature,*" &c. (P. 28.) In another place he is pleased to notice the bishops of England, to ridicule the "*depth of wisdom and consistency peculiar to their bench,*" and to inform us particularly of one English bishop's "intolerance, and ignorance, and wilful misrepresentation," (p. 50.) in a late debate "in the senate of the nation." But, it is against the members of the Protestant Established Church in Ireland that this mild Popish bishop's pamphlet particularly shows its insolence and scurrility. We shall not dwell on those parts of his production to which we here allude. We are sensible that such low calumny might be disgusting to our readers; but it must have a most mischievous effect with the Popish populace in Ireland.

His singular mode of refuting what he calls the *third charge* against the religion and policy of his body, really deserves notice.

"I shall pass," he says, "from this subject, to consider whether we are justly 'accused' of stirring up the minds of the people, of keeping alive in them a sense of the wrongs which they suffer; of instigating them to rebellion and to the overthrow of the Constitution. These charges, my Lord, are of so grave a nature, they appear to me to be so unfounded and malignant, as to remind me forcibly of the conduct of his own countrymen and kindred towards the Prophet JEREMY, when he denounced their *guilt and oppression* . . . . So averse are the Prelates who have lately been the subject of so much censure, to *excitement and intemperance*, that they even abstain, at the present moment, from the discharge of a duty, by publishing several new and supernatural cures, which they

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have ascertained to be wrought amongst *their* flocks, that they should not give occasion to intemperance of any kind; that they might not seem to continue the present agitation of the public feeling.....But, my Lord, do these selfish men who impute crimes to us, suppose that they can extinguish within us a sense of our wrongs—do they imagine they can stifle the complaints of six millions of men?....We will never cease, my Lord, whilst our tongues can move or our pens can write, to keep alive in the whole empire, as well as in our own people, a sense of the wrongs we suffer, and to exhibit to an indignant world all the privations we endure. Our fetters are too galling, our chains are too closely rivetted, our keepers are too unfeeling for us to remain silent, or permit them to enjoy repose."

We have the highest respect for our warm-hearted and honourable fellow-subjects of Ireland, and we do feel the truest respect for their excellent and noble qualities, while we take the liberty of saying, that often as we have heard of an *Irish* way of doing business, this singular mode adopted by Doctor Doyle, of *refuting* the alleged charge "*of keeping alive in the people a sense of the wrongs which they endure,*" p. 42. (we quote his words exactly,) is the happiest instance we have ever seen of "*the Irish method.*"

Some tolerable illustrations of the same might be adduced from his arguments, to shew the great zeal and exertions of the Popish Bishops and Priests in Ireland for the circulation of the Bible amongst the people. It is unfortunate for his consistency, that one of the proofs of this, from recent experience, to which he appeals, is the re-publication, in 1816, under the sanction of Dr. Troy, &c. &c. of the *Rhemish* Testament, the persecuting, atrocious, and horrible notes of which so completely contradict all his present professions of toleration and liberality. But consistency is not Dr. Doyle's forte. Indeed, he seems to be really as indifferent to it, as he professes to be indifferent to the *doctrines* of Protestants. In one place he appears to admit, that the north of Ireland (an immense and populous tract of the island) is inhabited chiefly by Protestants: and yet, notwithstanding this, and the numbers of Protestants in other parts of Ireland; and although no calculation has represented the Protestant Dissenters in Ireland to be more numerous than the Protestants of the Established Church; he tells us, in another place, that though the established Clergy "*have a profession, they have no occupation,*" (p. 40.) and, as he is particularly desirous to show his moderation, and to avoid any action or expression that can contribute to exasperation or excitement, he proceeds

to inform the Protestant Clergy in Ireland, and to proclaim to the Popish populace, that

"Hence, many of" the Protestant Clergy, "destitute of employment, and forbidden to exercise their talents and industry in other pursuits, *if they be religiously inclined, become enthusiasts—composing hymns or tracts—distributing Bibles*—or they implicate themselves in worldly concerns, contrary to the command of the Apostle; thus *degrading their profession*, whilst they seek in vain to serve two masters. Perhaps *they abandon God and the world, and become profligates*, to di grace not only their calling, but even their race and name."

Such is the sweeping, general description which the moderate, charitable, tranquillizing Popish Dr. Doyle gives of the Protestant established Clergy in Ireland. We believe that a more gross and scandalous misrepresentation of a respectable, virtuous, and honourable body, never issued from the press of any country. But we hasten to the excellent, judicious, and good-tempered publication of DECLAN; and we promise our readers that any attention they shall bestow on it will be well repaid by the sterling value of its contents. We begin with citing the *introduction*, as it may be called; of his letter; as a fair specimen of his manner.

"My Lord, It is recorded of an illustrious Athenian, that when assailed by the applauses of a faction among his countrymen, he was accustomed to exclaim, 'What evil have I done?' Phocion had done no evil—He was praised, because he was not known—he penetrated, and he despised the motives of their adulations.

"In the present circumstances of your Excellency, there is much to recall the saying of that great and upright man. There is a party among your countrymen who persevere in heaping on you the contumely of their approbation. They eulogize, because they cannot, or they will not, understand you. Occasionally, indeed, they have their misgivings, and then, the terms upon which their countenance is to be expected, are stated with insulting freedom. But their favourite policy is to act upon the assumption, that you could condescend to the ignoble ambition of meriting a low and factious popularity.

"These pages have been occasioned by a Letter to your Excellency, from a leader of the party to which I allude. Like that writer, I avail myself of a freedom of address, which by time, and the wise moderation of the Government, has now grown into a right of prescription. It shall be my study to respect the privilege, and to remember the high presence in which I have placed myself. Nothing, I trust, will escape me, derogatory to the great station, or the greater name, of the Marquess Wellesley—Nothing alien from the thoughts of that patriotic Viceroy, who came hither, not to change, but to administer the 'Laws;' not to think,



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or to feel, with any of our parties, but to think, and to feel for, and to moderate, them all.

"In pursuance of this resolution, I pass over many of the topics, which that writer (J. K. L.) has thought proper to introduce. He devotes much space to the expression of his feelings—feelings, which, it seems, have been wounded without provocation, but with which, probably, your Excellency does not sympathize. He is equally diffuse upon certain polemical subjects; but your Excellency has little leisure, possibly little taste, for scholastic discussions. He expatiates, also, upon the late miracles, and could tell, it seems, of many more, if he thought it prudent. Perhaps your Excellency approves of his reserve: perhaps you believe that he might say of his miracles, as Pyrrhus of his victories, 'a few more such, and I am undone.' " P. 1.

We shall proceed to adduce farther extracts from the publication of DECLAN; and shall give the principal part of his vindication of the right of the Established Church in Ireland to her property, in his own words. But previously, some of his observations on the papal system, and its effects in Ireland, deserve particular notice.

"The Papacy has a double aspect—like every other Church, it has a confession of faith—but, unlike every other, it has pretensions to secular dominion; and to these latter, its theological creed has, now for twelve centuries, been uniformly subservient. The Papacy is a state, and as such, is no less worthy the contemplation of a statesman, than any other that has ever existed. It displays a constitution as well organized—a knowledge of human nature as profound, and a system of laws as well adapted for its own purposes—as that which is justly the pride of Britain. In this well constructed and well regulated economy, the most obnoxious of these statutes, which have awakened the alarm or the disgust of Protestants, are sanctioned by the supreme authority of the constitution, and inclosed within the sacred fence of infallibility. What would your Excellency think of a judge, however profound—of a bench of magistrates, however upright—who should abjure an act of parliament? Of precisely the same value, in the Roman Church, are the protestations of any man, or any body of men, against the laws of their hierarchy.

"Thus my Lord, there is something in the essence of that Church, which will not permit Protestants to banish all apprehension. They fear, that whatever has been true of it at any time since it advanced the disastrous claim to infallibility, must be true as long as the Church has an existence. External circumstances may controul its external acts; but there will remain a spirit, unbroken and unrepented. The papal system, is a living and enduring organization, into which new masses may, from age to age, be vitally incorporated. It addresses itself, not to passion or caprice, but to

the abiding principles of sense and imagination. The enthusiasm it inspires was not felt by the inspirers—if it were, it might be as transient as that of a sect of Protestants. The master spirits of Rome were cold, subtle, and calculating men, who, deadening every impulse but that of ambition—divesting themselves of human nature, that they might the more calmly examine it in others—applied their knowledge to the attainment of universal dominion. Accordingly there never was, and there never will be, a scheme of Christianity, in which the human adjuncts so forcibly impress, and so entirely occupy the mind. Even in adversity it contrives to fascinate and sustain the imagination, by impressions of suffering, but unsubdued, majesty. Examine, my Lord, the character which the Roman Catholics under your government are at this moment exhibiting. Like the Jews of old, they consider themselves, and they are taught to do so, even by J. K. L., as exclusively the children of the Divine adoption. They believe—they are made to believe—that to them alone belong the testimony and the covenant, the priesthood and the presence; and like the Jews, they are still in expectation of some signal interference of God for his people. They are, it is true, under a temporary bondage, but they have faith in the prophets, that their redemption draweth nigh: the light of the Divine countenance has been withdrawn from them for a season, but miracles are wrought to re-assure their hearts, that, like a sun-burst, it will soon again shine out on them, and that they shall abide, unmolested, in the brightness of its glory.

“It is not alone by the multitude, that such hopes are entertained; or by the priesthood, that they are encouraged. No order amongst them is unvisited by the expectation . . . .” P. 6.

“If then, my Lord, Protestants are moved by these things, they are not to be called (though J. K. L. has no better names for them) bigots, intolerant, or of a persecuting spirit. Their emotions do not arise from any wilful or uncharitable incredulity; reluctance and regret are mingled with their conviction . . . . Whether the genius of the Roman church will admit the solemn disavowal of tenets which have been once solemnly put forth, is a question for the members of that Church to determine. In the mean time, Protestants must believe, that obligations, in themselves the most sacred, are strongly opposed to the consciences of the papal priesthood; and whatever credit they may give to J. K. L., for the sincerity of his renunciations, they strive in vain to discover his consistency.”

And now we come to the interesting and important observations of DECLAN on that part of Dr. DOYLE's publication, which immediately relates to Church property: and therefore we continue our citations, requesting the particular attention of our readers.

“One of the imputations disclaimed by J. K. L., relates to a subject which is to occupy a great portion of the following pages; it is therefore necessary to mention it here. A suspicion lingers in

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the minds of Protestants, that the Roman clergy has not resigned its pretensions to the temporalities of the Established Church. J. K. L. labours to remove this suspicion; and to prove his sincerity, he gives an argument against tithes which the Association has voted to be demonstrative. Your Excellency may judge from the subjoined remarks, whether those who still doubt, should at once be called incredulous.

"The following passage is copied from a Roman Catholic Journal (*Dublin Evening Post*, Nov. 5, 1822):—'On Sunday last, the induction of the Rev. P. Mac Namara to the Roman Catholic deanery of the diocese (Limerick), took place in St. John's Chapel, before the most crowded assembly ever witnessed within the walls of that edifice. The Right Rev. Doctors Tuohy and Mac Mahon attended in full canonicals. A *very appropriate sermon* was delivered by the Rev. Mr. Griffiths, wherein *he forcibly animadverted upon the modern levelling system, directed against church dignities and property*. He passed a handsome and well-merited encomium upon the new Dean, and then proceeded to read the Bulls which were directed to the R. C. Bishops of Limerick, Cloyne, and Cork, charging these dignitaries, or any of them, to see them duly executed, by the canonical induction of the above very reverend gentleman.'

"This article might give rise to various conjectures; but whatever may be doubtful inference, thus far is certain, that the reverend preacher and his dignified auditory do not agree with J. K. L. in their notions of church property.

"There is still another, and a more weighty, circumstance. The Roman Church has added to the commandments of God, six others, as of equal authority. Of these 'Commandments of the Church,' one is 'to pay tithes to our pastors.' So the precept stood in the earlier editions of the Roman Catholic catechism; in the twentieth edition (year 1817) it is modified into 'to contribute to the support of our pastors;' but in the twenty-second edition (year 1819) *the original words have re-appeared*. It is obvious, my Lord, from this fact, that the question of tythes has occupied, very lately, and very seriously, the attention of the titular hierarchy of Ireland. Whatever determination they may avow upon the subject, there must remain, for the government and the public, matter of grave and anxious consideration. If the command, to pay tithes, has proceeded from the supreme authority of the Church of Rome; it can be repealed or modified by no lower authority. The renunciatory statements and arguments of J. K. L. will, in this case, only confirm suspicions of a still more distressing nature, 'against the religion and policy of the body to which he belongs.' If, on the contrary, it should appear, that this and the other 'commandments of the church' have issued only from the titular bishops of Ireland, a new source of embarrassment will be opened. These commandments bind, under pain of mortal sin, a kind of sin, as it is taught, 'which brings everlasting death and damnation on the immortal

adulterator? Who will not pause to consider of these things; and who when he has considered, can say that he is satisfied? A power over the conscience, armed in all the terrors of that awful Being who proclaims himself a jealous God, is assumed by a few private men; and the matter of obligation may be changed at pleasure, silently and suddenly, according to the greater or less moderation of individuals, *perhaps according to the exigencies of a controversy, or the speculations of secular ambition.*

"Thus far, my Lord, I have considered J. K. L. as a member of an artful and domineering Hierarchy. Henceforward he appears in another and more humble character—as the cheap, perhaps the unconscious, instrument of a political faction. In this capacity, he is put forward as the author of 'an Essay on Tithes,' which the leaders of that faction have styled unanswerable. Great advantages are expected from the singular—the almost miraculous—phenomenon, of a Papal bishop protesting against the temporal claims of popery. After four centuries of possession—after three centuries more of attempts at recovery—that 'grey iniquity,' the Roman Catholic Church of Ireland is seized with the pangs of conscience; she confesses, by the mouth of a favourite son, that the ecclesiastical revenues in this country are derived from fraud, from treason and hard heartedness to the poor; in the agony of her contrition, she turns king's evidence, and supplicates for judgment upon her intrusive successor. This confession, it is hoped, will be generally edifying; and accordingly, the production of J. K. L. is destined, as we are informed, for circulation in England.

"The arguments of J. K. L.—or confessions of Mother Church, are of a novel nature, as we are told by high authority :---their exordium is certainly in a novel style. . . The Viceroy of a British Sovereign is called upon to acknowledge that tithes should have always been odious in this country;—and the argument employed is—that they are *historically connected with the introduction of British power* : he is informed that the history of Irish misfortunes may be dated from the day of their establishment, that is, from the *first act of the British dynasty*; and, in conclusion, he receives a warning, or a threat, or a prophecy, that while they continue, there will be no peace or concord in Ireland."

DECLAN then gives a concise account of the origin of the Irish Church establishment, which we regret that we have not space to introduce.

The following note to one of the passages here omitted of Declan's pamphlet, is particularly worth attention:

"Wilkins, *Concilia Magnae Britanniae*, vol. i. There is not, in this, or in any other ancient document relative to the church of Ireland, the least allusion to a distribution of the tithe, between the bishops, the poor, and the parochial clergy. The bishops were supported by the estates of their sees: the poor had their portion

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in the bounty of the Abbays, they were stript of it by Henry the Eighth, and have since received no compensation. J. K. L. was afraid to assert, *directly*, that this distribution was made in Ireland; but he insinuates it, though not with much dexterity. He says *it was done by Charlemagne*; and what he says may be true, but it is nothing to the purpose—had he said so of Henry the Second, it would have been to the purpose, but it would not have been true.

“In page 30, J. K. L. says that the church ‘possesses domains, which, if ascertained and valued, might appear more than sufficient for her support.’ Here again the writer has condescended to be a borrower. The scheme of supporting the church from her own domains, has been proposed of late by various writers. The projectors are not agreed as to the details of the plan, but the outline is, that the see-lands should be let at their full value—that the increase of revenue should be distributed among the parochial clergy, and the tithes sold for the good of the public. This has not been an idle speculation. The survey of the episcopal estates has already commenced, and of five, which have been examined, the report is as follows:—

The Primacy would produce	£140,000 a year.
Derry - - - - -	100,000
Kilmore - - - - -	100,000
Clogher - - - - -	100,000
Waterford - - - - -	70,000

To simplify the review of this plan, let us consider but one of the dioceses, suppose the Primacy. If the Primate were allowed 12,000l. a year, he would, under all the circumstances, be very handsomely treated. There would then remain 128,000l. a year, to be distributed among his clergy, that is, to each rector, more than 2,000l. this is a commutation of tithe, to which the clergy can have but little objection.

“But the estates would not produce the estimated sum, unless they were put under *proper management*. Is it meant that the same sums are not produced at present? that the wealth of which they speak, is as the ore of an unwrought mine? The only meaning is, that the tenants of the sees have an interest under their respective landlords, to the full amount of the difference between the value of the lands, and the sums paid to the bishops. When the survey has been completed, and on the same liberal scale that has been used for the five sees above mentioned, this difference will be found *not less than a million*. That is, it will be found that the *lay gentry and farmers of Ireland have an interest—and from the nature of a bishop's lease, a perpetual one, amounting to a million annually*, in the present mode of letting church lands—*This interest is to be destroyed by the project under consideration—destroyed for the good of the public*. But who, in the name of wonder, is this public, for the improvement of whose condition so much anxiety is evinced.

"But to complete the plan, the tithes are to be sold, if so, the purchasers will become tithe owners, and will naturally strive to profit by their bargains; how then are the farmers to be relieved? The proprietor of the soil, however, 'should be allowed a preference,' as a purchaser of tithe; and he can improve the condition of his people. Very true, and if he be so disposed, he may improve it under the present system—he has only to remit to his tenantry the amount of the tithe. But he wishes to *improve his estate, as well as his tenantry*. That is, he wishes to increase his rent-roll; the improvement of the tenantry will be an after consideration\*."

DECLAN then proceeds.

"Such, my Lord, as accurately as can be described in a small compass, is the history of the origin of our church establishment. It will be important to keep in mind, that the act, from which it is dated, is the very first act of the English dynasty. *All property, in this country, is the creation of some English king; and the first property so created, is that of the church.* When the synod of Cashel was held, none of the native landholders had as yet been ejected; but, *since that time, every foot of Irish territory has been frequently forfeited to the crown.* The Norman and English knights, as they successively came into possession, and the Irish chieftains, as they were re-admitted under a new tenure, received their princely portions, with a reservation of this original grant. However the present landlords may have acquired their properties, the acquisition extended only to the nine-tenths of the produce, and their title to it, when traced to the source, originates in the bounty of the crown of England. The title of the church, to its share, *is prior in time, and equal in authority.* . . . . .

"J. K. L. has received the thanks, and his reasonings the sanction, of the 'Catholic Association,' a body, which, as it is said, contains many able lawyers, and represents the mature judgments of *six millions of people.* . . . . .

"The arguments of J. K. L. may be reduced to these two heads:

"That, in general, a Christian Church cannot have a just title to permanent property.

"That the Church of Ireland, in particular, lost all title, at the time of the Reformation.

He then examines the Popish Bishop's argument given in our 196th page and exposes his *gross errors*. And yet this argument was, it seems, described by Mr. O'Connell, as "one of the most felicitous compositions" ever given to the public.

In the course of his answer to this argument, DECLAN observes.

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\* See Mr. O'Driscoll, Mr. Wakefield, the Edinburgh Review, and the tract on the Consumption of Wealth by the Clergy.

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"There is yet another instance of the *felicity* of his calculations. Judea, as it seems to Grotius and to J. K. L., was 'never rich in agriculture; hence we are expected to infer, that the portion of the priesthood was *comparatively* a small one. It never occurred to J. K. L., that the less men have, the worse they can afford to part with the tenth of it. Besides, the priests had the tithe of *all* increase, and if they obtained but little in corn, the deficiency was supplied from the flocks and herds.

"This, in an ordinary writer, might be considered as an error of inadvertence; but to J. K. L. it appears so happy a point, that he urges it a second time. He says (page 36), that at the time of the Reformation, 'the value of tithes was small, owing to the state of devastation and ruin to which the country was reduced by the civil wars. It continued so for a considerable time. Cattle, not crops was the produce of Ireland.' Here the answer is obviously the same as in the former case; the clergy had the tithe both of cattle and of crops; and their condition must be compared, not with that of their own order in other times, but with that of the lay gentry in their own times. . . .

"In the preceding quotation, the last sentence was broken off abruptly. It was cruel to dismember such 'felicity of composition,'—it would be downright Vandalism not to re-unite the scattered beauties. The whole sentence is as follows:—'Cattle, not crops, was the produce of Ireland, and the Irish Commons, by a wise vote, secured their grazing land from the inroads of the parson; had they foreseen the future state of the country, when by tillage she was to be rendered the granary of the empire, would they have assigned the tithe of this immense produce with all her princely domains to the church? I should suppose not, unless British wisdom and British justice designated other qualities than they do now.' Were this passage intended for irony, it would have some pretensions to the character of felicitous; as a specimen of serious argument, one does not know what character to give it. At a time when cattle, not crops, was the produce of Ireland, *then it was* that the clergy who had a right to the tithe of both, were limited to the tithe of crops only—that is, to the tithe of nothing, according to J. K. L. The limitation, it seems, was a *wise* one—in one sense, it might be called wise; if the intention had been to annihilate the clerical order, the means promised well. But what, after all, is human wisdom? The Irish Commons did not foresee the increase of tillage; if they had, *they would have robbed the clergy of the corn-tithe also.* . . . .

"And now it is time to turn from the felicities of this writer's manner, and attend to the graver concerns of his argument. The paragraph first quoted (page 19,) in which the Levitical is contrasted with the Christian priesthood, is pronounced, by Mr. O'Connell, 'to demonstrate the weakness and insufficiency of the title to tithes, as derived from divine right.' If such were the design of J. K. L., he might have spared your Excellency much

trouble. The Roman church asserts, as I have shown, a divine right to tithes; but her example is not followed by the church of England and Ireland; nor, indeed, is such a right in any respect necessary. The title of the Irish church ought not to be compared with that of the Jewish: each is to be compared with the title of the laity, under their respective constitutions. . . . .

“ But the main force of the ‘ demonstration’ has not yet appeared. To say the truth, it lies in ambush, being concealed by the *felicities* of our author’s stile; and were it not for the treachery of some clever writers of his school, I should have fallen upon it unawares. No one has better reason, than J. K. L., to say, ‘ *Perreunt, qui, ante nos, nostra dixerunt.*’ ”

“ This power in reserve is as follows. The Jewish priesthood descended in a family, among ‘ the children of Levi, who had equal rights to the inheritance of Jacob,’ but these rights cannot extend to the Christian priesthood, which is continued in a different manner, ‘ after the order of Melchisedec.’ Mr. O’Connell and his association have declared this argument to be at once ‘ novel in its nature,’ and ‘ demonstrative’ in its cogency. Its conclusiveness is a question of considerable moment, its novelty, of none. The learned gentlemen, however, are mistaken equally in the law, and in the fact. The thing is a poor sophism, and J. K. L. has not the humble merit of its invention.

“ In the first place, neither the church in the aggregate, nor the parson of any particular parish, claims tithes as hereditary. The reason is, because, in the contemplation of the law, neither the church nor the parson ever dies; and where there is no demise, there can be no inheritance. The church, collectively, is a corporation; so is every parson separately; and by being so, ‘ they maintain a perpetual succession, and enjoy a kind of legal immortality \*.’ This personification, and consequent perpetuity, is a principle admitted in all law, divine, civil, and international. It is thus that a state, as one person, transmits to posterity, rights and obligations, pleads and acknowledges the faith of ancient treaties. As the state, so the church, is one person to the constitution. Communities of Christians, not incorporated in a connexion with the state, are voluntary societies, which, in the contemplation of the legislature, have no vital principle of unity or continuation. But the act, which annexes one of them to the state, endows it with a participation of its own unchanging identity. The living organization is one and indivisible, although communicated successively to different masses; ‘ and all the individual members, that have existed from the foundation to the present time, or that ever shall hereafter exist, are but one person in law, a person that never dies†.’ ”

“ Besides aggregate corporations, there are others, called sole, as consisting, at a given time, of a single individual. By the act of

\* Blackstone, Book I. Cap. 18.

† Blackstone, *ibid.*



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incorporation, these legal persons, like the former, are exempted from mortality, and invested with rights as perpetual as their existence. Such is the King, who to the Constitution, never dies. Such too, is the Parson of every Parish. 'The law,' says Blackstone, 'has wisely ordained, that the parson, *quatenus* a parson, shall never die, any more than the King, by making him and his successors a corporation. By which means, all the original rights of the parsonage are preserved entire to the successor; for the present incumbent, and his predecessor, who lived seven centuries ago, are in law one and the same person, and what was given to the one, was given to the other \*.' It follows, therefore, that in the spirit of the constitution, the clergy of the present day have been presented to their livings by Henry the Second; that they have the same rights, which they ever had, to a tenth of all increase, and that no series of illegal vexations can accumulate into law against their original claims.

"It is an ignorant and false assumption of these writers, that the tenure of the clergy is the same as that of military or fiscal officers. Such persons are supported by taxes; the clergy by their own property. A tax is that *portion of the property of the subject*, which is levied by the state, according to its exigences. The income of the clergy is no deduction from such property; tithes never were part of any property now in existence; and were the clerical order abolished, they would remain without a legal claimant. Those who call themselves landed proprietors, would have no more right to them, than a horde of Cossacks. On the other hand, tithes are, in the strictest sense, the property of the Church. By history, as well as by the genius of the Constitution, all property in Ireland is the gift of the British Crown; the first gift was to the Church.

"Again, civil, military, and fiscal functionaries have never been formed into corporations; they have no franchises—no succession—no existence in the sight of the Constitution. Had such corporations been endowed in the days of Henry Plantagenet, and continued to the present time, *then*, indeed, they would be analogous to the clergy, but *then*, it would not suit the purposes of these writers, to institute a comparison. In these days of military and financial importance, corporations of soldiers and fiscal officers, projected into society from the imposing back-ground of seven centuries of antiquity, would produce upon a more robust statesman than the author of the state of Ireland, an awe, if not religious, at least sufficiently reverential to check all intermeddling.

"It is an error common to all these writers, to *confound inheritance, in general, and inheritance by family descent*. There may be various modes of incorporation, by which the several natural persons are successively transfused into that legal person, whom, for the time being, they represent. But this variety does not affect the continued individuality of that legal person, or the continued right by

which it is accompanied. Nothing more is necessary for securing these objects, than that due provision should be made for the appointment of a successor to the demised individual—this being done, the person created by the law, is imperishable. There is no peculiar virtue, as is pretended by J. K. L. and those from whom he borrows, in succession or inheritance, by family descent. Without the benefit of a social convention, such inheritance has no existence. *A family, considered as the possessor of property, is not a being of nature, but the creature of the law.* It is, indeed, a maxim of the law, that ‘lands are not naturally descendible.’ It is the province of law, to determine the order, in which the various members of a family shall succeed. Whether females shall inherit . . . . The very words, ‘heir’ and ‘inheritance,’ as they are used by J. K. L. and others of his school, are sophisms in themselves. They insinuate that consanguinity is an indefeasible right to inheritance, neither requiring law to confirm, nor admitting law to annul, its validity. *Substitute for ‘heir,’ the full term ‘heir at law,’* and what is the amount of their arguments? The new bishop or rector is as much the *heir at law* of his predecessor, as a Levitical Minister was among the Jews, or, as with us, the young squire is, of his father or uncle.

“Law, then, is decisive against the hypothesis, that lands descend in families, by natural necessity, or divine right: nor will history be found more favourable.”

Here Declan further enforces his argument by a reference to History, and adds,

“Neither is it unknown, (although there is a decorum in true allegiance, which, except on grave occasions, will not suffer it to be recollected,) that the throne itself, the source of all property, does not descend in necessary connexion with the course of blood. Our Sovereigns inherit, according to the statute of William and Mary, ‘for settling the succession to the Crown.’ The succession is fixed in a family; but the order of succession is determined, neither by divine right, nor by the course of nature, nor by the line of descent in private families, but by the special provisions of the statute.

“By this last consideration, the argument of J. K. L. and his predecessors is brought—where, doubtless, they did not intend to place it—into downright Jacobinism. . . . .

“I have now, my Lord, brought the church establishment to the time of the Reformation; and, as I trust, brought it in safety. After all, I do not apprehend, that *so far*, I shall find a *very serious* antagonist in J. K. L. He speaks of the ‘*possessions of the ancient Irish church*,’ in terms of such softened animosity, that we may easily believe him ‘rather in sorrow than in anger.’ . . . .

“Henceforward, he is quite in earnest. His object is to prove, that the title of ‘the ancient church,’ whatever it might be, has not legitimately descended to ‘the Protestant clergy:’ he does not like to call the establishment a church.

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"A very brief answer might suffice for this objection. Failure of title must arise from one of two causes; the one, a legal forfeiture; the other, a chasm in the legal line of succession. The former of these operated to the removal of the Roman clergy: let us see whether the latter can be asserted of the reformed. The case will stand thus.—

"The church of Ireland, on submitting to the Pope, was invested with certain temporalities by Henry II. Again:

"The church of Ireland, on renouncing the Pope, was confirmed in its temporalities by Henry VIII.

"If the investiture were valid, there is no reason for objecting to the re-investiture. This admission, and the renunciation of Papal supremacy were equally essential, or equally unessential things; and if the church survived the one, we may be allowed to believe that it was not annihilated by the other. There was no disruption of continuity at the Reformation; the prescribed changes were adopted by a number of the bishops and clergy, quite sufficient to preserve the derivative character of the priesthood, and maintain the requisite unity of organization. These circumstances, sufficient (as they would be) to prove the continued catholicity of the church, are abundantly conclusive for its continued identity, as a legal and constitutional incorporation.

"J. K. L. rather insinuates, than presses, an objection to this identity; doubtless, however, it was intended to have its force. The church, before the Reformation, is called the Irish, the *ancient* Irish church; but from the time of Henry the VIIIth. to that of William the IIIrd., it is said to have been composed of '*new adventurers*' and '*holy harpies*' from England. The argumentative value of this objection is worthy of the spirit from which it proceeds; but it gives an opportunity for a few remarks. That many of the reformed clergy were Englishmen is true; but it is an opprobrium which they share with multitudes of their predecessors. Any, who look at the lists of our bishops and abbots before the Reformation, will find a great proportion of Norman and English names. Those who have read our history must remember, that the countries were connected but a very short time, when the native clergy complained of the number of *foreigners*.

"The foreigners would have been multiplied in the interval referred to by J. K. L., *even had there been no change of religion in England*. . . . But, if in England religion wanted to be reformed, in Ireland it wanted to be humanized; the abuses were of such a nature, and so inveterate in the national habits, that they could not have been reclaimed, *even to the popery of a civilized kingdom*, without the removal of many of the priesthood. In this case, as well as in that which happened at the Reformation, custom, obstinacy, pride of country, or personal attachment to particular ecclesiastics, might have prevented the adoption of the regenerated form. . . . .

"These things are not mentioned, either from a spirit of polemical recrimination, or from a sense that they are necessary to the

argument. But they are truths—they have been suppressed by J. K. L.—and he may justify the suppression if he can.

“There remain now, my Lord, only two things to be established.

“That the unreformed clergy were constitutionally ejected.

“That this ejectment does not either invalidate the right of property in the church, or imply a right of resumption in the crown.

“The ejectment was constitutional. This, I presume will scarcely be questioned even by J. K. L. and the ‘Catholic Association.’ It was the genius of popery in those days to deny the sovereignty of a merely secular prince. The distinctions, between temporal and spiritual supremacy, which J. K. L. and his brethren have discovered, (*but have not defined,*) were then unknown. The Papal clergy of Ireland believed and taught, that the King was the liege vassal of the Pope; that he held his thrones as fiefs from the Holy See, and might be dispossessed at the pleasure of his Lord. A connexion was impossible, between such a church, and a state which aspired to be independent.

“It is, indeed, pretended by J. K. L. that the Crown transferred church property from the Papal to the reformed clergy, *upon a supposition*, which has not since been realized. This is silly aimed, but it does not penetrate. The deprivation of the Papal clergy is one thing—the transfer of their property to another class is quite another. The positive good of the new order of things was a matter of calculation, of wrong calculation, if J. K. L. will have it so; but the positive evil of the old order of things was a matter of experience. The new priesthood was, at all events, negatively good; and surely the state gained something when, instead of a restless and traitorous faction, it acquired a body of servants, who gave their allegiance without reservation or alloy.

“The history of the times presents us with an analogous case. Within the same period which J. K. L. deplures, as the era of the ejectment of the *ancient church*, all, or nearly all, the lay proprietors of the country were dispossessed, and for a similar reason. Like the clergy, they had violated the conditions, which the state found to be essential to its well-being: both were corrupt masses within the body politic, and, after a long struggle, both were finally thrown off by the *vis medicatrix* of the constitution. Accordingly, both classes were alike disinherited; the Crown re-entered upon its original rights, and exercised anew its prerogative of donation. What positive advantages the state derives from the new proprietors, may be equally questioned in both cases. J. K. L. probably believes, that my Lord Lansdown, who is an absentee, or the farmers of Cavan, who are Orangemen, are no less useless—no less pernicious—members of society, than ‘Dr. Magee’ himself. Still the ejectment, in both cases, was just and necessary, and restoration hopeless. The *ancient church*, and the *ancient families*, are equally extinct as landed proprietors: ‘they were lovely in their lives, and in death they are not divided.’

“I have now arrived, my Lord, at the second proposition; that

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the right of ejectment, in the Sovereign, does not imply a right of resumption, or affect the title of the present church. It is very true, that as the Crown is the source from which all property emanates, so it is the centre to which all property tends. But, except in the two cases of extinction and forfeiture, this tendency is neutralized by the antagonist powers of the law. The Crown, when it parts with property, to a family or a corporation, gives away a title as valid as it possessed. It has not, therefore, a right of resumption. It cannot re-possess itself of the lands, which, in the period so often mentioned, it conferred upon the Scotch settlers in the north, or the English soldiers in the south; neither can it re-enter on the property of the church.

"But the law is fertile in analogies to my purpose . . . . When Henry the Second signed the Acts of the Synod of Cashel, and thereby endowed the Church, the Crown *relinquished the right of property, and assumed the right of visitation*. As the forms of the constitution became more popular, and the importance of a religious establishment was more generally felt to be a national concern, the visitatorial authority was communicated to the Parliament: that which at first belonged to the Sovereign alone, was vested in the King, Lords, and Commons, in the same fulness, and with the same limitations. In virtue of this right, the Crown, (or the State, as the case may be,) made such alterations as, in its wisdom, it deemed expedient; it deprived recusant members, and substituted others, according to the usual forms of incorporation. In this manner, the establishment preserved its constitutional identity, with those privileges and emoluments which that identity implies.

"I come now to consider the objections of J. K. L. He says, that '*the only end, which the law had, or ought to have had, in view when it gave the possessions of the Irish Church to the Protestant Clergy,*' was that the mass of the people might become Protestants; that this end has not been and cannot be, attained; and that therefore, '*by the laws of nature and of God,*' the state is bound to revoke its grant.

"It is not easy, my Lord, to determine what we shall most admire in this reasoning—the narrow-mindedness of the bigot, the abstraction of the schoolman, or the flippant arrogance of the modern demagogue. The substance of it is taken from Mr. O'Driscoll's Essay on Tithe; yet '*the Association*' may not have been wrong in voting him an original—there is a *felicity* in his manner, which almost appropriates every thing he seizes:

'Contactuque omnia fœdat

Immundo, tum vox tetrum dira inter odorem.'

"I have not, my Lord, sufficient sagacity, to penetrate into the secret thoughts of princes and their cabinets: on such subjects, I am probably as ignorant as J. K. L. himself. But without searching so deeply, it is easy to refute every part of this impudent passage.

"In the first place it may be proved, that the end which he assigns, was not the only, or even the principal end, proposed by the

government, or pursued by the Church. I have already mentioned that one important end was attained, in the removal of a disaffected priesthood. Such was the Papal priesthood of former times, and with former times only, is the argument concerned.—But to return. The Church prescribes to its ministers no missionary duties—and it would have prescribed them, had the state commanded. Nor would an express command have been necessary; by the ordinary influence of the Crown, a missionary character might easily have been given to the clergy. . . . It is probable, indeed, that a missionary zeal will now spread among our ministry. Popery has thrown open her ancient armouries, and drawn forth the poisoned weapons of her warfare. Protestantism will be no less vigilant on her side—J. K. L. and his associates may have reason to repent their insolent aggressions,

“ But if this was not the only end of government, J. K. L. says that it *ought* to have been.”

Having shewn Dr. Doyle's errors on this subject, and observed on the gross inconsistency of the charges brought against the Established Church in Ireland, on account of her wealth, DECLAN adds,

“ J. K. L. is zealous for the restoration of apostolical poverty, and, in the vehemence of his zeal, he urges the government to a holy war upon the possessions of the Church. What evidence can he adduce, that his own order has adopted the poverty of the apostles? How will he explain away the *commandment* of his Church?—Is not that Church looking wistfully after her ancient grandeur? *Is she not now, in her comparative adversity, receiving as much as the Establishment?* Her bishops, probably, do not receive as much, nor perhaps her priests in the North of Ireland. But, through the rest of the island, it is notorious, that the *income of the parish priests, and still more of their curates, is greater than that of the same ranks among the established clergy.* J. K. L. speaks, in terms sufficiently contemptuous, of a *regium donum*; good reason he has to reject it. Besides, my Lord, the *tithes do not come from the poor man; not so with the revenues of the priest.* The entire system of his profession is one vast engine for grinding down the poor; its hundred arms catch the victim at every turn, and—on with the purgatory which has been invented for a similar purpose—he is not suffered to escape, *until he has paid the last farthing.*

“ J. K. L. says, that ‘those who receive tithes are not the pastors of the people,’ *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* This may be a good reason why J. K. L. should be angry; but no reason why tithes should not be paid. The Clergy, as the impropiators, claim tithes by the law of the land. J. K. L. has not impugned the title of the Duke of Devonshire; and his Grace holds no less than twenty livings. Why not be equally lenient to a parson who holds but one?”

“ J. K. L. has shewn too, although incidentally, that the tithe system in Ireland, has been of incalculable benefit.—When the

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House of Commons, by a wise vote, secured their grazing lands from the inroads of the parson, cattle not crops, was the produce of Ireland,' (page 36.) Roused by the wisdom of the Commons, and recollecting, perhaps, the policy of Charlemagne, the *hitherto lazy parsons began to encourage agriculture.* J. K. L. acquaints us with the result. 'By tillage, Ireland has been rendered the granary of the empire, and exports, after maintaining her own vast population, corn to the value of several millions annually,' (page 36.) And now, my Lord, can J. K. L. deny, that the Established Church is an advantage to Ireland, and to the empire?"

But we must stop, though there is much more in this excellent pamphlet, which we are desirous to bring under our reader's notice. We earnestly recommend the whole of this admirable publication to the attention of the public; and we do not hesitate, on their behalf, to return the warmest thanks to its able and enlightened author.

We have been so long detained by the superior importance of DECLAN'S publication, that we have scarcely any space left for remarks on the third pamphlet whose title appears at the head of this article. We should not, however, be able to promise our readers, that they would find much novelty in that pamphlet. But it embraces all the subjects of Dr. Doyle's performance, and contains various just observations; some particularly on our Liturgy. We feel the less regret at being obliged to confine ourselves to making favourable mention of it *generally*; as a critic may possibly be not well qualified to do justice to its merits, immediately after his perusal of the masterly pages of DECLAN. There are, however, two quotations in the pamphlet before us, which, notwithstanding our present extremely narrow limits, we shall submit to our readers. The observations on church property by Mr. Burke, in his celebrated pamphlet on the French Revolution, are so well known, that we may pass over the citations from his work, in the publication now under our notice; more particularly, as the same citations have been lately before the public, in another and valuable pamphlet on church property in Ireland, written under the signature of S. N.\*; and attributed to a Member of the Episcopal bench of that country. But, for those amongst our readers who may not yet have perused the late Charge of the Archbishop of Cashel, we give the following quotation from his just remarks on church property in Ireland.

"It must, I admit, be a point of indifference to the revenue of the state, whether the proprietor of the soil, or the rector of the ~~parish~~, profit by the tenth of its produce; but it cannot be a point

of indifference to the *well-being* of the State, whether that portion be bestowed on one who is *thereby bound* to the discharge of certain *official obligations*, of certain *religious and social duties* towards those amongst whom he resides, (and we desire it to be remembered, that *residence* is one of his '*official obligations*;' ) or upon one, who would be bound by it, to *no official obligation whatsoever*. The latter may indeed covet the property of the former; but, were he to obtain possession of it, it would be a possession which the title-deeds of his estate have not conveyed to him, and which *no law of the land ever recognized as his*; it would be a direct *spoliation*, as *impolitic as unjust*.

The other quotation to which we have alluded, is from a speech made in Parliament by Lord Maryborough, then Mr. Wellesley Pole, and Chief Secretary for Ireland. This quotation was also in the pamphlet of S. N. from which the author of the publication now before us appears to have taken it. The statement of Lord Maryborough should be particularly attended to.

"I asked an honourable friend of mine this morning, a part of whose estate is *tithe-free*, what was the difference of the rent which he received for the land that was *tithe-free*, and for that which was not? He told me he received *ten shillings an acre more for the land that was tithe-free* than he did for the other. I then asked him what was the amount of the tithe on that part of his land of *equal quality*, and contiguous to the other, which was subject to it? He said, about *fourteen pence per acre*."

Here we have at least one remarkable instance, to shew the nature of the benefit which the Irish peasantry might derive from all their lands being made *tithe-free*; and one proof of the galling and intolerable burden, which (according to the *popish Bishop Doyle*,) the payment of tithes to the *Protestant Clergy* imposes on them. Truly, if Lord WELLESLEY, by the nominal abolition of tithes in Ireland, but, in effect, their transfer into the hands of *rack-rent Landlords* and oppressive *Middlemen*, shall conduct the peasantry of that country "into a land flowing with milk and honey—the joy of all lands," he will not merely be the *Moses*, but the *HOHENLOHE of Ireland*.

Dr. Doyle may be assured, that however the execution of his proposed transfer of Irish tithes might gratify the hostile feelings of himself and the rest of the *Popish priests*, against the Protestant church, and gain popularity amongst a number of selfish persons, who would hope to participate in the *spoil*; it would injure rather than serve the Irish Roman Catholic populace; while such inflammatory publications as that with which he has favoured them—fit aids to the speeches of his friend and example, Mr. O'Connell—must



contribute to mar or impede the best efforts for the amelioration of their condition.

#### TO OUR READERS.

Notice having been given in Parliament, that questions of importance relative to the Church in Ireland, will be brought forward early in March; we have been obliged to give, in our present Number, the whole of the above long article, which under other circumstances we should have divided. We trust that the pressing importance of the subject, at this crisis, will plead our excuse for the extraordinary length of the article, which has compelled us, most reluctantly to defer two critiques we had prepared. They shall appear in our next publication.

Had we not cited *fully* from Dr. Doyle's performance, what he adduced as reasons for his proposed transfer of tithes, we might appear to have used the Popish Doctor unfairly; and had we, in any representation of the answer of DECLAN, mutilated *his* arguments, we should have treated Him and the Public with injustice.

### MONTHLY LIST OF PUBLICATIONS.

#### DIVINITY.

- The Book of the Church. By Robert Southey, L.L.D. 2 Vols. 8vo. 11. 4s.
- The Universal Diffusion of the Christian Faith considered in a Sermon, preached at St. Martin's, Leicester, Nov. 24, 1823; being the Third Anniversary of the District Committee of the Societies for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for the Propagation of the Gospel in Foreign Parts, established in the County of Leicester. By the Rev. G. Beresford, M.A., Rector of St. Andrew's, Holborn. 8vo. 1s. 6d.
- The Churchmen's Song of Praise, a Sermon preached upon the Opening of the Organ in Gateshead Church, Jan. 25, 1824. By the Rev. C. Thorp, B.D. Rector of Ryton, &c. 8vo. 1s.
- A Catechism on the Nature, Constitution, Government, and Authority of the Christian Church. By L. Matthias, Curate of Megavissey, Cornwall. 3d.
- A Village Sermon, on the Usefulness and Delight of Psalm Singing, preached in the Parish Church of St. Stephen, Herts. By the Rev. T. Clarke, A.B. Curate. 8vo. 1s.
- A Sequel to the Grammar of Sacred History, being a Paraphrase on the Epistles and Gospels for every Sunday throughout the year; with Explanatory Notes. By M. A. Rundall. 12mo. 4s. 6d. bound.
- Orin and Lamech; or, the Comparative Numbers of Seven and Seventy times Seven, illustrative of the 15th, 23d, and 24th Verses of the 4th Chapter of Genesis: a Dissertation, by the Rev. Wm. Vansittart, Vicar of White Waltham, and Master of Wigston's Hospital, Leicester. 8vo. 2s.
- Three Letters addressed to Mr. C. Wellbeloved, Tutor of the Unitarian College, York; occasioned by his Epistolary Attack on a late Visitation Charge of the Ven. and Rev. F. Wrangham, M.A. Archdeacon of Cleveland. By the Rev. J. Oxley, Rector of Scawton, and Curate of Stonegrave. 8vo. 4s. 6d.
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- A Sermon on the Christian Priesthood. By the Rev. E. Berens, M.A. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 3d.
- A Sermon on the Lord's Supper. By the Rev. E. Berens, M.A. late Fellow of Oriel College, Oxford. 3d.
- The Evidence of Christianity, derived from its Nature and Reception. By J.

## Monthly List of Publications.

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B. Sumner, M.A. Prebendary of Durham, Vicar of Maple Durham, Oxon. and late Fellow of Eton College. 8vo. 10s. 6d.

A Commentary on the Vision of Zechariah the Prophet; with a corrected Translation and Critical Notes. By the Rev. J. Stonard, D.D. Rector of Aldingham, Lancashire. 8vo. 14s.

Practical Sermons, selected from the Manuscripts of the Rev. J. Skinner, D.D. late Rector of Poulshot, &c. In 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s.

A Plain and Popular Defence of the Worship of Jesus Christ by the Christian Church. By A. Crichton, M.A. Curate of Badlesmere, Kent. 19mo. 2s.

A Sermon on Gaming; occasioned by Recent Deplorable Events, and preached Jan. 11, 1824. By the Rev. J. L. Chirol, A.M. Chaplain to His Majesty, &c. 1s. 6d.

A Dissertation upon the Nature and Service of Slavery under the Levitical Law; with Reflections on the Change which Christianity has made in the Condition of Servants. By the Rev. B. Bailey, M.A. Curate of Burton on Trent. 8vo. 2s.

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### LAW.

The Law of Libel. By R. Mence, Esq. Barrister at Law. 15s.

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A Letter to the Archbishop of Canterbury, on the Subject of Church Property. By a Clergyman. 2s. 6d.

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A Compendious View of the History of the Darker Ages, comprehending a General Sketch of the Roman and Barbarian History: with Genealogical Tables. By C. Chatfield, Esq. 8vo. 7s. 6d.

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### BIOGRAPHY.

Memorials of Columbus; or, a Collection of Authentic Documents of that Celebrated Navigator. Translated from the Spanish and Italian. 8vo. 18s.

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## MISCELLANEOUS.

Lectures upon Locke's Essay on the Human Understanding. By the Rev. D. Lardner, of the University of Dublin, and M.R.I.A. Part I. 4s.

A Selection of the Geological Memoirs contained in the *Annales des Mines*. By H. T. De La Beche, Esq. F.R.S. 8vo. 18s.

A Grammar of Infinite Forms; or, the Mathematical Elements of Ancient Philosophy and Mythology. By W. Howison. Post 8vo. 5s.

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Private Correspondence of Wm. Cowper, Esq. with Several of his Most Intimate Friends. Now first published from the Originals in the possession of his Kinsman, J. Johnson, L.L.D. Rector of Yaxham with Welborne, in Norfolk. In 2 Vols. 8vo. 1l. 8s.

## LITERARY INTELLIGENCE.

The Rev. W. S. Gilly will shortly publish *A Narrative of an Excursion to the Mountains of Piemont*, in the Year 1823, and Researches among the Vaudois; with Illustrations of the very Interesting History of these Protestant Inhabitants of the Cottian Alps, with an Appendix containing Important Documents from Ancient MSS. In One Volume, Quarto; with a Map and other Engravings.

Captain Brooke has nearly ready for the Press, *A Narrative of a Short Residence in Norwegian Lapland*; with an Account of a Winter's Journey, performed with Rein Deer, through Norwegian Russia and Swedish Lapland, interspersed with numerous Plates and various Particulars relating to the Laplanders.

A Work is in the Press, entitled *Olympia*. Topography, illustrative of the actual State of Olympia, and the Ruins of the City of Elis. By John Spencer Stanhope, Esq. F.R.S. Correspondent of the Institute of France. In Imperial Folio; with numerous Plates engraved by G. Cooke, John Pye, E. Finden, &c. &c. from Drawings by Mr. Dewint.

A Society, under the Patronage of His Majesty, has been long established, for abolishing the Practice of employing Children to sweep Chimnies. A Volume, in Prose and Verse, to be entitled *The Climbing Boy's Album*; containing Contributions from some of the most Eminent Writers of the Day, illustrated with Engravings from designs by Mr. Cruikshank, will be published in the course of the present Season.

Mr. Charles Westmacott will publish early in April, *BRITISH GALLERIES of ART*, arranged in One Volume, illustrated with Portraits and Views of the Principal Galleries. It will be dedicated to His Majesty.

THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
FOR MARCH, 1824.

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ART. I. *The Protestant's Companion, or, a reasonable Preservative against the Errors, Corruptions, and unfounded Claims, of a superstitious and idolatrous Church; with a Chapter respectfully addressed to our Governors, and another to the Clergy. By the Rev. Charles Daubeny, LL.D., Archdeacon of Sarum. 8vo. 408 pp. 9s. Rivingtons. 1824.*

THE author of this valuable work has been long known to the readers of the *British Critic*, as one of the most eminent apologists of the discipline and doctrines of the Established Church. After having devoted a long and well-spent life to a firm but temperate support of the real rights of our ecclesiastical polity, it is with no little propriety, that he has devoted the evening of his days to this manly and judicious protest against the exorbitant and exclusive claims of the Romish priesthood. In this respect, we think, that the Archdeacon of Sarum may challenge such a character for consistency in his writings, as it does not fall to many authors to possess. It is perfectly natural, that the antagonist of schismatics should bear his testimony against those overweening pretensions of Popery, which would place the whole of Christendom besides itself, in a state of schism, would destroy the unity of the Church at the very moment of asserting it, and which, by seeking to tyrannize over the rights of others, has called forth a spirit of licentiousness that spurns at all ecclesiastical order and authority.

Nor is it less pleasing to consider the good effect which such exertions may produce on the minds of all candid and reflecting Protestants. From such an example, they will learn how remote is an acknowledgment of the just and legitimate claims of the Church from that monstrous and despotic tyranny, which not only denies the rights of conscience to individuals, but which denounces the claims of all national and independent Churches. Hence they will perceive the falsity of those calumnies which confound the advocates of ecclesiastical order and of Christian liberty, with the blind

and servile tools of a base and degrading superstition. "Civil liberty," says Claudian, "never appears more beautiful and decorous, than under a pious monarchy;"—and ecclesiastical liberty, we may add, never appears to such advantage as when advocated by those who have distinguished themselves by their resistance to the innovations of schism and heresy.

It is with such claims to public attention, and with such recollections of former services, that Archdeacon Daubeny now comes forward as the defender of the rights and privileges of the English Church. To those who are acquainted with his former works, it is needless to say, that he writes not only with a complete command of temper, but with that candour and ingenuousness which disdains to take any advantage of the faults and frailties of his opponent. Here the reader will be amused by no rejoinders of invective, and by no echoes of sarcasm. Every thing is calmly and dispassionately discussed, and is brought in a plain and straightforward manner to the test. There is, throughout the whole, such a manifest superiority of knowledge and power, without any effort at display, that all struggle is superseded, and the victory is awarded, without the noise and hurry of a triumph.

In his first chapter, Archdeacon Daubeny very properly criticizes the title of the work which he proposes to refute—"A Defence of the Christian Religion during the last thirteen Centuries."

"Against this title I feel myself called upon to enter my decided protest, because it is fraught with notorious fallacy. Under the title of 'Defence of the Christian Religion,' the purchaser of this work is obviously led to expect a defence of those important and fundamental doctrines which constitute the essence of Christianity. But instead of those essential doctrines in which all true Christians are deeply interested, the reader finds himself put off with a long train of trifling evasions, intended to explain away the *unequivocal* language of a positive commandment; accompanied with a tedious assemblage of plausible palliations of some of the corrupt doctrines of the Church of Rome, by one of her own accredited priests. For the publication in question does not contain a defence of the Christian religion, as it was professed by the primitive Church, but for the most part a defence of those unscriptural doctrines, which the packed council of Trent thought fit to add to the Apostolic creed, against which the Church of Christ in a state of purity must ever revolt. A manœuvre which does not appear to be of the most creditable kind, and which can take shelter only under the well-known *jesuitical* maxim, of the 'end justifying the means.' With equal propriety, I might say, with equal honesty, might a writer, having put together a defence of the *Oliverian Protectorate*, send it forth into the world, under the imposing title of 'a Defence of the English Constitution'." P. 5.

He then remarks, that in using the denomination of Papist instead of Catholic, he cannot give any just cause of offence to those who blasphemously distinguish the head of their Church by the title of "our Lord God the Pope," (p. 8.) Much as we had heard of the monstrous language made use of by the Romish Church, we must confess we were strangers to this excess of blasphemy, till we met with the following passage, which is given on the authority of an eye-witness.

"As yet the horns of St. Peter had not begun to bud. He was as yet the humble disciple of the humblest Master. But how would his colleagues in office, his brother Apostles have been astonished, could they have looked forward and seen, what I have seen, this boasted successor of St. Peter, riding in a chair of state, elevated on men's shoulders, into the Church of St. Peter's at Rome, having his crowns carried before him, with his fan-flappers walking on each side, to prevent troublesome flies from incommoding his Holiness; followed by a long train of attendants and guards; and in this parading state carried to an elevated seat at the east end of the church above the altar, there to receive the homage of the cardinals, bishops, and priests; the first kissing his hand, the second his knee, and the last his foot. How would his brother Apostles have been astonished to have heard this self-exalted personage affecting the divine title of infallibility, assuming to himself the absolute and uncontrouled use of the keys, asserting his decrees to be of the same or greater authority than the word of God, absolutely necessary, as Bellarmine asserts, 'whether they are expressly found in scripture or not.' How would they have been astonished beyond measure, to have heard their brother Apostle styled, 'Our Lord God, the Pope, another God upon earth, King of kings, and Lord of lords:' and to have been given to understand, that these, and the like blasphemies, were not only allowed, but even approved, encouraged, and rewarded in the writers of the Church of Rome; and were not only the extravagancies of private writers, but the language of even public decretals and acts of council; so that they would consider the Pope evidently answering to the description given by St. Paul, of that *supreme personage*, who 'sitteth as God in the temple of God, shewing himself that he is God.' 2 Thess. xxviii. 2—4." P. 28.

The second chapter treats "Of the usurped supremacy of the Pope, and the boasted universality of the Church of Rome." This shows, by an appeal to the early authors, that no such claims were made, till Phocas conferred the title of "universal Bishop" on Boniface the Third; and the absurdity of setting up any such pretences, as the succession of St. Peter, is still more clearly evinced by reference to Scripture. With respect to the universality of the Romish Church, Archdeacon Daubeney satisfactorily shows, that the

derivation of the orders of our English clergy remains quite independent of any subjection to the Papal throne.

“ ‘ Always,’ says Giraldus Cambrensis, ‘ until the full conquest of Wales, by Henry the First, the Bishops of Wales were consecrated by the Archbishop of St. David’s, and he likewise was consecrated by other Bishops, as his suffragans, without professing any manner of subjection to any other Church.’ ” P. 37.

The origin of this unfounded claim, as the Archdeacon observes, arises, “ from want of due discrimination, by making the universal Church, and the Church of Rome, synonymous appellations,” (p. 45,) and by confining the promises made to the universal Church to that particular communion. “ Hence their common misinterpretations of such expressions ‘ there is no salvation out of the Church,’ ” &c.

In the third chapter the doctrine of “ transubstantiation ” is most clearly refuted, on the grounds both of common sense and of Scripture; and it is shown that this doctrine “ was first made an article of faith by the Lateran council in 1215,” (p. 56.) Nor does the modern refinement of this doctrine, which interprets it with respect “ to the spiritualized and immortal body which Christ possessed after his resurrection,” (p. 73,) escape without its due chastisement, for the Archdeacon clearly evinces that there is no more scriptural authority for such an interpretation, than for the more gross error which heretofore connected it with the mortal body of Christ.

But, aware of the proneness of mankind to run from one extreme into another, Dr. Daubeny here very prudently disclaims the erroneous doctrine of Bishop Hoadley on the sacrament, claiming for our Church a belief in the real and spiritual presence of Christ, but denying his corporal presence, (p. 89,) and he shows that a great part of the errors which have arisen on this subject have been owing to the forgetfulness of this important distinction; it being equally erroneous to insist on the corporal presence which constitutes the Romish doctrine of transubstantiation, and to deny that real presence without which the sacraments are reduced to mere empty signs.

The fourth chapter treats of “ Image worship and idolatry.” Mr. Baines having protested against the *strong* language of our homilies on this subject, the Archdeacon very aptly introduces his own personal observations, when abroad, in corroboration of this grave accusation against the Romish Church.

“ Now having travelled through the whole extent of the Romish

countries, from the northern to the southern extremity; I may consider myself to be some tolerable judge in this case. After having then seen the Lady of Loretto's wardrobe, and been astonished at the immense collection of ornaments, 'the precious vestures, the pearls and stones,' which infatuated devotees have, from time to time, provided and heaped together in profuse abundance, for the decking of her idolized personage, the language of our Reformers does not, to me, appear to be one bit too strong for the subject to which it is applied: on the contrary, that they were fully justified in contrasting the tawdry frippery of an idolatrous Church, so ostentatiously displayed on all occasions, with the 'sincere simplicity of the true Church of God, as a chaste matron, espoused; as the Scripture teacheth, to one husband, our Saviour Jesus Christ.'

"And although there is no probability, that her Ladyship of Loretto will undergo a second transportation across sea and land, for the purpose of fixing her residence in this Protestant country; still as we have had, in days of yore, a *Lady of Walsingham*, and a *Lady of Ipswich*, of our own; and, as it is probable, in case the Church of Rome should ever regain her dominion in this country, that these ladies will be again brought to life among us, it may not be unnecessary, judging from the aspect of the present times; to put unsuspecting Christians on their guard." P. 120.

He then shows the utter want of fairness in his antagonist, in attempting to confound the figure of a cross; when placed on the top of St. Paul's as "an appropriate emblem of Christianity," with its superstitious use as an object of adoration in the Romish Church.

"Whilst at Rome I made an excursion, in company with the *Pere Gardien* of the convent of St. Clement, to see the fall at Tivoli. The good father took us to a house of one of his friends at Tivoli, where we had a cold collation. In the midst of our repast, the window being open a pigeon flew in. On sight of which, our host, in a fit of pious extacy, with his hands and eyes lifted up, immediately exclaimed, 'O Padre, Padre, ecco lo Spirito Sancto.' 'O Father, Father, behold the Holy Ghost.' To which the good father, *crossing himself*, nodded his reverential assent. Now as Protestants are not to be found crawling up the aisles of their Churches in pious adoration, to kiss a crucifix placed at the altar, or heard apostrophizing the emblematic dove in the window of a Church, as the *person of the Holy Ghost*; these appropriate emblems must be considered, by every man of common understanding, to be very different things in an English Church, from what they are when exhibited in the Churches of Rome." P. 126.

As to the pretence that their images are not themselves objects of worship, but are merely emblems to excite devotion,



the Archdeacon remarks that it is the very same apology which the heathens of old made to cover their pagan idolatry, (p. 133.) Our readers will, we are sure, thank us for laying before them the following observations of Mr. Daubeny, which he made on his foreign travels.

“ To bear testimony to the universal prevalence of this ridiculous superstition in Popish countries, I am fully competent; but that I may not trespass on my reader, I shall confine myself to some few of the many particulars that have fallen under my notice. The Virgin Mary and St. Anthony appeared to me, to have engrossed the greater part of this gainful trade to themselves; their altars seldom failing to be hung with the greatest profusion of *ex voto* offerings, from precious ornaments, silver hearts, legs and arms, down to the more humble offering of a waxen pig. For this superstition extends itself through every class of the Popish community; from the monarch, who has lately given a specimen of his piety and weakness, in working, *with his own hands*, an embroidered petticoat for the Virgin Mary, down, as it will be readily supposed, to the lowest ranks in life. I saw a very humble specimen of this *ex voto mania*, in a poor little Church, situated on the top of a hill, in the front of the town of *Hieres*, in the south of France. It consisted of a vile daub, or miserable painting, dignified with the title of an *ex voto*, or offering to the Virgin Mary. In one compartment of this miserable performance, a woman is seen prostrate in a cellar, with a broken pitcher in her hand. Being in an advanced state of pregnancy, and apprehensive of consequences, she made a vow to the Virgin Mary, in the event of her recovery. This vow she is supposed to have punctually performed; for, in the next compartment of the same picture, the same woman is seen sitting up in bed, with a little black dog drawing her breast, and the Virgin Mary peeping out of a cloud, in the corner of the piece, in seeming approbation of the poor woman's piety.

“ When at Naples, I attended at a Church, dedicated to St. Anthony, on his *name's-day*; where the ceremony of blessing the horses was performing by a Priest, who was engaged at the door of the Church in sprinkling holy water, and pronouncing his benediction upon all the horses which were brought before him, and receiving his fee, according to the condition of their respective owners.

“ And on entering into a Church in Flanders, I observed a woman seated at a stall, having on it a number of little waxen pigs for sale, that the farmers, who came into town to market, might purchase success to their respective piggeries, by each carrying home with him one of these supposed consecrated emblems. On looking round I observed, that her stall was placed in close contact with a chapel, dedicated to St Anthony, the acknowledged protector of cattle.

“ To the heathenish processions, described by Apuleius and

Pausanias, I had an opportunity of witnessing the strict counterpart, in a procession which took place at Lisle, where I happened to be on the day, which is called, in the Romish Church, *La Fête de Dieu*, the Feast of God. On which a procession of all the silver images, of different saints, belonging to the town, were carried on platforms, on men's shoulders, accompanied by the magistracy of the town, the Priests in their vestments, with numerous attendants with wax tapers in their hands, the military with their music, followed by a numberless crowd; making, altogether, a most splendid and imposing exhibition. The day, which was Sunday, was spent in the most tumultuous dissipation, the streets were crowded as at a fair; a play was performed at three o'clock, a concert at six, and a most superb exhibition of fire-works concluded the festive scene." P. 139.

After this, the Archdeacon proceeds to contrast the sophistical language of the Romish writers on the subject of idolatry and image worship, with the plain and undeniable words of Scripture, "Thou shalt worship the Lord thy God and Him only shalt thou serve," (p. 149.) We cannot conceive any stronger contrast than that which Bellarmine here exhibits.

"Christ is to be worshipped with <i>latria</i> ,	
His image	with <i>hyperdulia</i> ,
The Virgin	with <i>hyperdulia</i> ,
Her image	with <i>dulia</i> ,
St. Peter	with <i>dulia</i> ,
His image	with <i>subdulia</i> ,

"*Latria* being the worship, proper to Almighty God, to whom alone religious worship is strictly due.

"Thus can a wise man talk nonsense, when he forsakes the fountain of truth, to follow after his own vain imaginations." P. 155.

We shall close our review of this important work for the present, by presenting our readers with the following quotations.

"Let me suppose, that a Heathen idolater had accompanied me at the exhibition of the Sacrament, or the consecrated wafer, in a Church at Naples, when, after every possible impression had been made upon the human mind, by the most solemn music, a most splendidly illuminated altar, and other ornamental decorations, the priest in his most sumptuous dress, brought down from its elevated place in the altar, the *Pix*, or little box, of about three or four inches square, containing, according to the Romish doctrine, the real body and blood of Jesus Christ; and holding the *Pix* over his head, turned it from side to side, to the view of the attendant beholders, who by many hundreds, were prostrated in the body of the Church, before the altar of exhibition, engaged

with their hands and eyes lifted up, in the most devout ejaculations, accompanied with distressing sighs and groans, as if our Saviour himself had been actually present before them; would not his natural reason suggest to this Heathen, that the congregation must, on this occasion, be engaged in one of the highest acts of religious adoration? And what, it may be asked, was the object of their adoration on this occasion? Even the Romanist himself admits it to be a *God of the Priest's own making*; but what the Protestant considers to be a vain *imagination*; and what the Apostle would call an *Idol*. Such, I think, is the verdict, which natural reason would bring in upon the preceding cases. In worshipping the *Host*, then, which is in itself a *creature*, the Romish Priest, and his congregation, stand strictly chargeable with the crime of *idolatry*.

“But let Bishop Baines himself accompany me to the Pope's Chapel, on Thursday or Friday in the Passion-week, and there see the Cardinals, one after another, crawling on their hands and knees from the bottom of the Chapel to the top, for the purpose of kissing a small crucifix, placed on a velvet cushion, on the front step of the altar, to receive their devout salutations; and let him determine, whether this be a kiss of natural affection, or of devout adoration. But I should not do justice to Bishop Baines, were I to omit his observation on *this service*, by way of excusing the Church of Rome from being answerable for it, and thereby leaving it to the sole responsibility of the Pope and his Cardinals, the principal performers in the scene. ‘I shall merely observe,’ says Bishop Baines, ‘that as none of the people are required to be present at this ceremony, it cannot be considered as commanded by the Church.’ This ceremony being performed in the Pope's Chapel, in the Vatican, it is not to be expected that the Church should deliver any orders to the people on the subject. It is sufficient, that the *infallible Head* of the Roman Church, sanctions the ceremony, by being himself present at it. Bishop Baines's observation on this head may therefore be left to speak for itself.

“That I may not, however, tire my reader, one additional case only shall be stated. Some day in the Christmas-week, when the nativity of our Saviour is the general subject of Christian attention, I attended at a Church in Naples, where a ceremony of unusual importance appeared, from the crowd assembled on the occasion, to be going forward. On approaching toward the altar, I perceived the rail crowded with persons kneeling, and the Priest on the inside handing about a small cradle, containing a little waxen figure of a child, as the representative of the infant Jesus, from one to the other, to be kissed in regular succession. As I was standing just behind the kneeling party, it was politely held over to me for the performance of the same devout acknowledgement. But feeling no *natural* affection towards a waxen baby, I retired.” P. 178.

The following definition of “bigotry,” which occurs at the close of this chapter, we could wish engraven on the minds of all our readers; and if the cheeks of Bishop Baines are not

suffused with a blush, when reading this passage, we know not whether most to pity or despise his infatuations.

“ By *bigotry*, I understand a violent, and injudiciously persevering maintenance of opinions and practices, unreasonable in themselves ; differing as I conceive, *toto cælo*, from that firm and temperate defence of established truths, by which every sound member of the Church is not ashamed to be distinguished. And with respect to *intolerance*, against which this member of the *most intolerant Church in Christendom*, affects to cry out ; the *indecent* manner in which Bishop Baines, in his flippant style of writing, has thought proper to libel the establishment, under which he enjoys the most liberal protection, proves to demonstration, that *intolerance* is not a crime that can be laid to the charge of this Protestant country. In a word, should Bishop Baines have any sound reasoning, or important facts to bring forward on the present subject, for trifling is not less becoming his station than the cause which he has undertaken, there are, I am persuaded, hundreds of English Clergy to be found, fully qualified to appreciate them. As for myself, not feeling a disposition to return ‘ railing for railing,’ I shall conclude with hoping, in the words of the Apostle, that I ‘ am not therefore become the enemy of Bishop Baines, because I tell him the truth.’ Gal. iv. 16.” P. 191.

(To be continued.)

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ART. II. *Ringan Gilhaize; or the Covenanters.* By the Author of *Annals of the Parish*, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 1823.

ART. III. *The Spaewife; a Tale of the Scottish Chronicles.* By the Author of *Ringan Gilhaize*, &c. 3 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Oliver and Boyd, Edinburgh. 1823.

PIQUED, as it appears to us, by a want of his accustomed success in the former of these novels, Mr. Galt has prefixed to the latter a doughty defiance to critics and the reading world in general.

“ They say—What say they? Let them say.”

For our own part, instead of convicting him on view, of an act of *lese-majesté* against the tribunal of taste, we are the rather inclined to blame the ingratitude of the public to a writer of Mr. Galt’s acknowledged powers, in not having sufficiently examined the claims to merit which the works under present consideration possess; and which must be considered with a certain reference to his object and the materials which he had to work upon.

In Ringan Gilhaize, the object seems to be to embody in the narration, the history of the rise, progress, struggles, and final triumph of the Presbyterian religion, as at present established in Scotland, and to commemorate the hardihood and sufferings of a sect of men well deserving the eulogium which the motto from Grahame's Sabbath conveys.

" Their constancy in torture and in death,—  
 These on Tradition's tongue still live, these shall  
 On History's honest page be pictured bright  
 To latest times."

The History in question, embracing a period of 130 years, he has contrived very ingeniously to put into the mouth of an individual, speaking partly from the information of his father and grandfather, and partly from his own bitter recollections of persecution. Michael Gilhaize, the grandfather of the supposed narrator, enters the service of the celebrated Earl of Glencairn at the time of the unfortunate Mary's marriage with the Dauphin of France, being at that period an unprovided stripling, with his fortune to seek in the world. His aversion to the pomps and ceremonies of Catholicism, the religion of his parents, is, in the following passage, traced with some humour to early impressions.

" In those days there was a popish saint, one St. Michael, that was held in wonderful love and adoration by all the ranks and hierarchies of the ecclesiastical locust then in Lithgow; indeed, for that matter, they ascribed to him power and dominion over the whole town, lauding and worshipping him as their special god and protector. And upon a certain day of the year they were wont to make a great pageant and revel in honour of this supposed saint, and to come forth from their cloisters with banners, and with censers burning incense, shouting and singing paternosters in praise of this their Dagon, walking in procession from kirk to kirk, as if they were celebrating the triumph of some mighty conqueror.

" This annual abomination happening to take place shortly after the martyrdom of that true saint and gospel preacher, Mr. George Wishart, and while kirk and quire were resounding, to the great indignation of all Christians, with lamentations for the well-earned death of the cruel Cardinal Beaton, his ravenous persecutor, the monks and friars received but little homage as they passed along triumphing, though the streets were, as usual, filled with the multitude to see their fine show. They suffered, however, no molestation nor contempt, till they were passing the Earl of Angus' house, on the outside stair of which my grandfather, with some two or three score of other innocent children, was standing; and even there they might, perhaps, have been

suffered to go by scathless, but for an accident that befel the bearer of a banner, on which was depicted a blasphemous type of the Holy Ghost, in the shape and lineaments of a cushy-doo.

"It chanced that the bearer of this blazon of iniquity was a particularly fat monk, of an arrogant nature, with the crimson complexion of surfeit and constipation, who, for many causes and reasons, was held in greater aversion than all the rest, especially by the boys, that never lost an opportunity of making him a scoff and a scorn; and it so fell out, as he was coming proudly along, turning his Babylonish banner to pleasure the women at the windows, to whom he kept nodding and winking as he passed, that his foot slipped, and down he fell as it were with a gladder, at which all the thoughtless innocents on the Earl of Angus' stair set up a loud shout of triumphant laughter, and from less to more began to hoot and yell at the whole pageant, and to pelt some of the performers with unsavoury missiles.

"This, by those inordinate ministers of oppression, was deemed a horrible sacrilege, and the parents of all the poor children were obligated to give them up to punishment, of which none suffered more than did my grandfather; who was not only persecuted with stripes till his loins were black and blue, but cast into a dungeon in the Blackfriar's den, where for three days and three nights he was allowed no sustenance but gnawed crusts and foul water. The stripes and terrors of the oppressor are, however, the seeds which Providence sows in its mercy, to grow into the means that shall work his own overthrow." P. 7.

In several difficult missions, of importance to the Protestant cause, Michael Gilhaize displays a prudence and discernment far beyond the promise of his years; and, witnessing at length the final overthrow of the popish religion in Scotland, receives from his lord a grant of land, and marries a young woman whose family he has essentially served in the course of his various adventures. In consequence of the communication which he still keeps up with the household of the Earl of Glencairn, Michael witnesses most of the principal public events of that turbulent time. The catastrophe of the Kirk of Field is described very strikingly; in a manner somewhat reminding us of Deucalion of Kentucky; one of our author's former productions.

"On reaching his chamber he unbuckled his belt, as his custom was, and laid down his sword and began to undress, when again the same alarm from on high fell upon him, and the same warning spirit whispered to his mind's ear unspeakable intimations of dreadful things. Fear came upon him and trembling, which made all his bones to shake, and he lifted his sword and again buckled on his belt. But again the prudence of this world prevailed, and, heeding not the admonition to warn the Lords of the Congregation, he threw himself on his bed, without, however, unbuckling

his sword; and, in that condition, fell asleep. But though his senses were shut his mind continued awake, and he had fearful visions of bloody hands and glittering daggers glancing over him from behind his curtains, till in terror he started up, gasping like one that had struggled with a stronger than himself.

"When he had in some degree composed his thoughts, he went to the window, and opened it, to see by the stars how far the night had passed. The window overlooked the North Loch and the swelling bank beyond, and the distant Frith and the hills of Fife. The skies were calm and clear, and the air was tempered with a bright frost. The stars in their courses were reflected in the still waters of the North Loch, as if there had been an opening through the earth, showing the other concave of the spangled firmament. But the dark-outline of the swelling bank on the northern side was like the awful corpse of some mighty thing prepared for interment.

"As my grandfather stood in contemplation at the window, he heard the occasional churme of discourse from passengers still abroad, and now and then the braggart flourish of a trumpet resounded from the royal masquing at the palace,—breaking upon the hollowness of the night with the harsh dissonance of a discord in some solemn harmony. And as he was meditating on many things, and grieving in spirit at the dark fate of poor Scotland, and the woes with which the children of salvation were environed, he was startled by the apparition of a great blaze in the air, which for a moment lighted up all the land with a wild and fiery light, and he beheld in the glass of the North Loch, reflected from behind the shadow of the city, a tremendous eruption of burning beams and rafters burst into the sky; while a horrible crash, as if the chariots of destruction were themselves breaking down, shook the town like an earthquake.

"He was for an instant astounded; but soon roused by the clangour of an alarm from the castle; and while a cry rose from all the city, as if the last trumpet itself was sounding, he rushed into the street, where the inhabitants, as they had flown from their beds, were running in consternation like the sheeted dead startled from their graves. Drums beat to arms;—the bells rang; some cried the wild cry of fire, and there was wailing and weeping, and many stood dumb with horror, and could give no answer to the universal question,—'God of the heavens, what is this?' Presently a voice was heard crying, 'The King, the King!' and all, as if moved by one spirit, replied 'The King, the King!' Then for a moment there was a silence stiller than the midnight hour, and drum, nor bell, nor voice was heard, but a rushing of the multitude towards St. Mary's Port, which leads to the Kirk o' Field." P. 25.

The specimen of rough and stern eloquence contained in Knox's sermon on the massacre of St. Bartholomew, is

equally forcible; but its length compels us to refer the reader to the original. In fine, Michael Gilhaize, though troubled as a discerning and conscientious man, at the alarming signs of the times, closes his life as peacefully and prosperously as his admirable character deserves. Liberal in his views, and frank in his natural disposition, though adopting a prudence suitable to the circumstances of that disturbed period, his character is well contrasted with that of his son, the father of Ringan.

"A man of very austere character, and of a most godly, though, as some said, rather of a stubbornly affection for the forms of worship which had been established by John Knox and the pious worthies of his times, he was withal a single-minded Christian, albeit, more ready for a raid than subtile in argument." P. 89.

In short, a sturdy, single-hearted, pig-headed, old Covenanter. His character and bias, as well as that of Michael, is derived from early impressions.

"I have heard him often tell, more than six or seven years of age, he was taken along with his brethren, by my grandfather, to see the signing, at Irvine, of the Covenant, with which, in the lowering time of the Spanish armada, King James, the son of Mary, together with all the Reformed, bound themselves in solemn compact to uphold the Protestant religion. Afterwards, when he saw the country rise in arms, and heard of the ward and watch, and the beacons ready on the hills, his imagination was kindled with some dreadful conceit of the armada, and he thought it could be nothing less than some awful and horrible creature sent from the shores of perdition to devour the whole land. The image he had thus framed in his fears haunted him continually: and night after night he could not sleep for thinking of its talons of brass, and wings of thunder, and nostrils flaming fire, and the iron teeth with which it was to grind and gnash the bodies and bones of all Protestants, insomuch, that his parents were concerned for the health of his mind, and wist not what to do to appease the terrors of his visions." P. 90.

He too ends his days in peace and prosperity, after serving in the bloodless expedition of Dunselow, and the subsequent campaign under Lesley, which ensured a temporary triumph to the cause of the national religion. Ringan, the hero of the present story, succeeds to his father's farm of Qubarist; and the first years of his life, under the government of the Commonwealth, are past in a manner which he thus simply and pathetically describes, as contrasted with the close of it.

"All around me was bud, and blossom, and juvenility, and gladness and hope. My lot was as the lot of the blessed man. I ate



of the labour of my hands, I was happy, and it was well with me; my wife, as the fruitful vine that spreads its clusters on the wall, made my lowly dwelling more beautiful to the eye of the heart than the golden palaces of crowned kings, and our pretty bairns were like olive plants round about my table;—but they are all gone. The flood and the flame have passed over them; yet be still my heart; a little while endure in silence; for I have not taken up the avenging pen of history, and dipped it in the blood of martyrs, to record only my own particular woes and wrongs.” P. 162.

The proclamation of 1662, and its consequences, awaken the opposition of all conscientious presbyterians, and Ringan among the rest is subjected to oppressive fines and exactions, for harbouring and protecting the expelled minister of his parish, whose place, as appears from the following passage, has been supplied by a very “feckless Mess-John.”

“Before the year was out, Fairfoul the Glasgow antichrist, sent upon us one of the getts that prelacy was then so fast adopting for her sons and heirs. A lang, thin, bare lad he was, that had gotten some spoonful or two of pagan philosophy at college, but never a solid meal of learning, nor, were we to judge by his greedy gaping, even a satisfactory meal of victuals. His name was Andrew Dornock; and, poor fellow, being eschewed among us on account of his spiritual leprosy, he drew up with divers loose characters, that were nae overly nice of their company.” P. 190.

In consequence of such arbitrary measures, the spirit of opposition is aroused, and met by greater severities. Driven at length to desperation by Archbishop Sharp’s court of commission, and the dragonades and free quarter of “Turner and his black cuffs,” the Covenanters break out into open warfare, and after some partial successes, are dispersed in the ill-fated affair of the Pentland Hills. Ringan, who is made to take a prominent part in this rising, succeeds in reaching his home after a series of hair-breadth escapes which are described with considerable interest. After the rout of the Pentlands, he enjoys a short interval of security and domestic happiness, which is again interrupted by the persecutions of the Duke of Lauderdale’s administration, and the memorable outrages of the Highland host, which fall heavily on his brother’s household and his own. This brings the narrative to the period with which the tale of Old Mortality commences. The murder of Archbishop Sharp, and the flight of Drumclog, rapidly ensue, and Gilhaize who is present at the latter of these affairs, receives a disabling wound in the attempt to take Claverhouse prisoner. In the battle of Bothwell Bridge, his eldest son is slain, and

his brother captured and sent to the colonies, in his passage to which, his sufferings are ended by shipwreck. Ringan in the mean while, lingers at home under the pressure of affliction and impaired health, until his retreat is discovered, and his person seized. Escaping from trial with his life he returns home to collect the oppressive fine which is levied on him, and rid himself of a party of Claverhouse's dragoons who are quartered in his house till the money is paid. The most severe trial of all, however, is yet in store for him.

"My son bounded forward to tell his mother and sisters of my coming. On gaining the brow of the hill he leapt from the ground with a frantic cry and clasped his hands. I ran towards him—but I remember no more,—though at times something crosses my mind, and I have wild visions of roofless walls, and a crowd of weeping women and silent men digging among ashes, and a beautiful body, all dropping wet, brought on a deal from the mill-dam, and of men as it was carried by, seizing me by the arms and tying my hands,—and then I fancy myself in a house fastened to a chair;—and sometimes I think I was lifted out and placed to bask in the sun and to taste the fresh air. But what these things import I dare only guess, for no one has ever told me what became of my benign Sarah Lochrig and our two blooming daughters;—all is phantasma that I recollect of the day of my return home. I said my soul was iron, and my heart converted into stone. O that they were indeed so! But sorrowing is a vain thing, and my task must not stand still.

"When I left Ayr the leaves were green, and the fields gay, and the waters glad; and when the yellow leaf rustled on the ground, and the waters were drumly, and the river roaring, I was somehow, I know not by what means, in the kirk-yard, and a film fell from the eyes of my reason, and I looked around, and my little boy had hold of me by the hand, and I said to him, 'Joseph, what's yon sae big and green in our lair?' and he gazed in my face, and the tears came into his eyes, and he replied—

"'Father, they are a' in the same grave.' I took my hand out of his;—I walked slowly to the green tomb;—I knelt down, and I caused my son to kneel beside me, and I vowed enmity for ever against Charles Stuart and all of his line; and I prayed, in the words of the Psalmist, that when he was judged he might be condemned. Then we rose; but my son said to me—

"'Father, I canna wish his condemnation; but I'll fight by your side till we have harlt him down from his bloody throne.' P. 41.

Driven by their misfortunes to this frantic resolution, the father and his surviving son connect themselves with the Cameronians, who had set the government of Charles openly at defiance. Poor Joseph Gilhaize however, whose piety and affection are touchingly described, soon falls a martyr to the cause of his new associates; and his father, whose brain

was in an unsettled state before, becomes partially deranged. There is, however, "a method in his madness," which takes the turn of resolute uncompromising defiance to the authors of his misery, and fixed conviction that he is to be instrumental in their downfall: and his speech to the disheartened Cameronians, for which we refer the reader to p. 226, vol. iii. rouses their drooping courage.

After being instrumental in the ill-advised and ill-fated expedition of Argyle, Ringan Gilhaize is more successful in arranging the rising of the Covenanters in the West, which accompanied the arrival of William the Third in Torbay: and finally, in the battle of Killiecrankie, inflicts death from an ambush on his persecutor Claverhouse. The memoir, which terminates with this success, is dated from his farm of Quharist, the scene of his blasted happiness, and the tomb of his family; a stroke of pathos which we conclude intentional on Mr. Galt's part; at least it closes the book very characteristically.

From the passages which we have quoted or alluded to, it will be perceived that Mr. Galt's accustomed powers as a writer have not deserted him in the present instance, though exerted as they have been in a new and unfavourable channel, they have failed to produce their usual effect on the public mind. The subject of the Covenanters is already pre-occupied ground, and its interest exhausted by the powerful pen of the author of *Waverley*, so that a large part of the present work appears a mere repetition of "dense David Deane's" Cameronian lectures. Moreover, we will confess, that the images of Maase Hedrigg, "lifting up her testimony against the red dragons," and of Kettledrumbie, "routing like a cow in a fremd loaming," are too fresh in our minds not to interrupt the more serious impressions which so sad and well founded a tale deserves to excite. As for Claverhouse, we readily give him up to the resentment of Ringan and Mr. Galt. There is nothing in the impression of that personage which the adventures of Tillietudlem have left on our minds, inconsistent with the cold-blooded ferocity commonly attributed to him; and even in his best moments he reminds us of a tiger cat, with his talons gracefully sheathed, but with a "lurking devil in his eye," betokening a propensity to pounce on friend or foe on the slightest provocation. We cannot, however, overlook or excuse the strange personal animosity which Mr. Galt appears to entertain against the fallen and extinct race of Stuart, and which we would willingly consider as assumed to suit the person of the supposed narrator, did we not meet with fresh and disgusting in-

stances of it in the Spaewife. It is in truth in character with the deplorable instance of bad taste exhibited in vol. i. p. 287, in which a sneer against the spinsters of Irvine is most laboriously as well as unseasonably dragged in, and that not for the first time, as far as our recollections serve us.

Now that the ill-natured fit is upon us, we shall take the liberty of remarking that the story of Lieutenant Swaby and the black ram, though well told and much improved in the working up, is a plagiarism from the homely old English ballad of the Miller's Ass, in which a lawless lover meets with a similar catastrophe. The scepticism of the smith also, with respect to the Virgin's image, is probably borrowed from the French story of the old carpenter and the Madonna who was supposed to weep on certain fasts and festivals. "If she could have wept," said the incredulous artizan, she would have done so yesterday, *quand je lui enfonçai trois grands clous dans son derriere.*" But a truce to digressions which compromise our critical dignity.

"The Spaewife" is founded on a well known period of Scottish annals, terminating in the murder of James the First; and to judge from the notes to the appendix, with which we have refreshed our recollection, adheres so closely to the principal facts as to need little explanatory detail. The resolute uncompromising justice of James, the turbulence and malversations of the times, the Spartan firmness of the widowed and bereaved Dutchess of Albany, the daring defiance and persevering revenge of Sir Robert Graeme, and the wavering and final defection of Athol and his nephew, seem depicted with historical accuracy. Some additions and episodes of course occur, in order to give a finish to the narrative. The disaffection of Lord Robert Stuart is made to arise from an ill advised taunt uttered by the King, and aggravated by the Lady Sibilla Macdonald, the betrothed of the Lord James: and Glenfruin, the chief of a clan of Highland veterans, plays a very amusing and original part. One of the most prominent personages, as may be supposed, is the Spaewife herself, for whose existence and predictions as regarding the fate of James, the Scottish records vouch. At the first glance we were not inclined to think that Mr. Galt had made as much as he might have done of this mysterious being; but his conception of the character does not seem to point out an awful beldame, like Elspeth Cheyne, in whom the "old experience" of crime and suffering

"doth attain  
To something of prophetic vein,"

R

but a wayward, reckless changeling, "made by the fairies out of a benweed that the very kine have mair sense than to taste;" weak on every point save the supernatural glimpses of futurity which are forced upon her, and innocently lamenting, like Undine and the White Maid of Avenel, her want of a responsible soul. In this point of view the conception is ably and well filled up.

In general, however, the characters in the *Spaewife* want that individual distinctness and force, which have rendered several of Mr. Galt's former personages familiar to us as household acquaintances. In the present instance, the actors seem like effigies, or laymen, on whom the "*purpurei panni*" of the author's eloquence and fancy are hung; mere instruments to carry on an involved and bustling plot. The character of Athol in particular is one of the greatest failures. He coquets with temptation and bloody thoughts in a manner almost ridiculous, and seldom seems in earnest, whether in good or evil; in short the portrait is any thing but that of a grave counsellor, high in station and honourable in principle. As to the rest, they appear hurried away by the rapid course of events, and have no leisure to make much impression. In fact the crowd of personages, and the number of occurrences, appear to have encumbered and perplexed the author's powers.

Conceiving it Mr. Galt's object to give as exact an imitation as possible of the style of the ancient Scots Chronicles, we shall not quarrel with him on this head, though we may be excused in thinking the following passages a little too strong.

"It happened, in the lusty years of his juvenility, that the same King Robert had entertained an effectual dalliance with a fair and comely damsel, called Elizabeth, the daughter of Sir Adam Mure of Rowallan, and by her he had a progeny of sons and daughters.

"For causes and reasons, but whether of state or of inconstancy is not set forth, neither in the histories of the time nor in the chronicles of the kingdom, this Robert, during the life and reign of his uncle, King David the Second, estranged himself from the gentle Elizabeth Mure; by which great disloyalty on his part, she was stricken with sorrow, and languishing in the solitude of neglect, she drooped her head, and became pale and pining, and died with a heavy sigh.

"He afterwards addressed his amorous suspirations to Euphemia Ross, the daughter of the proud and warlike earl of that name, and was to her publicly married, with all the pomps and pageantries befitting the wedding of the heir to the Scottish crown. With this lady he lived several years, and begat, according to the custom of the age, sons and daughters, of whom Walter, Lord of Buchan,

and Earl of Atholl, Caithness, and Strathearn, is ordained to act a principal part in this our olden and eventful history." P. 1.

"He had a mouth that was as a penance in a charnel-house to behold, and there was an altogetherhness of horror and simplicity about the lad very strange and dismal to see." P. 27.

"So saying, the Queen rose; and taking her by the hand, led her to the gate, and they ascended to the royal chamber, where, with the other ladies of the court, they spent the remainder of the day with the tuneful jingle to the virginal and melodious songs, intermingled with pleasant discourse." P. 235.

We could wish also, that a little more variety had been given to Glenfruin's phraseology, which consists of two or three startling notes, neither Erse nor broad Scotch. His perfectly naive and undisguised selfishness, however, is highly entertaining in spite of his tongue and teeth, and nothing can exceed the comic humour of his scene with the king.

The leading historical occurrences, such as the execution of Duke Murdock and his sons, the behaviour of the Duchess, and the murder of the King, are told in a very interesting and striking manner. The following passage also, put into the mouth of the Countess of Ross, who is otherwise an unimportant character, shews great feeling and reflection.

"It is the time which, even in safety and peace, ought to move your spirits to more solemn reflections. The very thought of sleep, lying down suspicionless in the lap of so blind a warder as darkness, like an innocent child confiding in its aged nurse, might touch your hearts with the ruth of gentle sympathy for the defencelessness in which half the world lies now fettered and exposed. Yet those in that state are more to be envied than they who are awake and abroad at this hour. Who would exchange the condition of the weary hind, as he lies on the ground blanketed with straw, a breathing clod, through the fog of whose dense slumbers the twilight of no dream ever breaks—so much does hard labour drug with insensibility the poor man's rest; who would exchange his lot for that of the undivulged offender trembling on his bed of down? I was once told of an ermined judge, that was shaken awake at this hour from beneath his canopy of honours, by the vision of an old and wasted wretch whose sentence he had pronounced the day before. In his dream he beheld her strangely changed into one whom in his youth he had thought passing fair, and whose beauty he was himself the first that sullied with shame, and he fell thereafter into an absent melancholy, and, it is said, he never went to sleep any more." P. 190.

"Yon stern and harsh sentinel, as he solitary paces the wall, is, I doubt not, at this time ruminating more piteously than you have done. I knew an old knight who had been in Palestine, and he told me of a fierce soldier whom he once, on visiting his post at midnight in a fortress in the Isle of Cyprus, found weeping like a child; and, on inquiring the cause of such singular tenderness in

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one of his mettle, he told him that he had been thinking of the time when he was a playing boy, with the freedom of his father's house, to which he could never return, and the remembrance had made him sorrowful." P. 193.

Nor must we forget a descriptive passage in the second volume; which we have never seen excelled as a cabinet picture of nature in repose.

"The day was grey, still, sober, and mild, without sunshine or shower;—the winds were asleep, and almost also the waters;—the birds were mute, but not with sullenness, and they shook the crystalline drops from the impearled leaves, as they busily pruned their wings, like gentle villagers preparing for church in the holiness of the sabbath morning. The skies were not darkened with any cloud, but the mountain tops were hid in a resting mist, that hung like a canopy, lowered almost to the tufty hills of the little islands in the lake. It was a morning, when the lowing of cows and the bleating of lambs heard afar off, mingling with the bark of the shepherd's dog, seem tuned and musical; when doves coo on the window-sills of the solitary maiden, who never listened to any other note of love, and who feeds them with crumbs treasured from her frugal supper; when daisies lift not their golden eyes, but hang their heads, as if drowsy with some delicious excess; when bees pass from bloom to blossom in silence; when the dumb butterfly, that never spreads his wing but to the sun, rests as quiet as the pea-flower on its stalk under the leaf that he has made his canopy; and when the voiceless snail, in his satin doublet, stretches his eyehorns from side to side on the dewy sward, as if he wist not where to taste first, like a sable-vestured clerk at a banquet: in sooth, a season of quietude and calm, when wary grimalkin, looking out at the cottage door, and fain to pass to her lair beneath the bushes, often puts forth her foot to feel if indeed the soft air be too moist for her furred delicacy." P. 39.

In taking our leave of Mr. Galt for the present, it is surely needless to express our conviction that the inferiority of the works which we have discussed, to the *Entail* and *Annals of the Parish*, arises rather from an error of judgment in the choice of subjects, than any decay of the powers which we hope soon to see again successfully exerted for the gratification of the public and our own.

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### ART. IV. *Philosophical Transactions of the Royal Society of London, for 1823. Part II.* Nicol. 4to.

IN presenting our readers with some account of the first part of the *Philosophical Transactions* for 1823, in a late number, we adverted to some of the principal difficulties which we have to encounter in doing so. In now proceeding to the second part we find those difficulties considerably

increased; and this from two causes:—the increased bulk of this second part;—and the great number of important communications it contains;—each of which might well demand a copious and detailed examination, and few of which can be properly represented without it. We must not therefore lose more space in prefatory remarks, but proceed at once to our work.

The present part of the Transactions is enriched by several very important and elaborate papers on subjects of astronomical science. These are,

No. 31. On the changes of place in the fixed stars, by J. Pond, Esq. F.R.S. Astronomer Royal.

No. 28. On astronomical refractions, by J. Ivory, A.M. F.R.S.

No. 20. A letter from Capt. Hall, R.N. to Capt. Kater, on experiments made by him and Mr. Foster with an invariable pendulum, in London; at the Galapagos Islands in the Pacific Ocean, near the equator; at San Blas de California, on the N.W. Coast of Mexico; and at Rio de Janeiro, in Brazil. With an Appendix, containing the second set of experiments in London on their return.

No. 22. An account of experiments made with an invariable pendulum at New South Wales, by Major Gen. Sir T. Brisbane, K.C.B. F.R.S.

Of some of these we proceed to give such an account as the nature of the papers and our own limits will allow.

The short paper given by the Astronomer Royal in this part of the Transactions is a continuation of those important observations of which we gave some account in a late number.

The changes of place in the stars were then deduced by a comparison with the observations of Bradley. In the present instance a comparison was made with the best of subsequent observations; those of the French astronomers engaged in the trigonometrical survey, about 1798, and those of Greenwich, Armagh, Westbury, and Palermo, published in the Transactions, 1806. From these a proportionate change of place results.

In the first named of the papers, on experiments with the pendulum, Capt. Hall expresses his regret at the little leisure which he had to devote to these experiments: but if his opportunities were few he appears to have made the most of them. It will be satisfactory to those who are interested in these inquiries, now so extensively repeated, to learn that the results of Capt. Hall's experience, in attempting to devise better or shorter methods than those originally proposed by Capt. Kater, are decidedly in favour of the old



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rules. He preferred observing the *disappearance* of the disk, to either its reappearance, or the mean of both, owing to uncertainties in the effect of light on the moment of appearance. There is also another practical suggestion of importance.

"From having carefully studied your (Capt. Kater's) works before leaving England, I had conceived myself to be sufficiently qualified to undertake a course of experiments at once. In this however I was mistaken: and the consequence has been that of two extensive series which I made at Valparaiso, neither is I fear sufficiently accurate to deserve your notice. The experience however which I gained in the course of these operations, enabled me ever afterwards to proceed with confidence. And here I may take occasion to suggest the advantage which, on future occasions, would arise, from having the whole experiment performed in England, by the person who is afterwards to repeat it abroad: not under the hospitable roof of Mr. Browne, to whose valuable assistance every one who has attended to this subject is so deeply obliged, but in the fields, and with no advantages save those he could carry with him. He would thus in good time discover omissions in his apparatus, which are not to be supplied abroad, and be aided in surmounting difficulties before he had sailed, as I did, beyond the reach of appeal."

We will now give the ultimate results of the observations, which our readers may compare with those we formerly gave in our account of the experiments of Captains Kater, Sabine, &c.

STATIONS.	Length of Pendulum. Inches.	Ellipticity.
Galapagos .....	39.017196	$\frac{1}{284.98}$
San Blas .....	39.00904	$\frac{1}{313.55}$
Rio .....	39.01206	$\frac{1}{302.37}$

The details of Sir T. Brisbane's observations are given with the same minuteness as the former. They are accompanied by a second series made at the same place by Mr. Dunlop.

The result of each is as follows:—

	Length of Pendulum at Paramatta. Inches.	Ellipticity Compared with London.
Sir T. Brisbane .....	39.07696	$\frac{1}{295.84}$
Mr. Dunlop.....	39.07751	$\frac{1}{291.83}$
		Compared with Umet.
		$\frac{1}{303.96}$
		$\frac{1}{301.09}$

Mr. Ivory's paper on Refractions is of far too elaborate and extensive a description to admit of our attempting any analysis of it. It is marked by the same profound mathematical skill which is so conspicuous in all the other productions of its distinguished author.

In the curious department of magnetism we are glad to find that Mr. Barlow, and his colleague Mr. Christie, have been actively employed. Of the discoveries of the former gentleman, our readers will doubtless recollect that we have in several instances given them such general accounts as their nature would admit. We conceive that this branch of science, still so obscure, but which has made such great progress of late, is pre-eminently indebted to Mr. Barlow for many important steps in that progress: and the paper now before us shews that under his guidance the science is still advancing. Mr. Christie's mathematical investigation of its laws, we noticed in reviewing the transactions of the Cambridge Society. In the present instance he has followed up the inquiry by a course of investigations of a purely experimental nature.

No. 23. Observations and experiments on the daily variation of the horizontal and dipping needles, under a reduced directive power. By P. Barlow, Esq. F.R.S. of the Royal Military Academy.

At the commencement of his paper, Mr. Barlow observes that the daily variation of the horizontal magnetic needle was first observed nearly a century ago by Mr. Graham. Since his time, the observations of many succeeding philosophers have done little more than confirm his results. The actual change in the course of a day is however so small, that it requires the most delicate instruments and exact observation to detect it.

In the dipping needle the change, if any, is so minute, that it has hitherto escaped detection. The Royal Society of Copenhagen proposed this subject for their prize in the year 1820, but no communication was sent in.

Mr. Barlow has found a method of magnifying these effects so as to render them very sensible, and easily susceptible of observation and accurate measurement. The principle of this method is as follows. The needle is in the first instance in its natural direction in the magnetic meridian, in which it is held by the action of terrestrial magnetism. If now the same pole of another magnet be brought near to either of the poles of the needle, it will repel it, and if care be taken, the repulsion may be made to coincide in its direction with the meridian line, and consequently it will not de-

fleet the needle at all, but will weaken the directive force which the terrestrial magnetism exercises upon it. The same effect may be produced by acting in this way upon both poles at once. By different modifications of the same principle, the needle may be made to assume any required direction with respect to the meridian.

In all these cases the terrestrial directive force being diminished, any extraneous force acting laterally or tending to make the needle deviate will act with a greatly increased power, and consequently the phenomenon of the daily variation may be thus exhibited in its magnified effects.

Mr. Barlow's principal course of experiments consisted in observing the position which a delicate horizontal needle took at different hours in the day, when under the influence of reducing magnets. By means of these the needle was first retained in its natural direction, and the deviation observed through the course of three days. It was then successively, by the same means, made to assume a variety of different directions: such as the north end to the south; the poles East and West; and in short all the various intermediate positions. In each the deviations at different hours were observed during two or three days.

The general result we will give in the author's own words.

"While the north end of the needle is directed to any point from the south to the N.N.W. its motion, during the forenoon, is towards the left hand: advancing therefore to some point between the N.N.W. and the N: and while it is directed toward any point between the N. and S.S.E. it passes to the right hand, that is still to some point between the N. and N.N.W: the south end of the needle at the same time passing of course to some point between the S. and S.S.E: so that it would seem that there ought to be some direction between those limits, namely, between N. and N.N.W. and S. and S.S.E.; in which the daily motion is Zero, or at least, a minimum. But whether this is a fixed direction during the year, or whether it has any vibratory motion as the sun changes its declination, or even during his daily course, is a question which cannot be decided without a much longer course of experiments than those I have here the honour to present."

Mr. B. proposes a question as to whether the direction of this line of no variation is the same in different parts of the world. He also observes, that the amount of the deviation does not depend entirely upon the moment when the heat of the sun is greatest, as has been generally imagined.

Another inference which he thinks may be fairly drawn from these observations, is that the daily change is not pro-

duced by a general deflection of the directive power of the earth, but by an increase and decrease of attraction in some point situated between N. and N.N.W., or between S. and S.S.E.

Mr. Barlow also tried the effect on the dipping needle by the same means, but his results have not hitherto been such as to exhibit any determinate law.

At an early stage of the foregoing experiments, Mr. B. was surprized by observing a remarkable anomaly between the daily changes of the needle when observed in his garden, and when in the house. In certain positions of the needle towards the East and West, the daily motion, although it proceeded with the same determinate uniformity in other cases, yet it took place in different directions: passing in the one instance from the East or West towards the South, and in the other towards the North, at the same corresponding hours of the day, the motion in both instances being equally distinct, regular, and progressive.

He then considers the various causes which may have tended to the production of this effect. And upon the whole considers it most probable though not absolutely proved, that the solar light is the principal agent concerned.

The anomaly was also observed in a completely different and independent set of experiments made by Mr. Christie.

To Mr. C.'s paper we now proceed.

No. 24. On the diurnal deviations of the horizontal needle when under the influence of magnets. By Samuel Hunter Christie, Esq. M.A. Fellow of the Cambridge Philosophical Society, and of the Royal Military Academy.

In these experiments, Mr. Christie adopted a somewhat different arrangement from that employed by Mr. Barlow. It was an inference from his theory that the effects would become more unequivocal if the magnets employed to diminish the directive force were placed, not in the same horizontal plane with the needle, but in the line of the dip passing through the same centre. In this way then they were arranged in the following experiments.

The needle was first arranged in its natural position. It was observed every half hour from six A.M. to eleven P.M. The point at which it seemed most stationary, or about N.  $0^{\circ} 20'$  E. was assumed as zero, from which the deviations were reckoned. These then were traced regularly through the time mentioned.

A similar set of observations was next made, with the directive force still further diminished.

The results of all the observations are given in the form

of tables. They have also been delineated by the author in a diagram, representing the deviations as ordinates to a curve, the distances between them being the intervals of time, and the axis corresponding to the position of zero. The general course of the deviation is slightly to the E. at between 7 and 9 A.M. then westerly, the maximum usually from 1 to 2 P.M., and easterly again towards night.

Many small anomalies and irregularities were observed, which Mr. C. was inclined to attribute to changes in the atmosphere, and particularly to its electric state.

Another set of experiments was next made, in which the position of the needle was inverted.

For one day the needle was observed very closely at intervals of half an hour, or sometimes less, from 2 A.M. to 11 P.M.

A graphic delineation of these results is given also. In a general view, the author observes,

“ The principal irregularities to be observed here take place in general from about three o'clock in the afternoon to seven o'clock; and we might almost be led to infer, from this circumstance, that there are two causes in opposition to each other, producing the deviation; and that these being nearly equal at this time, alternately preponderate; but the observations are too limited to allow of our drawing such general inferences from them. We shall see, from observations in other positions of the needle, that irregularities very frequently take place during the afternoon.

“ In this position of the needle, the morning deviation is at first towards the E., and afterwards towards the W., the same as when the north end of the needle pointed N., the needle tending towards the same point in the two cases, but in contrary directions. This is what we might expect from a simple change in the direction of the terrestrial force, but the observations which I shall presently describe, clearly point out both a change of direction and of intensity.”

Mr. Christie then proceeds to an investigation of the nature of the force acting upon the needle when under the influence of the magnets; which from its nature is not susceptible of abridgment, and from its length we cannot, consistently with our necessary limits, give entire. The object of it, however, is to shew what would be the resulting effect upon a needle thus circumstanced, supposing a change were made in the *intensity* of the force acting upon it, with respect to the points of stable and unstable equilibrium: and again, what effect would be produced by a change in the *direction* of the force thus acting. These deductions were put to the test of experiment by altering, in an appropriate manner, the

positions of the reducing magnets, and observing the corresponding effects on the needle.

These effects were compared in an extensive and elaborate series of observations, with the actual changes which take place in the points of equilibrium in the needle, under the influence of the terrestrial and reducing forces, throughout the day. The author's conclusion, from this comparison, is as follows:

"The agreement in the general character of these, with that of the observations from five o'clock till eight, will clearly lead us to infer, that the changes observed in the positions of the points of equilibrium during that time, arose from a *diminution* of the terrestrial forces, as well as a *change* in their *directions*: had the agreement in all the observations themselves been complete, we must have inferred that *diminution* of intensity was the sole cause of the changes."

And again, after the sequel of the experiments, he concludes thus:

"Comparing, then, the whole of the preceding observations with these effects, it is evident that the changes which take place cannot be explained by a change in the directions alone of the terrestrial forces, but that their characters agree as nearly as we can possibly expect, with the effects that would take place from an increase of intensity at the time that the direction deviated towards the west: we are therefore led to infer, that such an increase of intensity must take place in the terrestrial force during the time of the westerly deviation. The change of intensity during the day has been already ascertained by the observations of Hansteen on the vibrations of a needle very delicately suspended, but, in the present state of our information respecting the magnetical phenomena of the earth, the series of observations which I now present will not, I trust, be considered without interest, although they should at first sight appear only to confirm results obtained from previous observations."

Mr. Christie now proceeds to mention the effects of a change of temperature in the reducing magnets. Under a hot sun these effects were conspicuous; and the increase of temperature was found to diminish the power of the magnets. A portion of their power seemed to be permanently destroyed.

Hence it might be supposed, that these changes of temperature were the principal, if not the only cause of the deviations. This idea Mr. C. put to the test, by observing the changes in the points of equilibrium, in a situation where the magnets were exposed to very small variations in temperature; the changes were repeatedly found to be in opposition

to those which would have been produced by a change of temperature in the magnets alone.

Some anomalies had been observed, both by himself and Mr. Barlow, between the effects within doors and without. This he conceives to have arisen from the difference in the changes of temperature in the two situations.

"Of this," says Mr. C., in conclusion, "I only feel that degree of doubt which should always be entertained until a fact is established. If such observations as I have given were continued for a length of time, particularly those near the east and west, I certainly expect that they would lead to important conclusions respecting the causes of the diurnal variation, and I regret, that as I have not the time to devote to them myself, I must leave them to be made by others possessed of more leisure. Should they be undertaken, the necessity of ascertaining, in the first instance, the effects which changes of temperature have on the forces of the magnets employed, and of observing the temperature of the magnets themselves, when the directions of the needle are taken, is here clearly pointed out. The striking effects which I have seen to arise from a change of temperature in the magnets, have certainly led me to adopt the opinion, that temperature, if not the only cause of the daily variation, is the principal. This was the opinion of Canton, but he could not by it account for the morning easterly variation. I might here offer some conjectures on this subject, but, as it is not my intention at present to enter fully into the general question of the cause of the daily variation, I will defer them, at least until I shall have ascertained the precise effect of changes in the temperature of magnets."

Under the head of magnetism, we must also class No. 26, on the apparent magnetism of metallic titanium, by W. H. Wollaston, M. D. V.P.R.S.

In this paper the investigation described in our account of the former part of the Transactions for the year, is continued. By applying more delicate methods, Dr. W. found that titanium, after being freed from all apparent mixture with iron, still exhibited a very slight magnetic power. This was so very weak, compared with that of cobalt and nickel, that it seemed more probably to be due to a minute admixture of iron, which it must be difficult to detect in an analysis, however carefully performed, than to so improbable a circumstance, as that titanium alone should possess such a very slight degree of magnetism, whilst all other known magnetic metals possess it in a very sensible degree.

On the interesting subject of electro-magnetism, we have, in the present part of the Transactions, two papers, No. 13; On a new phenomenon of electro-magnetism, by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P.R.S. ; and

No. 16. An account of an apparatus on a peculiar construction for performing electro-magnetic experiments, by W. H. Pepys, Esq. F.R.S.

The former of these papers describes a phenomenon connected with the rotation observed by Mr. Faraday, it was exhibited by the use of the galvanic combination described in the latter.

Sir H. Davy, having set mercury in a rapid rotation by connecting it with the galvanic circuit, and presenting to it a powerful magnet, was led to suppose, that the passage of the electricity through the mercury, produced motions independent of the action of the magnet; he endeavoured, by several means, to detect the appearance of any such motions on the surface of the mercury in which the wires were immersed, but without success. The account of the method next adopted, and its result, we will give in the author's own words.

"It then occurred to me, that from the position of the wires, currents, if they existed, must occur chiefly in the *lower*, and not the upper surface of the mercury; and I consequently inverted the form of the experiment. I had two copper wires, of about one-sixth of an inch in diameter, the extremities of which were flat, and carefully polished, passed through two holes, three inches apart, in the bottom of a glass basin, and perpendicular to it: they were cemented into the basin, and made non-conductors by sealing wax, except at their polished ends; the basin was then filled with mercury, which stood about a tenth or twelfth of an inch above the wires. The wires were now placed in a powerful voltaic circuit; the moment the contacts were made, the phenomenon, which is the principal object of this paper, occurred: the mercury was immediately seen in violent agitation; its surface became elevated into a small cone above each of the wires; waves flowed off in all directions from these cones; and the only point of rest was apparently where they met in the centre of the mercury between the two wires. On holding the pole of a powerful bar magnet at a considerable distance (some inches) above one of the cones, its apex was diminished, and its base extended; by lowering the pole further, these effects were still increased, and the undulations were feebler. At a smaller distance, the surface of the mercury became plane; and the rotation began slowly round the wire. As the magnet approached, the rotation became more rapid; and when it was about half an inch above the mercury, a great depression of it was observed above the wire, and a vortex which reached almost to the surface of the wire."

It was proved that there was no particular communication of heat to the part immediately above the wire, to which the phenomenon could be attributed.



Sir H. Davy next shews, that it could not be attributed to common electrical repulsion; for, in the electro-magnetic circuit, similarly electrified conductors do not repel, but attract each other; and it is in the case in which conductors in opposite states are brought near each other on surfaces of mercury, that repulsion takes place.

The author then proves that the effect cannot be ascribed to that kind of action which occurs when electricity passes from good to bad conductors. And towards the conclusion he remarks :

" This phenomenon, in which the same effects are produced at the two opposite poles, seems strongly opposed to the idea of the electro-magnetic results being produced by the transition, currents, or motions of a single imponderable fluid."

He also mentions that the first idea of the celebrated rotations was suggested by Dr. Wollaston, early in 1821.

In the second of the papers at first named, Mr. Pepys describes a very powerful voltaic apparatus, made under his directions for the London Institution; it presents a continued surface of 200 square feet of each of the metals, formed by winding or wrapping two long sheets of metal round in a cylindrical form, and keeping them separate by ropes of horse hair. It is suspended by a rope passing over pulleys, with a counterpoise, by which it may be easily raised or lowered in a tub of acid. Magnetic needles are sensibly affected at five feet from the wires. The apparatus had no intensity as a chemical agent. A plate is given, representing the arrangement.

We now proceed to the chemical department, in which we have to notice,

No. 14. On fluid chlorine, by Mr. Faraday, Chemical Assistant at the Royal Institution.

No. 17. On the condensation of several gases into liquids, by the same.

No. 18. On the application of liquids formed by the condensation of gases as mechanical agents, by Sir Humphry Davy, Bart., P.R.S.

Since the discovery of the metallic bases of the earths, by Sir H. Davy, we do not conceive that there has occurred any discovery of such importance as to deserve the distinction of characterizing a new epoch in the progress of chemical science. In order to this, any discovery, or set of discoveries, must be marked by very peculiar features; they must make us acquainted either with some new and general law, which a very large class of phenomena follow; or with some

equally new and general relation between the different forms of matter, or the agents by which those forms may be affected. Of this latter kind are the results obtained by Mr. Faraday. They exhibit an extensive continuation of the relations already known to subsist between the gaseous state of many bodies, and the pressure acting upon them. Mr. F. has succeeded in shewing, that most, if not all, of those substances which usually subsist only as gases, may, by producing them under an increased pressure, be exhibited in the liquid form. This discovery, we think, will be considered as constituting an important epoch in chemistry; and reflects equal lustre on the experimenter who succeeded in obtaining the results, and the philosopher at whose suggestion the trial was made.

In the year 1810, Sir H. Davy had shewn, that a certain solid substance, obtained by exposing chlorine to a low temperature, was a hydrate of that substance.

Mr. Faraday, having tried some experiments upon it, was recommended by Sir H. Davy to expose it to heat under pressure. This he accordingly did, and the process and result are thus described.

“ Some hydrate of chlorine was prepared, and being dried as well as could be by pressure in bibulous paper, was introduced into a sealed glass tube, the upper end of which was then hermetically closed. Being placed in water at 60°, it underwent no change; but when put into water at 100°, the substance fused, the tube became filled with a bright yellow atmosphere, and, on examination, was found to contain two fluid substances; the one about three fourths of the whole, was of a faint yellow colour, having very much the appearance of water; the remaining fourth was a heavy bright yellow fluid, which floated in a film on the pale fluid, looking very like chloride of nitrogen; and, at 70°, the pale portion congealed, although, even at 32°, the yellow fluid appeared to boil, and again produced the bright coloured atmosphere.

“ By putting the hydrate into a bent tube afterwards, hermetically sealed, I found it easy, after decomposing it by a heat of 100°, to distil the yellow fluid to one end of the tube, and to separate it from the remaining portion. In this way a more complete decomposition of the hydrate was effected; and when the whole was allowed to cool, neither of the fluids solidified at temperatures above 34°, and the yellow portion not even at 0°. When the two were mixed together, they gradually combined at temperatures below 60°, and formed the same solid substances as that first introduced. If when the fluids were separated, the tube was cut in the middle, the parts flew asunder as if with an explosion, the whole of the yellow portion disappeared, and there was a powerful atmosphere of chlorine produced: the pale portion, on the contrary, remained, and when examined, proved to be a weak solution of chlorine in

water, with a little muriatic acid, probably from the impurity of the hydrate used. When that end of the tube in which the yellow fluid lay was broken under a jar of water, there was an immediate production of chlorine gas."

Mr. Faraday then tried to produce the yellow fluid by the application of mechanical pressure to chlorine gas. This trial was attended with the most complete success. And he now considered that he was entitled to pronounce the yellow fluid chlorine in a liquid state.

Having thus ascertained its nature, he proceeded to enquire into its properties. It always appears very limpid and fluid, and excessively volatile at common temperatures. On being cooled in the tube to  $0^{\circ}$ , it remained fluid; on opening the tube, a part immediately flew off, leaving the rest so cooled by the evaporation, as to remain a fluid under the atmospheric pressure. The temperature was about  $-40$ . Another tube was opened at  $50^{\circ}$ ; a part of the chlorine volatilized and cooled the tube so much as to condense the atmospheric vapour on it into ice. Its specific gravity seems to be 1.33.

A note is added to this paper, by Sir H. Davy, describing the views with which he had requested Mr. Faraday to undertake the above experiments, and suggesting their extension to other gaseous bodies, he having himself thus obtained liquid muriatic acid.

The paper in which Mr. F. has detailed his further researches, is so full of facts, and the description of these given in language so concise, and at the same time so full, that we cannot attempt an analysis of the whole. The only way in which our limits will allow us to bring its contents before our readers, must be by presenting one or two extracts in the author's own words. We will take the experiments on sulphurous acid, hitherto only obtained in a gaseous form.

"Mercury and concentrated sulphuric acid were sealed up in a bent tube, and being brought to one end, heat was carefully applied, whilst the other end was preserved cool by wet bibulous paper. Sulphurous acid gas was produced where the heat acted, and was condensed by the sulphuric acid above; but when the latter had become saturated, the sulphurous acid passed to the cold end of the tube, and was condensed into a liquid. When the whole tube was cold, if the sulphurous acid was returned on to the mixture of sulphuric acid and sulphate of mercury, a portion was re-absorbed, but the rest remained on it without mixing.

"Liquid sulphurous acid is very limpid and colourless, and highly fluid. Its refractive power, obtained by comparing it in water and other media, with water contained in a similar tube, appeared to be

nearly equal to that of water. It does not solidify, or become adhesive at a temperature of  $0^{\circ}$  Fah. When a tube containing it was opened, the contents did not rush out as with explosion, but a portion of the liquid evaporated rapidly, cooling another portion so much as to leave it in the fluid state at common barometric pressure. It was, however, rapidly dissipated, not producing visible fumes, but producing the odour of pure sulphurous acid, and leaving the tube quite dry. A portion of the vapour of the fluid received over a mercurial bath, and examined, proved to be sulphurous acid gas. A piece of ice dropped into the fluid instantly made it boil, from the heat communicated by it.

“To prove, in an unexceptionable manner, that the fluid was pure sulphurous acid, some sulphurous acid gas was carefully prepared over mercury, and a long tube, perfectly dry, and closed at one end, being exhausted, was filled with it; more sulphurous acid was then thrown in by a condensing syringe, till there were three or four atmospheres: the tube remained perfectly clear and dry, but, on cooling one end to  $0^{\circ}$ , the fluid sulphurous acid condensed, and in all its characters, was like that prepared by the former process.

“Sulphurous acid vapour exerts a pressure of about two atmospheres at  $40^{\circ}$  Fah. Its specific gravity was nearly 1.42.”

It would be impossible for us to enter upon a close examination of the other experiments on the gases; we will only mention, that those which Mr. Faraday has succeeded in reducing to a liquid state are, sulphuretted hydrogen, carbonic acid, euchlorine, nitrous oxide, cyanogen, and ammonia; to the account of these are added, some further experiments on the refractive power of liquid muriatic acid, and chlorine. Several other gases are enumerated, as not having as yet been condensed, but Mr. F. expresses his hopes that they will shortly be so reduced.

This important paper is followed by another, from the pen of the President, No. 18, On the application of the liquids formed by the condensation of gases as mechanical agents.

Such application, Sir H. Davy informs us, was one of the principal objects he had in view in suggesting the preceding experiments. He considered, that vapours might be thus obtained, which, from the facility with which their elastic forces might be diminished or increased, by small decrements or increments of temperature, would be applicable to the same purposes as steam. He then proceeds to observe,

“The elasticity of vapours in contact with the liquids from which they are produced under high pressures by high temperatures, such as those of alcohol and water, is known to increase in a much higher ratio than the arithmetical one of the temperature :  
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but the exact law is not yet determined, and the result is a complicated one, and depends upon circumstances which require to be ascertained by experiment. Thus the ratio of the elastic force, dependent upon pressure, is to be combined with that of the expansive force dependent on temperature; and the greater loss of radiant heat at high temperatures, and the developement of latent heat in compression, and the necessity for its re-absorption in expansion (as the rationale of the subject is at present understood) must awaken some doubts as to the economical results to be obtained by employing the steam of water under very great pressures, and at very elevated temperatures. No such doubts, however, can arise with respect to the use of such liquids as require for their existence even a compression equal to that of the weight of thirty or forty atmospheres; and where common temperatures, or slight elevations of them are sufficient to produce an immense elastic force; and when the principal question to be discussed is, whether the effect of mechanical motion is to be most easily produced by an increase or diminution of heat by artificial means."

Assisted by Mr. Faraday, Sir H. Davy made several experiments with this object in view. Thus, sulphuretted hydrogen, which readily condenses at  $3^{\circ}$  Fah., under a pressure equal to that which balances the elastic force of an atmosphere compressed to 1-14th, had its elastic force increased so as to equal that of an atmosphere compressed to 1-17th, by an increase of  $47^{\circ}$  of temperature.

When we consider the great difference which is found in the increase of elastic force in gases, under high and low pressures, by similar increments of temperature, it seems to be beyond doubt, that in proportion as the vapour is denser, or the gas more difficult of condensation, the greater will be its power under changes of temperature as a mechanical agent. On these grounds, Sir H. Davy concluded, that carbonic acid would be remarkably powerful in its effects; and he found accordingly, that its force was nearly equal to that of air compressed to 1-20th at  $12^{\circ}$  Fah., and of air compressed to 1-36th, at  $32^{\circ}$  Fah. If azote could be obtained fluid, he does not doubt that it would be much more powerful; and hydrogen in such a state, he conceives, would exert a force almost incalculably great, and liable to immense changes from the slightest variations of temperature.

We copy the important remarks with which the paper concludes.

"There is a simple mode of liquefying the gases, which at first view appears paradoxical, namely, by the application of heat: it consists in placing them in one leg of a bent sealed tube, confined by mercury, and applying heat to ether, or alcohol, or water in the

other end. In this manner, by the pressure of the vapour of ether, I have liquefied prussic gas and sulphurous acid gas, the only two on which I have made experiments; and these gases, in being reproduced, occasioned cold. There can be little doubt that these general facts of the condensation of gases will have many practical applications. They offer easy methods of impregnating liquids with carbonic acid and other gases, without the necessity of common mechanical pressure.

“ They afford means of producing great diminutions of temperature, by the rapidity with which large quantities of liquids may be rendered æriform; and as compression occasions similar effects to cold, in preventing the formation of elastic substances, there is great reason to believe that it may be successfully employed for the preservation of animal and vegetable substances for the purposes of food.”

An appendix is subjoined, containing an account of some further experiments for ascertaining the rate of expansion or elastic force, in atmospheres in different states of density.

We are sorry that the length to which our remarks have been carried on some of the foregoing topics, prevents us from entering upon the subjects of several other papers of no inconsiderable interest. We must content ourselves with merely enumerating them.

On physiological subjects, there are two papers by Mr. Charles Bell.

No. 15. On the motions of the eye, in illustration of the uses of the muscles and nerves of the orbit;

And No. 21. A second part of the enquiry, being a continuation of the important researches, of which some account has been given in a former number.

No. 27. An account of the effect of mercurial vapours on the crew of H.M.S. *Triumph*, in 1810, by W. Burnett, M.D., one of the Medical Commissioners of the Navy.

No. 29. Observations on the air found in the pleura, in a case of pneumato-thorax, with experiments on the absorption of different kinds of air introduced into the pleura, by John Davy, M.D. F.R.S.

In mineralogy and geology, we have No. 25, On fossil shells, by Lewis Weston Dillwyn, Esq.

And No. 30. On bitumen in stones, by the Right Hon. George Knox, F.R.S.

On physical geography there is an interesting communication.

No. 19. On the temperature of the Caribbean sea at considerable depths, by Captain E. Sabine, F.R.S.

ART. V. *Warreniana; with Notes, Critical and Explanatory.* By the Editor of a Quarterly Review. 12mo. 208 pp. 6s. 6d. Longman & Co. 1824.

IF all the *leviora* which the press of our own day so rapidly furnishes, were conceived in as good-humoured a spirit as that of the greater part of the volume now before us, even those who are objects of such innocent and playful satire, might reasonably be condemned as sour and severe, if they refused to join in the laugh, though it be raised some little at their own expence. The editor of the *Quarterly Review* (*maximus fratrum*), is perhaps the only person noticed to whom strict justice is not meted. We do *not* think that the character of his writing is at all happily caught, and we *do* think that the important support which this veteran chief of the Republic of literature, has now so long afforded to good morals, good order, and good taste, should have preserved him inviolate and unapproached by the shafts of ridicule. Perhaps, however, the contributors to *Warreniana* have in their own persons been treated with what they think too little consideration by the hand of the critic, and they take this opportunity of offering re-payment in kind.

Who hath not heard of Warren? Him at whose incarnation the Immortals themselves wished they could be permitted to discard their attribute of *nepodism* (ἀθάνατοι δὲ καλεῦνται θεοὶ νέποδες γεγαῶτες) in order that they might hope to glisten in eücnemidal glory. Him whose brilliant qualities every Briton must record while he has a leg to stand on. Him, without whose finishing polish no foreigner,

“Nuper in hanc urbem pedibus qui venerit albis”

dare approach the confines of civilized society. Before whose effulgence all lesser lights pale their ineffectual lustre; to whom Day is but as moonshine, Martin himself is all Betty. But we must pause; for if we venture to proceed in this strain with this volume before us, we cannot but feel that in some degree we are poaching upon another man's *Warren*. The editor has had the singular good fortune to collect a great body of *Testimonia clarorum virorum* in favour of the mighty manufacturer, whom he wishes to celebrate: and several of the most distinguished of our cotemporaries have lent their aid in saying or singing the praise of a person whose acquaintance, in spite of the Horatian precept, every one who has any regard for appearance will sedulously cultivate; although at the same

time he may pronounce that above all others in all his works—*hic niger est*—blackest among the blacks.

Mr. Gifford leads the way by an introduction, which is a parody on the memoir of his own life, prefixed to his translation of Juvenal. Now we have always regarded that memoir as a model and exemplar of the most difficult and dangerous species of writing, Auto-Biography. It is executed with truth, with feeling, and with modesty; it details events which, to a highly-toned and nicely-adjusted mind, cannot but be sources of the most honourable pride; and which ought to have been sacred from all venom but that with which it is a merit to be bespattered,—the froth and slime of the Hunts, and their coadjutors. We should gladly therefore dismiss this introduction and its adjuncts, from the little volume which we are reviewing; they are the only parts which diminish our pleasure in its perusal, and which leave any impression upon our minds that the bright polish of its wit has been at all dimmed by an infusion of gall.

Mr. Washington Irvine comes next in order. His essay is quite *ad vivum*. Messrs. Wordsworth and Hogg, in the "Old Cumberland Pedlar," and "Warren in Fairy Land," are equally redolent of themselves. But for perfect identity, we must refer to the Cockney school.

#### " A NURSERY ODE.

BY L. H.

"N.B. *The following Nursery Ode was originally written for private circulation, and transmitted, together with an ounce of crisp gingerbread-nuts, to my little acquaintance, John Warren, junior, by way of a birth-day present. As, however, the Editor of this Volume, to whom it was shown by the father, imagined that it might be serviceable in promoting the interests of his Work, it is here numbered among the collection.*

" AH, little ranting Johnny!  
 For ever blythe and bonny,  
 And singing heigho, nonny!  
 Come, you rogue, to me now,  
 And sit upon my knee now,  
 While in thought we rove  
 Through clipsome Lisson Grove,  
 Where the blackbird singeth  
 And the daisy springeth,  
 And the Naiads tie,  
 All underneath the sky,  
 Their garters with crisp posies  
 Of daffodils and roses.

}



Johnny, Johnny, Johnny!  
 Fie! oh fie upon ye!  
 Thus to teaze your nunkey,  
 You good-for-nothing monkey;  
 Thus to pull and swale  
 His perriwig and tail,  
 And throw, with cunning glee,  
 Tobacco in his tea.  
 There—but words are vain, John—  
 There you go again, John;  
 Now perked up in a corner,  
 Like jaunty Jacky Horner;  
 Now clambering up the chimney  
 With springy step and slim knee,  
 Till, open-mouthed, you whip down  
 An ounce of soot: then slip down,  
 And run to daddy, crying—  
 ‘Odzooks, papa, I’m dying!’  
 Or else, with glib intention,  
 You puzzle your invention  
 To joke us; first you weep, John,  
 And snore as if asleep, John;  
 Then up you jump and cry out—  
 ‘O Christ, I’ve poked my eye out!’  
 When lo! directly after,  
 You turn us into laughter.  
 “Well, poppet, though you bore us  
 With one eternal chorus;  
 Of harum scarum divo,  
 Tag rag and genitivo;  
 And though, you tricksy wizard,  
 You daily stuff your gizzard  
 With sugar-plums of full size,  
 And lollipops and bull’s-eyes,  
 The Muse, through me, shall shed, now,  
 Her blessings on your head, now.  
 “May your hours of childhood,  
 Like roses in a wild wood,  
 Shed native sweets around you,  
 Till sunny thoughts surround you;  
 And when by twilight still  
 You roam o’er Primrose-Hill,  
 Or when, by midnight dark,  
 You cross the Regent’s Park,  
 May Pan, with eye so brightsome,  
 And cock-up nose so lightsome,  
 Tell you tales of tree-gods,  
 Of river and of sea-gods;

As how from lover's lay  
 Daphne stole away;  
 How by Tempè's fountain  
 She ran, and Pindus' mountain,  
 While chestnut, vine, and hop-leaf  
 Rung aloud with 'Stop thief!'  
 And, to love a martyr,  
 Apollo followed *arter*;  
 Or how that Colchian witch,  
 In Jason's friendship rich,  
 Her father dared to whip in  
 A monstrous earthen pipkin,  
 To boil him up with lamb  
 And caper-sauce and ham,  
 And then, as I'm a sinner,  
 To dish him up for dinner!  
 "Your father, too, my own John,  
 We'll not let him alone, John,  
 But, with prophetic glee,  
 Declare how time will be  
 When nations shall proclaim  
 The triumphs of his fame,  
 And story pile on story  
 In honour of his glory.  
 So now good night, my Johnny;  
 Put your night-cap on ye;  
 And mind, you little jewel,  
 Mind you drink your gruel,  
 Or else, despite your tears, John,  
 Papa will box your ears, John." P. 34.

We are not sufficiently acquainted with Mr. Charles Mills's History of the Crusades, nor with Mr. C. H. Townshend's Cambridge Prize Poem, to pronounce upon their respective likenesses. If there be resemblance, the first writes very inflated prose, the last very smooth-flowing verse. The Laureate's *Carmen Triumphale* is eminently characteristic.

"Pontiff of modern art! whose name is as noted as mine is,  
 Noted for talent and skill, and the cardinal virtues of manhood,  
 Receive this tribute of praise from one whose applause is an  
 honor.

I am he who sang of Roderick, the last of the Goths, and  
 Gothic enough it was, I'm told, in metre and meaning;  
 Thalaba too was mine, that wild and wonderful effusion,  
 Madoc and Joan of Arc, and the splendid Curse of Kehama;  
 If I then, the author of these and other miraculous volumes,  
 And a laurel'd bard toboot, laud thee, oh my Warren, in epic  
 Verse, both peasant and peer will echo thy name o'er the West end,  
 And thus shall it be with the man whom S—y delighteth to  
 honour." P. 48.

Barry Cornwall and Blackwood's Magazine, we must dismiss unnoticed. The originals are too interminable in themselves to permit us to attend to their *jocosa imagines*. Two stanzas are all, indeed, that we can afford even to Lord Byron;—we believe that they miscarried on their way to the Office of *The Liberal*, before its demise; or else that they have been swept out of it, with other offal, since that lamented occurrence. At all events, they are deeply imbued with the genuine spirit of the Dog and Tub Philosophy of the snarling and Sardonic peer, from whom they profess to emanate. After rejoicing that

———“Such is man (each pure affection shammed),  
Mean, heartless, lawless, dull, detestable, and damned,”

He proceeds in a strain equally consoling and benevolent.

“And thus the world is rife alone with fools,  
Who clank in chains while fashion holds the noose;  
Court, camp, and church,—what are they but the tools  
Of sin, shame, slang, buffoonery, and abuse?  
Momus with man has made a lasting truce.  
And hence our patriots puff,—our warriors bray,—  
Hence critics flood us with a muddy sluice  
Of maudlin prose,—hence cant holds sovereign sway,  
And sinless saints are spurn'd, while sainted sinners pray.  
“Our life is one fierce fever—death the leech  
Who lulls each throb;—the has been and to be;—  
The sole divine whose welcome aid can teach  
The mysteries of a dread futurity.—  
Come when he may, his advent will to me  
Be spring and sunshine, for my soul is dark,  
And o'er the billows of life's shoreless sea,  
A sea uncheer'd by hope's celestial ark,  
Cradled in storms and winds floats lone my little bark.” P. 89.

Coleridge's “Psychological Curiosity,” is a codicil to Cristabel.

“Ten minutes to ten by Saint Dunstan's clock,  
And the owl has awakened the crowing cock;  
Cock-a-doodle-doo,  
Cock-a-doodle-doo,  
If he crows at this rate in so thrilling a note,  
Jesu Maria! he'll catch a sore throat.  
“Warren the manufacturer rich  
Hath a spectral mastiff bitch;  
To Saint Dunstan's clock, tho' silent enow,  
She barketh her chorus of bow wow, wow:  
Bow for the quarters, and wow for the hour;  
Nought cares she for the sun or the shower;  
But when, like a ghost all arrayed in its shroud,  
The wheels of the thunder are muffled in cloud,

When the moon, sole chandelier of night,  
 Bathes the blessed earth in light,  
 As wizard to wizard, or witch to witch,  
 Howleth to heaven this mastiff bitch." P. 96.

Warren, in a dream, is carried off by a nightmare to Tartarus, where he disputes with "the king of the cock-tailed incubi," on the comparative sableness of the waters of Styx and his own blacking; and in defence of the superiority of the mere mortal composition, he accepts a challenge to box with Abaddon the champion of the Pandæmoniacal pugilists; in the description of which Pierce Egan may hide his diminished head.

#### " THE FIGHT.

" Both men on *peeling* showed nerve and bone,  
 And weighed on an average *fourteen stone* ;  
 Doffed their silk *fogle*, for battle agog,  
*Yellowman*, *castor* and white upper *tog* ;  
 Then sparred for a second their ardor to cool,  
 And rushed at each other like bull to bull.

#### " ROUNDS.

- " 1. Was a *smasher*, for Brummagem Bob\*  
 Let fly a *topper* on Beelzebub's *nob* ;  
 Then followed him over the ring with ease,  
 And *doubled him up* by a blow in the *squeese*.
- " 2. Satan was cautious in making play,  
 But stuck to his sparring and pummelled away ;  
 Till the *ogles* of Warren looked *queer* in their hue,  
 (Here, bets upon Beelzebub ; three to two.)
- " 3. *Fibbings*, and *facers*, and *toppers* abound,  
 But Satan, it seems, hath the worst of the round.
- " 4. Satan was floored by a *lunge* in the hip,  
 And the blood from his peepers, went drip, drip, drip,  
 Like fat from a goose in the dripping pan,  
 Or ale from the brim of a flowing can ;  
 His *box of dominos* chattered aloud,  
 (Here, 'Go it, Nick!' from an imp in the crowd,)  
 And he dropped with a *Lancashire purr* on his back,  
 While Bob with a *clincher* fell over him, whack.
- " 5. Both men *piping* came up to the *scratch*,  
 But Bob for Abaddon was more than a match ;  
 He *tapped his claret*, his mug he rent,  
 And made him so *groggy* with *punishment*,  
 That he gladly gave in at the close of the round,  
 And Warren in triumph was led from the ground." P. 104.

Walter Scott—Tommy Moore—and the song by the

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\* "It is currently reported at Carlton House, and the higher circles of fashion, that Robert Warren, Esq. is a native of Birmingham. 'On this hint I spake'."

Editors of *John Bull* are all excellent in their way. The reminiscences of 1823, from the *New Monthly Magazine* are amusing, and probably are like that which they profess to imitate; but we hasten to the debate in the House of Commons by the reporter of *The Times*; Mr. Hume rises to propose a reduction in the use of Warren's blacking in the army.

"I shall begin by enumerating the sum *total of the whole* of what is technically termed the Horse Guards. On examination it will be found, I believe, that the regiments properly so called, are four, and if we allow each regiment, on a hasty calculation, to be 800 strong, (to say nothing of the band,) and multiply this 800 by four, we shall have a clean product of no less than 3200 men, all of whom are in the constant habit of using Warren's blacking. This, Sir, to say the least of it, and provided that only shoes were the articles polished, would be an intolerable expense; but what shall we say when told, that the ministry, as if in mockery of reform, (*hear, hear, from Sir F. B——t,*) compel the four regiments to wear jack boots. Now the motion I have the honour to make, regards these very articles, and proposes that they be henceforth cleaned but twice a week, on a presumption that the country would be materially benefited by the alteration. This presumption is much strengthened by the following statements, by which it appears that 3200 pairs of jack boots are at present daily polished, and that the consequent expences (allowing one pot of blacking, price sixpence, to be used between three pairs), are 9733*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *per annum*. But if we restrict this extravagance to twice a week, the expenditure would then be 2771*l.* 12*s.* whereby there would be an annual saving of 6961*l.* 14*s.* 8*d.* Again, on a supposition that the jack boots are abridged to Wellingtons, and these Wellingtons cleaned in like manner but twice a week, to wit, on Fridays and Sundays, the expences would then be 923*l.* 17*s.* 8*d.*, making on the whole a reduction of 8809*l.* 9*s.* *per annum*. I must not, however, forget to mention, that in this statement there is an odd sixpence over, which, after every necessary retrenchment has been made, may be fairly divided between the Chancellor and Lord Liverpool." P. 121.

The Resolutions are as follows :

"1. That it seems, by returns to this house, that the expences attending the use of Warren's blacking in four regiments alone, are 9733*l.* 6*s.* 8*d.* *per annum*, and that a great part of this expence is occasioned by the jack boots of the Horse Guards.

"2. That from the size of these jack boots, the time of the Horse Guards must be necessarily employed in cleaning them, whereby a spirit of vanity is encouraged, to the neglect of good order and discipline.

"3. That an humble address be presented to his majesty, im-

ploring him to order an enquiry to be made into the estimates of Warren's blacking, for the purpose of ascertaining how far they are influenced by these jack boots.

"4. That his majesty will graciously command these jack boots to be abridged into Wellingtons, to be worn only on field days, and to be cleaned only twice a week.

"5. That by and through the advice of the Lord's spiritual and temporal, and his own faithful Commons, his majesty will propose a premium to any who will undertake to clean these jack boots by steam.

"6. That the house considers all these resolutions essential to the dignity of the crown, and the glory and happiness of the people." P. 125.

Mr. Brougham seconds the motion. He begins by commenting on the unprecedented and atrocious profligacy of the times, which he declares was unequalled even in the days of Nero. He is aware that in appealing to the common sense of the House he directs himself to an alarming minority; nevertheless he holds it as a paramount duty to speak the indignant language of a prostituted, insulted, and inconceivably impoverished nation. He then, after characterizing the Guards as the Prætorian bands, and as the most accomplished troop of brigands which ever yet disturbed the patience of an insulted nation, proceeds to the personal question as affecting Warren himself.

"Every manufacturer, be he who or what he may, merits equally the encouragement of Parliament; but why sacrifice hundreds to the interest of one individual? Did the house, let me ask, ever see the individual for whose gains it is thus shamefully solicitous? If they did, they will not easily forget him, for a more horrible and hoary wretch exists not on the face of the earth. The never-to-be-forgotten expression of that eye—that nose—that mouth,—the muddy channels of those cheeks,—channels to which Fleet ditch were a river of paradise, and a horse pond a fountain of the Nile,—all—all betoken the pander to public prodigality. Yet this is the man—this the Eblis,—this the Juggernaut of commerce, under whose overwhelming influence its very life-blood must be crushed out. Oh! let it not be said that the corrupt partialities which taint our political constitution could, even in this humble instance so effectually blight its character as to sink it in eternal condemnation at the tribunal of after ages. (*The awful solemnity of this address drew thunders of applause from all parts of the house.*)

"But despite the opposition of government,—opposed as it is from some curious obliquity of principle, that is to say, if extravagance can be called principle, to every motion that savours of reform—despite, I say, this most brazen-faced opposition, I am not without hopes that one at least of my hon. friends resolutions may succeed.

In the highest quarter, whence all gentility derives its origin, an amiable predilection has lately been evinced in favour of tight shoes. This predilection, influenced no doubt by motives of patriotic economy, is evidently intended for imitation, and I move, in consequence, that our soldiery be compelled to follow the discreet example, with an assurance to the house—if the house yet feel an interest in the prosperity of the kingdom—that at the end of the year there will be a truly astonishing reduction. I do not address myself to Lord Liverpool on the subject, because I consider him a staunch member of the opposition; and still less do I apply to the honourable secretary for foreign affairs, when I reflect that in every—even the most trifling instance of his diplomacy,—he has exhibited more monstrous specimens of incredible truckling than the whole history of Parliamentary tergiversation—fruitful as it is in such obliquities—can parallel.

“Mr. C——g.—That’s a lie.

“(Here the confusion and cries of ‘order, order,’ became general; Mr. B——m rose to depart, and the whole business seemed likely to have an hostile termination. Anxious, however, to restore harmony, the member for Corfe Castle modestly proposed, that the disputants should cool themselves by perusing each two chapters of his ‘Constitutional History of Rome.’ A punishment so heavily disproportioned to the offence alarmed the compassionate justice of the whole house; and Sir J. M——h, in tones of the kindest sympathy, was heard to whisper something about the Criminal Code and the Law of Nations. An awful pause ensued, during which Mr. W——e slipped behind Mr. B——m, and thrust into his hand the ‘Whole Duty of Man,’ while Mr. B——tt—h presented Mr. C——g with ‘Baxter’s Call to the Unconverted.’ Order being at length restored by an indirect apology from Mr. C——g, and a few words respecting the rules of the house, melodiously expounded by Mr. W——n, and enforced with equal beauty of intonation by his brother, Sir W. W. W——n, Mr. B——m thus proceeded.” P. 129.

Mr. Canning’s speech, which follows, is in all respects inferior. In wit it soars no higher than a few mediocre puns, and in the more elaborate passages it stops short at bombast. Perhaps no greater proof can be offered of the high standard of the Right Hon. Secretary’s eloquence, than the defiance with which it appears to withstand those attempts at parody which succeeds so well when applied to others.

We have exceeded the limits which we intended to assign to our notice of this amusing volume. If it be really written (and public opinion so attributes it) by the authors of the Rejected Addresses, we are glad to see them once again in their masquerading habits. We do not mean any disrespect, and we trust they will so understand us, when we observe, that as far as the press is concerned, we like them better in any character than in their own.

ART. VI. *History of Roman Literature, from its earliest Period to the Augustan Age. By John Dunlop, Esq. Author of the History of Fiction.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 11s. 6d. Longman & Co. 1823.

THE history of literature in general is much more intimately connected with national history than is most commonly supposed. In the civil history of a nation, we are presented merely with a chronicle of events; and the leading differences which exist between the histories of different nations, consist less in the facts recorded, than in the order of their succession. The annals of every country furnish us with wars, invasions, expeditions, and revolutions; and the causes of these public events are almost in all instances the same, ambition and tyranny. But the literary histories of different nations differ essentially; and the reason of this is best explained by the consideration that man, in his public relations, exhibits usually more of the characteristics of his species, and fewer of his individual peculiarities, than when seen in his domestic relations. In proportion as he converses with those who share his feelings, interests, and confidence, his character will be open and unreserved, and the colourings of his mind discoverable. The idiosyncrasy of the national mind will therefore be always more conspicuous in its literary than its political transactions; and there will be scarcely more difference between the correspondences of friends and diplomatists, than will exist between the literary and civil histories of nations, as regards information, with respect to the philosophy of the national mind.

As the literature, therefore, of a people is not only interesting for itself, but, as the picture of the public mind, so is its history interesting, as the history of that mind of which it is the picture. We learn far more of the real state of society, and of national, and even of individual feeling, from Aristophanes, than from Thucydides; from Horace, than from Tacitus; from Chaucer, than from Hollinshed or Hall. The progress of the national literature is the progress of the national mind; and in the literature, or literary history of a country, the philosophic student of general history will not unfrequently be enabled to detect the secret springs of public conduct, which he might have vainly endeavoured to investigate in the writings of the historian or biographer.

Taken in this light, as a guide to the mental influences which operate upon the conduct and fortunes of nations and public individuals, there is no literary history, which, at first sight, opens so attractive a field to the inquirer into human



intellect as that of the Romans. The singular destinies of this astonishing people, and of the heroic minds who originated and conducted them (which indeed seem less to be the sober records of history, than the sublimest creations of romance), might be supposed to give the literature of Rome and every thing connected with it an interest the most exalted and intense. It is, however, a remarkable fact, that the literary history of Rome is, of all others, the most deficient in those qualifications which would render its study interesting to the philosopher of mind; and, with the exception of Juvenal and Horace, Rome has scarcely a writer from whom any thing can be collected concerning the private life and feeling of the citizens. This seems to be the reason that "while its warlike exploits and the principles of its political institutions have been repeatedly and laboriously investigated, less attention has been paid to the history of its literature, than to that of any other country, possessed of equal pretensions to learning and refinement; and, in the English language at least, no connected view of its rise, its progress, and decline, has been, as yet, presented to us." *Pref. p. vi.*

There are two causes which have unfortunately concurred to render the Roman literature almost valueless, as a picture of the national mind, and consequently to destroy that natural connection which would otherwise subsist between the literary and civil history of Rome. The first of these is, that, for the first five centuries of their national existence, during which some of their noblest achievements occur, the Romans had no literature; and the second, that, when the conquest of the Greek colonies, and subsequently of the mother country, exhibited to the astonished conqueror the wonders which had been wrought in literature and civilization by that parent and nurse of all liberal attainments, the Roman mind was impressed rather with the spirit of admiration and awe, than with that of emulation; and from this impression it never entirely recovered. Hence the literature of Rome is a picture, not of the Roman character, but of the Greek; and, even in this point of view, it has little interest, as it is not drawn from the life, but is a copy of a copy.

"At Rome, the pursuit of literature was neither a native nor a predominant taste among the people. The Roman territory was always a foreign soil for letters, which were not the produce of national genius, but were naturalized by the assiduous culture of a few individuals reared in the schools of Greece. Indeed, the early Roman authors, particularly the dramatic, who, of all others, best illustrate the prevalent ideas and sentiments of a nation, were mere translators from the Greek. Hence those delineations, which, at

first view, might appear to be characteristic national sketches, are, in fact, the draught of foreign manners, and the mirror of customs which no Roman adopted, or of sentiments in which, perhaps, no Roman participated. Since, then, the literature of Rome exercised but a limited influence on the conduct of its citizens, and as it reciprocally reflects but a partial light on their manners and institutions, its history must, in a great measure, consist of biographical sketches of authors, of critical accounts of their works, and an examination of the influence which these works have exercised on modern literature." *Pref.* p. xvi.

These facts appear to be the reasons why the literature of Rome has not met with any regular historian before Mr. Dunlop; and certainly it is not a theme which holds out much promise of interest, either to the historian or to his reader. Mr. Dunlop, however, has contrived to produce a work of considerable interest on the subject; and, in his examination of the influence of Roman literature on that of modern times (which we cannot consider with him to be a part of his subject), he has been eminently successful; and indeed we regard this as at once the most novel and interesting part of his work. The lives of the Roman poets, or such particulars concerning them as have been preserved, are generally well known; and, when known, are generally of little interest; but a judgment on the exact original merit of writers who confessedly borrowed assistance from their Latin masters, detailed in a connected and historical form, was wanting in the history of those operations which mind performs upon mind. In this view, the portion devoted to the consideration of Plautus, is perhaps the most engaging in Mr. Dunlop's work. To quote a part of this would be only to injure it; and as the whole would far exceed our limits, we must content ourselves with recommending its perusal to the classical student, as an exercise from which he will derive much amusement and some profit. In the period which preceded the Augustan age, there is so little interest in the literary history of Rome itself, and the works then published have exercised comparatively so slight an influence on modern writing, that we cannot but regret that Mr. Dunlop did not give us the literary history of the Augustan age, which he now only promises. For this he would have been eminently qualified; and his discussions on the effect which the writings of Virgil, Horace, Ovid, and the contemporary elegiac poets have produced on the poetry of modern times, would have been read with the greatest interest and delight.

In adverting to the Augustan period, we may also be permitted to remark, that, as its literature is more intrinsically

excellent, its literary history is more illustrative of national character than that of any other epoch of the Roman annals. In this respect, the writings of Horace are most valuable. His sketches of individual character are, perhaps, unequalled by any writer in any age; many are drawn from the life, and in the rest the great artist had before his eye the abstraction of the national sentiment and manners. His lounge in the Via Sacra is bright with all the freshness of life; and its reader seems to breathe the air, and mingle with the bustle of ancient Rome. Not less striking are his incidental pictures of the same scene; business calls him to distant parts of the city; his positive misery and his various escapes from bodily danger, are detailed with a precision which would do credit to a walker in our own capital, and which give us as perfect a general idea of Rome in its external life, as can possibly be conceived. In the entertainment of Nasidienus, we are admitted within doors, and see the Roman character in its convivial moments; of this a still more striking instance is exhibited in the xxviii<sup>th</sup> ode of the first book; which, from beginning to end, is life itself. Independently of his poetic fire, Horace possessed the great art which he himself so highly extols in a poet; he knew how to give all his characters their appropriate manners. Ovid also, and even Virgil, throw considerable light on the national character of the Romans.

In that period however, of Roman literature, of which Mr. Dunlop is the historian, such illustrations sparingly occur. The only authors from whom we could hope for any thing like an account of the domestic life of the Romans are Lucilius and Afranius; and the writings of these poets have perished. Nævius and Ennius, although they wrote on Roman affairs, probably gave no further insight into the peculiarities of the national mind than we can collect from Livy. Plautus and Terence are mere copyists from Aristophanes and Menander; and Lucretius is occupied in expounding Greek systems of philosophy. We cannot, therefore, expect to find in Mr. Dunlop's present history the philosophic features which we may hope to contemplate in his projected draught of the Augustan literature; yet he has shown himself not inattentive to such circumstances as occasionally occur in illustration of the state of early Roman society.

In the following remarks on the causes which influenced the early Roman comedy, Mr. Dunlop, has, we think, stated with much acuteness and plausibility the real circumstances which proved fatal to the originality of a department of their literature, from which better things might have been expected.

"Nævius, while inventing plots of his own, had tried to introduce on the Roman stage the style of the old Greek comedy; but his dramas did not succeed, and the fate of their author deterred others from following his dangerous career. The government of Athens, which occupies a chief part in the old comedy, was the most popular of all administrations; and hence, not only oratory, but comedy claimed the right of ridiculing and exposing it. The first state in Greece became the subject of merriment. In one play, the whole body of the people was represented under the allegorical personage of an old doating driveller; and the pleasantry was not only tolerated, but enjoyed by the members of the state itself (themselves.) Cleon and Lamachus could not have repressed the satire of Aristophanes, as the Metelli checked the invectives of Nævius. Under pretence of public zeal, the Greek comic writers spared no part of the public conduct, councils, revenues, popular assemblies, judicial proceedings, or warlike enterprises. Such exposure was a restraint on the ambition of individuals,—a matter of importance to people jealous of their liberties. All this, however, was quite foreign to the more serious taste, and more aristocratic government of the Romans, to their estimation of heroes and statesmen, and to their respect for their legitimate chiefs, and for the dignity even of a Roman citizen. The profound reverence and proud affection which they entertained for all that exalted the honour of their country, and extreme sensibility to its slightest disgrace, must have interdicted an exhibition in which its glory was humbled or its misfortunes held up to mockery. They would not have laughed so heartily at the disasters of a Carthaginian, as the Athenians did at those of a Peloponnesian or Sicilian war. The disposition which led them to return thanks to Varro after the battle of Cannæ, that he had not despaired of the republic, was very different from the temper which excited such contumelious laughter at Nicias, and the promoters of the Spartan war. When the Roman people was seriously offended, the Tarpeian rock, and not the stage, was the spot selected for their vengeance." Vol. I. p. 199.

Not less judicious are the following observations on the circumstances which operated prejudicially to the Roman tragedy.

"Horace, as is well known, bestowed much commendation on those dramatists who had chosen events of domestic history as subjects for their tragedies:

'Nec minus [minimum] meruere decus vestigia græca  
Ausu deserere, et celebrare domestica facta.'

Dramas taken from our own annals excite a public interest, and afford the best as well as easiest opportunity of attracting the mind by frequent reference to our manners, prejudices or customs. It may, at first sight, seem strange that the Romans, who were a

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national people, and whose epics were generally founded on events in their own history, should, when they did make such frequent attempts at the composition of tragedy, have so seldom selected their arguments from the ancient annals or traditions of their country. These traditions were, perhaps, not very fertile in pathetic or marvellous incident, but they afforded subjects, rich beyond all others in tragic energy and elevation; and, even in the range of female character, in which the ancient drama was most defective, Lucretia and Virginia were victims as interesting as Iphigenia or Alcestis. The tragic writers of modern times have borrowed from these very sources many subjects of a highly poetical nature, and admirably calculated for scenic representation. The furious combat of the Horatii and the Curiatii, the stern patriotic firmness of Brutus, the internal conflicts of Coriolanus, the tragic fate of Virginia, and the magnanimous self-devotion of Regulus have been dramatized with success in the different languages of modern Europe. But those names which to us sound so lofty, may, to the natives, have been too familiar for the dignity essential to tragedy. In Rome, the Roman subjects were of too recent a date to have acquired that venerable cast which the tragic muse demands, and time alone can bestow. They were not at a sufficient distance to have lost all those mean and disparaging circumstances which unavoidably adhere to recent events, and in some measure sink the noblest modern transactions to the level of ordinary life. This seems to have been strongly felt by Sophocles and Euripides, who preferred the incidents connected with the sieges of Troy and of Thebes, rendered gigantic only by the mists of antiquity, to the real and almost living glories of Marathon or Thermopylæ. But the Romans had no families corresponding to the race of Atreus or Oedipus:—they had no princess endowed with the beauty of Helen—no monarch invested with the dignity of Agamemnon; they had, in short, no epic cycle on which to form tragedies, like the Greeks, whose minds had been conciliated by Homer in favour of Ajax and Ulysses.” Vol. I. p. 359.

We should exceed the limits of our article were we to extract further remarks on this subject, which Mr. Dunlop has investigated in a philosophical spirit, and at some length. Beside the causes above alleged, our author notices the observation of Horace, that the Romans possessed considerable tragic spirit, and cultivated tragedy with boldness and even success; but from indolence in correcting their productions, the result, perhaps, of that very impetuosity which would not permit itself to be curbed in its mid career, they were unable to reach that elaborate perfection which, no less than the energy of the sentiment, distinguishes the compositions of the Greek tragedians.

“The nation,” also, “was deficient in that milder humanity, of

which there are so many beautiful instances in Grecian history. From the austere patriotism of Brutus sacrificing every personal feeling to the love of country, from the frugality of Cincinnatus and parsimony of the Censor, it fell with frightful rapidity into a state of luxury and corruption without example." (Vol. I. p. 367.) "On the whole, they were an austere, stately, and formal people; their whole mode of life tended to harden the heart and feelings, and there was a rigid uniformity in their early manners, ill adapted to the free workings of the passions." (Vol. I. p. 368.) "Any softer emotions, too, which the Roman people may have once experienced, any sentiments capable of being awakened to tragic pathos, became gradually blunted by the manner in which they were exercised. They had, by degrees, been accustomed to take a barbarous delight in the most wanton displays of human violence and brutal cruelty. Lions and elephants tore each other to pieces before their eyes; and they beheld, with emotions only of delight, crowds of hireling gladiators wasting their energy, valour, and life, on the guilty arena of a circus." (Vol. I. p. 369.) "The extension, too, of the military power, and the increasing wealth and splendour of the Roman republic, accustomed its citizens to triumphal and gaudy processions. This led to a taste for what, in modern times, has been called *Spectacle*." (Vol. I. p. 369.) Moreover, "the language of the Romans, however excellent in other respects, was, at least, in comparison with Greek, but ill suited to the free expression of earnest and vivid emotion." (Vol. I. p. 370.) "Little attention besides, was paid to critical learning, and the cultivation of correct composition. Even so late as the time of Horace, the tragic drama continued to be unsuccessful, in consequence of the illiberal education of the Roman youth; who, while the Greeks were taught to open all the mind to glory, were so cramped in their genius by the love of gain and by the early infusion of sordid principles, that they were unable to project a great design, or conduct it to perfection." (Vol. I. p. 371.)

These several causes are enlarged on by Mr. Dunlop with great ability; and to these he adds the misdirected influence of the Greek literature, which indeed, is the great and fertile source to which all those departures from just taste, truth, and nature, which characterize the writings of the Romans are ultimately referable.

Mr. Dunlop has given a very comprehensive view of the languages and literature out of which the Roman language and literature arose; and his epitome of the very obscure subject of Etrurian antiquities is extremely happy. He is evidently a very extensive reader; and to this he sometimes trusts too much, and either contents himself with reporting facts at second hand, which he does not remember to have seen contradicted; or submits his plain unsophisticated

judgment to the dreamings which he has read. Thus, he classed Terentianus Maurus has most unaccountably ascribed to Livius Andronicus some lines which we shall presently adduce, he speaks of them as possibly genuine, and even grounds upon them the fact that Livius effected a vast improvement in the Latin tongue. The following are the lines:

“ Et jam purpureo suras include cothurno,  
Balteus et revocet volucres in pectora sinus;  
Pressaque jam gravidâ crepitent tibi terga pharetrâ:  
Dirigè odorisequos ad cæca cubilia canes.”

The last words of these verses are quoted as the production of Livius, vol. I. p. 376.

Without entering into the positive evidence for the undoubted apuriosity of these lines, we cannot but feel astonished that Mr. Dunlop should have pronounced so complacent an opinion of their genuineness, when we find him quoting, two pages after, the following lines from their supposed author:

“ Namque nilum pejus  
Macerat hemonem quamde mare sævom; vires quoi  
Sunt magnæ, topper confringent importunæ undæ.”

As a specimen of Mr. Dunlop's assumptions, we shall adduce his account of this same poet Livius; whom he states, on the authority of Tiraboschi, to have been a native of Magna Græcia. “Tiraboschi asserts” says he, “that when his country was finally subdued by the Romans, in 487, Livius was made captive and brought to Rome.” Now Tiraboschi makes no such assertion; although he does indeed bring strong presumptive proof that such was the fact, and perhaps overstrains his argument: but he thought he could not with propriety introduce a memoir of Livius into a History of Italian Literature, unless he could render it most probable that he was a native of Italy.

A stranger mistake even than this occurs in some remarks concerning one Stefano, the son of Alexis, who, Mr. Dunlop tells us, was, according to Suidas, the uncle of Menander! Of course it would be vain to search Suidas for any such name as Stefano. We find, indeed, in Suidas that Alexis was the uncle of Menander and the father of Stephanus: the Italian form of whose name has been adopted from Tiraboschi, a misunderstanding of whom, without any reference to Suidas, appears to have been the cause of the error.

We have, however, a still more serious charge to bring against Mr. Dunlop. He has not scrupled to cite long

passages, without acknowledgement, from other writers. The following are translated nearly word by word from Schlegel.

"Cato, finding that the patients lived, notwithstanding this detestable conspiracy, began to regard the Greek practitioners as impious sorcerers, who counteracted the course of nature, and restored dying men to life, by means of unholy charms: and he therefore exhorted his countrymen to remain steadfast, not only by their old Roman principles and manners, but also by the venerable unguents and salubrious balsams which had come down to them from the wisdom of their grandmothers." Vol. II. p. 32. *Schlegel, Lec. III.*

"It may, at first sight, seem strange that the Romans, who were a national people, and whose epics were generally founded on events in their own history, should, when they did make such frequent attempts at the composition of tragedy, have so seldom selected their arguments from the ancient annals or traditions of their country. \* \* \* \* The tragic writers of modern times have borrowed from these very sources many subjects of a highly poetical nature, and admirably calculated for scenic representation. The furious combat of the Horatii and Curiatii, the stern patriotic firmness of Brutus, and the internal conflicts of Coriolanus." Vol. I. p. 359. *Schlegel, Lec. III.*

"The manifold witcheries of the Odyssey, and the harmony of the noble hexameter, made so entire a conquest of the fancy and ears of the Romans, as to leave no room for an imitation, or even an affectionate preservation of these ancient poems of their country." Vol. I. p. 122. *Schlegel, Lec. III.*

A passage which we have already noticed in illustration of the obstructions which the tragic muse experienced at Rome, alluding to the savage sports of the Roman public is, also, entirely translated from Schlegel. The following is nearly translated from the first chapter of the third part of Tiraboschi's second book of the *History of Italian Literature*.

"From Livius Andronicus to Terence, poetry was cultivated only by foreigners and freedmen. Scipio and Lælius, indeed, are said to have written some scenes in the plays of Terence; but they did not choose that any thing of this sort should pass under their names. The stern republicans seemed to have considered poetry as an art which captives and slaves might cultivate for the amusement of their conquerors or masters, but which it would be unsuitable for a grave and lofty patrician to practise." P. 372.

As Mr. Dunlop, therefore, has not scrupled to adorn his work with the gravity and pleasantry of other writers, it is not a matter of surprise that he should be at once interesting and lively: though we do not deny that in himself also he possesses these qualifications in great abundance. His metrical translations of many passages quoted, are particularly spirited:



although it is not easy to perceive the use of them, as it might not be too much to assume, that the reader of a history of Roman Literature would understand the Roman originals. As a specimen, we shall cite his translation of the following lines of Ennius, for the preservation of which, according to Mr. Dunlop, we are indebted to "the grammarians": we should have referred the obligation to Cicero.

"Non habeo denique nauci Marsum augurem,  
 Non vicanos haruspices, non de circo astrologos,  
 Non Isiacos conjectores, non interpretes somnium;  
 Non enim sunt ii, aut scientiâ, aut arte, divinei;  
 Sed superstitiosi vates, impudentesque harioli,  
 Aut inertes, aut insanei, aut quibus egestas imperat;  
 Qui sibi semitam non sapiunt, alteri monstrant viam;  
 Quibus divitias pollicentur ab iis drachmam ipsi petunt:  
 De his divitiis sibi deducant drachmam: reddant cæreat."

This sarcastic passage is thus translated with exquisite ease and humour by Mr. Dunlop.

"For no Marsian augur, whom fools view with awe,  
 Nor diviner, nor stargazer, care I a straw:  
 The Egyptian quack, an expounder of dreams,  
 Is neither in science nor art what he seems;  
 Superstitious and shameless, they prowl through our streets,  
 Some hungry, some crazy, but all of them cheats;  
 Impostors! who vaunt to others they'll show  
 A path, which themselves neither travel nor know.  
 Since they promise us wealth if we pay for their pains,  
 Let them take from that wealth, and bestow what remains."

The following passage, from the same author, which though put in the mouth of a Greek, breathes all the stern spirit of Roman martial generosity, and disinterested thirst of glory, is finely translated in the same number of lines as in the original; a merit which is greatly enhanced by the conciseness of the language from which they are translated.

"Nec mi aurum posco, nec mi pretium dederitis;  
 Nec cauponantes bellum, sed belligerentes:  
 Ferro non auro, vitam cernamus utrinque,  
 Vosne velit, an me regnare Hera; quidve ferat Sors  
 Virtute experiamur: et hoc simul accipe dictum;  
 Quorum virtutei bellei fortuna pepercit,  
 Horumdem me libertati parcere certum est:  
 Dono ducite, doque volentibus cum magnis Dis."

Thus rendered by Mr. Dunlop.

"Nor gift I seek, nor shall ye ransom yield;  
 Let us not trade, but combat in the field;

Steel, and not gold, our being must maintain,  
And prove which nation Fortune wills to reign.  
Whom chance of war, despite of valour spar'd,  
I grant them freedom, and without reward.  
Conduct them then, by all the mighty Gods!  
Conduct them freely to their own abodes."

On the whole, Mr. Dunlop's work is one of great talent and interest; but its author is too great a plagiarist to allow us to express any positive opinion as to what are the merits of his original share in its composition. It contains much information, and some error; and exhibits, at least, extensive reading. We hope we shall soon have to congratulate the public on the appearance of Mr. Dunlop's projected history of the Augustan age; and in this we trust he will be more sparing of unacknowledged quotations from his predecessors, and less liable to the censure of Horace:

"Inceptis gravibus plerunque et magna professis  
Purpureus, latè qui splendeat, unus et alter  
Assuitur pannus."

Let him only apply his reading and his talents to the work, and we doubt not we shall see a composition which will take a permanent station in the ranks of our national literature.

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ART. VII. *The Voice of Facts from the Convent of St. Joseph, Ranelagh, Dublin. By the Reverend Joseph Finlayson, A. M.* 8vo. 3s. 6d. Cadell. 1824.

ART. VIII. *A Letter to Francis Jeffery, Esq., Editor of the Edinburgh Review, on the Evidence in support of a Continuation of Miraculous Powers in the Church: partly intended as an Answer to the Third Article of the 77th Number of said Work, on the Miracles ascribed to Prince Hohenlohe.* 8vo. 61 pp. 2s. Longman and Co. 1824.

MR. FINLAYSON is perfectly satisfied that the Irish miracles are all a trick of the Roman catholic clergy, and of a few tools or dupes among their people. Bible-Associations, School-Societies, and other institutions of a similar nature, have, he thinks, awakened the apprehensions of the priests; who, in such circumstances, could devise no better expedient for confirming the faith of their flocks, than such a sanction of the divine approbation, in favour of their church, as might be obtained through the intercession of Prince Alexander Hohenlohe, and manifested in the cure of sundry pa-

tients afflicted with desperate maladies. The persons more immediately concerned in this piece of pious fraud were, he imagines, a few ecclesiastics in the neighbourhood of Dublin, who preferred their church to honesty and truth; and a few devotees of the other sex who were not unwilling, in furtherance of the same good cause, to submit for a time to a very trying species of martyrdom. These last consented, for the purpose now stated, to endure considerable bodily pain and inconvenience; to bring upon themselves, in fact, the languor and even the suffering of disease, that they might become objects of that supernatural power of healing which the prayers of a pious prince were supposed, ever and anon, to draw down from heaven, for behoof of the faithful Catholics.

We do not altogether agree with Mr. Finlayson in this conclusion. There is, unquestionably, much evidence of credulity, weakness, and ignorance among the parties principally engaged in this affair; but we see no proofs of a conspiracy to deceive the world; no preconcerted arrangements for getting up the thaumaturgical exhibition at the Convent of St. Joseph; no collusion, in short, between the higher order of clergy and the silly nuns, either in the creation of sickness or in the progress of recovery. The heaviest charge that can be brought against them respects their readiness to be deceived; and that, too, in a matter where the experience of former times has supplied a very competent guide to the truth; as also, perhaps, in the use which they seem desirous to make of an occurrence, in which no man who knows any thing of history or of the human frame, will be weak enough to suppose that there is the slightest trace of supernatural agency.

Miss Mary Stuart, the lady upon whose person the miracle was performed, has a brother, the Reverend Charles Stuart, who returned from the continent to Ireland, in October 1822. This gentleman is supposed to have become acquainted, during his residence abroad, with the wonderful works of Prince Hohenlohe, and with the good effects which they were every where producing on the faith of Catholics; and, accordingly, he is understood to have suggested, upon his return to his native country, the advantages that would result to the cause of the church from having a few well authenticated cases of cure performed under the very eyes of Hibernian sceptics and heretics. So early as June, 1821, the miraculous recovery of the Princess Schwartzberg had given celebrity to the prevalence of Hohenlohe's intercession. The fame of that and several other cures had reached the re-

most parts of Europe ; and it is presumed that, at the very period when Mr. Stuart rejoined his family in Ireland, a plan was actually under consideration by the Catholic priesthood, for securing to the people under their charge all the benefits, whether of faith or health, which were so liberally bestowed upon their brethren in Germany.

"The symptoms of decline," they are supposed to say, "with which our church is menaced, are truly alarming; and will require the speedy application of a most powerful antidote. But what more powerful than that which our church has always possessed, and occasionally employed; namely, the visible interposition of divine power! Happily, too, that highly favoured servant of God, the Prince of Hohenlohe is a living witness; and hundreds will corroborate his testimony in their own persons, and thousands in the persons of others, that the age of miracles is not yet gone. We must have miracles in Ireland." "To awake our slumbering piety, to animate the faithful throughout the church to fly with more confidence, more reverence, more love to these holy altars, and to conduct back the wanderers to venerate the holy mass, perchance to bring other sheep into our fold. We must have miracles in Ireland. Our religion is traduced—our rights are withheld—our good nature is maligned—our best actions are misrepresented—crimes are imputed to us against which our very nature revolts—our friends are silenced, and our enemies insult us and glory in our humiliation! But we shall have miracles in Ireland, even in the capital itself; miracles, the voice of which, with the loudness of thunder, and the rapidity of lightning, will fly throughout every corner of the island; which will furnish matter for plausible representation from the press, and for most solemn and eloquent declamation from the pulpit. **YES, WE WILL HAVE MIRACLES IN IRELAND!**"

In the way now mentioned, the priests and devotees of the Romish church in Ireland are supposed to have reasoned and planned in regard to the co-operation of the holy Prince of Hohenlohe. But the statements of the author, on this head, are purely hypothetical, and are assumed avowedly for the purpose of enabling him to account for the proceedings which eventually took place; and which, as we have already observed, he unreservedly ascribes to fraud and collusion on the part of the clergy. The reader will, however, obtain the best information that is any where to be had relative to the particular case of Miss Stuart, from the affidavit which she made before Mr. Arabin, one of the magistrates of Dublin, on the 15th of August last, about fourteen days after she had been restored to health. The following is a copy.

"Mary Stuart, of Ranelagh Convent, in the said county, aged

*Stainlake's Miracles.*

came before me, &c. &c. and in January, 1819, she was attacked by a fever and believes, which continued following; on the night of which day, she was in a state of convalescence, the chapel had been consumed by an accidental fire, upon which she took refuge in an adjoining field; and from the damp of the grass, as this deponent and believes, she contracted the disease and had been languishing for more than four years. The symptoms of her complaint were stagnations at the head, which repeated five or six times for the space of four years produced a total suspension of all her faculties, and which occurred even when this deponent was perfectly awake; there were very few weeks in the entire period of her illness, when she was free from these attacks; that she had occasionally experienced a temporary suspension of the faculty of speech; that on the 6th of January, 1823, the loss of speech occurred when she was raised in the bed; in consequence of which, repeated bleedings were resorted to, in order to obtain temporary relief; that on the 27th day of June last she, this deponent, lost the faculty of speech, which could not be restored by the most powerful remedies that were applied: that since the month of September, 1822, this deponent had been confined to her bed; and from January, 1823, up to the first day of August, 1823, she had been unable to turn in the bed without the assistance of two persons, and during her illness she had been repeatedly bled in the arm and temples, and leeches had been applied to the head, in one or two instances up the nose, and so great was the tendency of blood to the head, that, on one occasion, the temporal artery burst, although it had not been opened for some weeks; that blisters in a considerable number were applied; and, since the 6th of January, 1820, this deponent had an issue on the top of the head, after which two other issues were made in the nape of the neck, and one in her left arm, containing five kidney beans; that, during the entire period of her illness she had taken no remedies but such as were ordered by the physicians; that she attributes her instantaneous recovery to the supernatural interference of the Divine Power, through the intercession of Prince Hohenloe. This deponent saith that, having understood the Prince had appointed the first day of August, inst. as a day on which all those who wished to apply to the Almighty for relief, should join him in prayer, she, this deponent, endeavoured to dispose herself to have supplications offered up for her: that having fulfilled the conditions generally prescribed by the Prince, and prepared herself by a sacramental confession (which she was only able to make by signs) to receive the most adorable Eucharist, the Rev. Mr. Meagher offered the divine sacrifice of the mass in her chamber, at which her sister, Anne Stuart,

and two other religieuses of the said convent, and the attendant of this deponent assisted. That this deponent was accompanied by her brother, the Rev. Mr. Stuart, during the devotions previous to the mass; after which, as deponent was informed and believes, he went to offer up mass for her in the chapel of the convent; that this deponent could not receive the blessed Eucharist but as a viaticum, and that when receiving it, she could not project her tongue beyond the teeth; that at the conclusion of the mass, this deponent continued in the same helpless state as herein before described; and when addressed by her sister, the said Anne Stuart, as to how she felt, she, this deponent, was unable to give any signs of recovery; that, in perceiving no alteration in herself, she was mentally making an act of resignation to the divine will, and invoking the holy name of Jesus, when she suddenly perceived she had strength to utter some words, and immediately exclaimed, 'Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, the heavens and earth are full of thy glory;' and then, without any assistance from any person, raised herself in the bed and knelt erect, and then prostrated herself to adore the goodness of God; that having immediately dressed herself, she walked down to the chapel to give public thanks to the Almighty; that since that time she has not experienced the least symptoms of her late disease; that from the issues above described she has experienced no inconvenience whatever, notwithstanding that no application for healing has been resorted to, and that said issues are now entirely healed. Sworn, &c."

So much for the nature of the disease and the manner of the cure. The importance attached to the event by the Roman catholic clergy, and particularly by Dr. Murray, the titular archbishop of Dublin, is the only circumstance in it which to us appears the least surprising. These gentlemen entertained not the smallest doubt that a miracle had actually taken place in the person of Mary Stuart; and, moreover, that the Almighty had thereby deigned, by a special act of his power and favour, to recognize the popish branch of the Christian church as his peculiar inheritance. In a pastoral Address, dated the 15th of August, the very day on which Miss Stuart made her affidavit before the magistrate, Dr. Murray emphatically reminds his clergy, that the

"Voice of these facts, issuing from the bosom of the divine sanctuary, and publishing the glory of God with the loudness of thunder, may strike upon the ears and hearts of many to whom the voice of our ministry could not reach. Mary Stuart, of the Convent of St. Joseph, Ranelagh, has, through the extraordinary interposition of that omnipotent Being who killeth and maketh alive, been restored instantaneously to health, from a state of grievous

and hopeless infirmity, for the relief of which all the resources of human skill had been expended in vain."

To this declaration of the Archbishop is appended a variety of affidavits and testimonials by medical men and other attendants in the monastery; all which go to prove that the lady had been long ill, and also that her recovery was very sudden. There is, it is true, a considerable difference of opinion among the physicians, both as to the precise character of Miss Stuart's complaints, as well as in regard to the extent in which natural causes may have contributed to the restoration of her health. Upon the whole, however, they seem willing to leave the case in that mystery with which the friends of the patient were so extremely desirous to surround it; and this, both from the reluctance of the former to contradict a statement so plausibly vouched and so solemnly maintained, as also from their imperfect acquaintance with the real symptoms of the malady under which the young lady had suffered. Dr. Cheyne affords the only exception to this professional reserve. In a letter, containing a reply to some queries addressed to him by the Reverend Robert Daly, he declares

"That there was not, in his opinion, any thing miraculous in the change which took place in Miss Stuart's health; and that her case could, to his entire satisfaction, be accounted for on natural principles."

All our readers are aware, that the method which Prince Hohenlohe adopted for extending the benefits of his powerful mediation, was to name a certain day and hour on which both himself and the patient who looked to him for relief, were to perform in concert certain religious exercises. The success which attended his pious labours in sundry cases of inveterate disease, had the effect of increasing the number of applications to such a degree, that he found it necessary to alter his plan; and instead of devoting a separate service to each particular claimant, he made known to all the sick and infirm in the Catholic world, that the first day of every month would be set apart for the common benefit of all such as might require his aid, or have faith enough to ask it.

Miss Stuart, the *religieuse* of St. Joseph's, among the many thousands who were not too diffident to ask a miracle, applied to the holy prince to include her case in the list of incurables; and to use his interest for her at his earliest conveniency. The prince was not deaf to her request. He answered her letter and named the day and hour; reminding her, at the same time, of the difference of longitude between Bamberg

and her place of residence, and of the necessity of making the proper allowance in the notation of the nunnery clock. But accident on this occasion opposed the effect of miraculous interposition. The letter was detained on the road, and the prince's prayers were over before his epistle reached the convent at Ranelagh. Of course she derived no benefit from his intercession. The application was immediately renewed, and the promise of assistance was in like manner repeated : whilst, to secure all parties against unforeseen disappointment, full time was allowed for the arrival of the second letter, and a choice given of the first day of several successive months. August was fixed upon by the anxious patient ; and in the way which has already been described in her own affidavit, Miss Stuart sought relief and found it.

It is surprising that the failure of the prince's intercessions when employed alone, did not suggest to the archbishop and his ghostly advisers, that as co-operation on the part of the patient was proved to be quite indispensable, the cure must have had some connection with the workings of her own mind. A real miracle does not require any aid from the disposition or energy of the subject upon which it is performed. The supernatural cures effected by our Lord, by his apostles, and even by the ancient prophets, were in most cases altogether independent, not only of co-operation, but even of consciousness on the part of the patient. The cures of Prince Hohenloe are, in this respect, altogether different. They require the vivid glow of imagination and the most intense working of the passions ; and it is only where the mind is moved that the body is cured.

The fact now mentioned supplies the means of obtaining a rational explanation of all the prince's miracles. They are effected by a strong excitement of the mind acting on the fluids of the corporal frame ; and are accordingly almost entirely confined to those particular ailments which arise from impeded circulation, in individuals of sedentary habits.

To facilitate comparison between the Irish miracles and those which are said to have been performed at the tomb of the celebrated Abbé Paris, we have studied with some attention the principal works to which these last gave rise in France, as well on the part of the Jesuits as on that of the more credulous Jansenists. The book of Montgeron on this subject is very generally known ; and is allowed, on all hands, to contain the ablest defence that is any where to be found of that set of opinions which claim credibility for the cures operated at the tomb of the holy deacon. He very wisely limits the authenticated cases to eight or nine ; being perfectly aware that



of the numerous cures which were trumpeted abroad among the devotees of the period, many were imaginary, and not a few forged. There is another publication on the same side of the question, in two small volumes, which sets forth indeed a more ample collection of instances; but a very slight examination is sufficient to detect in them all much ignorance and deception, and still more commonly, such a combination of natural agents as account sufficiently for the particular result. The strictures of the Jesuits were neither less numerous nor less able than the pious asseverations of their opponents. The one party were believers, and the other determined sceptics, in regard to the wonderful cures of the deacon: inquiry was instituted; the history and nature of the several diseases were carefully traced; and in proportion as the world became informed, credulity was diminished.

We have already remarked, that almost all the miracles which illustrated the memory of the Abbé Paris, took place on the bodies of individuals who laboured under that very species of disease in which the influence of the mind upon the body produces the greatest effect. Rheumatism and all the other ailments which originate in obstruction of the fluids, were found, in many instances, to give way to the powerful excitement which arises from strong hope and fear. Women shut up in convents for many years, and who had contracted some of those bodily weaknesses which are peculiarly incident to a monastic life, were almost sure to find some alleviation of their worst symptoms, from their journey to Paris, in the first place, and, secondly, from the brisk exercise in the open air which accompanied their devotions at the tomb of the saint. Nine successive days did they wrestle in prayer over the body of the Abbé. The heat of the weather and the violent exertion of nearly all the corporeal and mental powers, threw them into excessive perspirations, attended on some occasions with a convulsive action of the nerves. Montgeron informs us, that the sweat ran from the patients while at the tomb, and even after they returned home, in vast quantities—the best symptom imaginable, in a rheumatic or dropsical, or even scrophulous affection. He further assures us, so violent was the excitement, that the nerves of the patients were actually seen by the spectators vibrating under the skin, and even heard to crack, from the extreme intensity of the inward emotion to which they were subjected.

Such exercises, continued a sufficient length of time, could not fail to produce a certain effect on the constitution. If one *neuvaine*, or term of nine days, did not suffice, the discipline was repeated; and many of the patients continued their

attendance at the tomb of the blessed deacon, during a period of several weeks. That a number of cures were accomplished is by no means surprising; but that the healthy action of the diseased organs was attributable to any other than strictly natural causes, was never imagined by any one who possessed the slightest knowledge of the human frame, or who was not blinded by party zeal and fanaticism.

The miracles of Prince Hohenlohe are all of the same description—the effect of strong emotion on a weak body. Miss Stuart's case in particular affords a striking illustration of this principle. She had been long subject to a paralytic affection, which deprived her from time to time of the use of her tongue as well as of that of her limbs. And it is well known among medical men, that the obstructions in which that disease originates, are very often removed by a sudden or powerful rush of the blood, whether occasioned by mental, or by mere bodily excitement. A palsy has been cured by a fever; and the increased rapidity of circulation which is produced by strong hope, or violent fear, will unquestionably be attended with the same effect.

The intense workings of Miss Stuart's mind, are indeed but faintly described in her affidavit; and yet it is impossible to peruse that document without perceiving the most unambiguous tokens of her deep agitation. After the solemn and imposing offices of religion were performed, several masses offered up, and the eucharist received, no mystical sensation of muscle or nerve denoted the approach of health. The limbs were still powerless, and the tongue refused its office. In despair, therefore, of relief, and finding that the intercessions of the holy prince were ineffectual, she could no longer doubt that she was doomed to be cut off by death in the midst of her days. She was in the act of resigning herself to the will of God, when she suddenly perceived that she had strength to utter some words. In the excited state of her mind, she naturally chose the strongest expressions of gratitude and astonishment, "Holy, holy, holy, Lord God of Hosts, the heaven and the earth are full of thy glory!" Her "stagnations" and obstructions yielded to the powerful action of her soul. The circulation of the fluids was restored. She "knelt erect" in her bed to offer up her thanksgiving to heaven; and soon afterwards repaired to the chapel of the convent to join with the pious sisters of St. Joseph's in a more public and formal act of doxology.

There is another Irish case, that namely of Miss Mary Lalor, which has created a considerable sensation in the sister kingdom. The disease under which she had laboured, was a

"stagnation" of speech, brought on by an illness into which she had fallen in her eleventh year. Dr. Doyle, the titular bishop of Kildare and Leighlin, represented her case to the Most Serene and Very Reverend Prince; giving the history of her deprivation, the ill success that had attended all the means employed for the recovery of her articulation, adding, at the same time, that the "organs of sense continued perfect." In answer to the bishop's letter, Mr. Sagelanbrock, who appears to act as the prince's secretary, inclosed directions, written in the French language, which have been translated as follows :

"To Miss Lalor, and all those who will spiritually unite in prayer.—On the 10th of June, at nine o'clock, I will, agreeably to your request, offer my prayers for your recovery. Unite with them at the same time, after having confessed and received the holy communion, your own, together with the evangelical fervour, that full and entire confidence which we owe to our Redeemer Jesus Christ. Excite in the recesses of your heart the divine virtues of due contrition, *of an unbounded confidence that you will be heard*, and an immovable resolution of leading an exemplary life for the purpose of preserving yourself in a state of grace.—Accept the assurance of my consideration.—Hultenheim, 9th May, 1823, near Bamberg."

"His most Serene Highness recommends some devotion in honour of the most holy name of Jesus, and of St. John Nepomuscene. Martin Mechael, a truly religious man, united in friendship with the prince and with me, will join his prayers to those of his Highness. To avoid the expense of postage, I shall send this letter by Holland. This instant we have received an account from Verdelain, diocese of Bourdeaux, in France, stating with the utmost joy that a young female deprived of the use of speech for five years, has been restored to it in the church, on the day and hour appointed, namely, the 14th of March. May God grant increase and perseverance. On the part of his most Serene Highness the Prince.

"(Signed) JAMES FOSTER."

These communications having reached Dr. Doyle on the 1st of June, he immediately made known the substance of them to Mr. O'Connor, rural Dean of the district in which Miss Lalor resided. The 10th of June was the day appointed by the Prince for the benefit of that young lady: and accordingly on the 11th of the same month, Mr. O'Connor writes to his bishop as follows, relative to the effects of their joint devotions.

"At twelve minutes before eight o'clock on the morning of the 10th, my two coadjutors with myself began mass at the hour ap-

pointed. I offered the holy sacrifice in the name of the church. I besought the Lord to overlook my own unworthiness, and regard only Jesus Christ, the great High Priest and Victim, who offers himself in the mass to the eternal Father, for the living and the dead. I implored the Mother of God, of all the Angels and Saints, and particularly of St. John Nepomascene. I administered the sacrament to the young lady at the usual time, when instantly she heard as it were a voice distinctly saying to her 'MARY YOU ARE WELL;' when she exclaimed 'O LORD, AM I?' and overwhelmed with devotion fell prostrate on her face."

Miss Lalor being thus restored to the use of speech, Dr. Doyle forthwith published to his well-beloved the catholic clergy and people of the diocese of Kildare, a Pastoral Address, dated the 22d of June, announcing the cure, and accompanied with a minute statement of the facts attending it, as drawn up by the rural Dean O'Connor. Among other particulars it is mentioned, that

"Medical aid was tried by Dr. Ferris, of Athy, and Surgeon Smith, of Mountrath, but without effect. The latter gentleman, as a similar case never occurred in the course of his practice, resolved to have it submitted to the most eminent physicians in Dublin, eight of whom were consulted by him, and the result was that no hopes could be entertained of her recovery. This decision was imparted by Dr. Smith to her father, apart from Mrs. and Miss Lalor; all which circumstances the Doctor recollected on the 14th instant, when he saw Miss Lalor, heard her speak, and declared the cure to be miraculous."

There is great appearance of dishonesty in the whole of this transaction. In the first place, how could Mr. O'Connor, in a statement of facts drawn up on the 11th of June, have it in his power to give an account of Dr. Smith's *recollections and declarations* which did not take place till the 14th? The document must have been enlarged and improved when in the hands of Dr. Doyle. It is, however, much more material to mention in the second place that no sooner did Dr. Smith see the statements now alluded to, in the public prints, than he published, under the signature of a respectable Inhabitant of Mountrath, a *flat and unequivocal denial of the whole representation, in so far as it concerned himself; solemnly declaring it to be a fabrication, entirely at variance with truth.* Mr. O'Connor, however, still persisted in asserting that a miracle had been performed, and publickly announced his readiness to come forward on the 26th of July with such a number of affidavits as would place the matter beyond all doubt. Annoyed by this pertinacity, Dr. Smith thought it expedient

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to transmit to the Dublin Evening Post, the paper in which Mr. O'Connor's letter had appeared, the following communication, accompanied with an affidavit

"Sir,

"Having seen in your paper of yesterday a paragraph stating that, on Saturday next you would publish a series of documents, authenticating beyond doubt or denial the cure performed on Miss Lalor of Rosskelton, and having been furnished with copies of affidavits upon that subject by Mr. Scott, before whom they were taken, I now feel myself imperatively called upon, however reluctant I am to be dragged before the public upon such an occasion, to make the annexed affidavit. Nor can I avoid observing that I feel the Rev. Mr. O'Connor's conduct towards me, as a professional man, unkind and unjustifiable. *As to the Lalors, they are not in that situation of life for me to express my feelings of them; nor shall I hereafter reply to any of the parties concerned in that transaction.*

"I have the honour, &c. &c.

JAMES SMITH."

The object of the affidavit, here alluded to, was solely to attest the truth and authenticity of the letter signed a "respectable inhabitant of Mountrath;" and which, as we have already stated, contained a direct and undisguised denial of Mr. O'Connor's representation, and of Dr. Doyle's inferences, so far as these respected the professional opinions of Dr. Smith. He denies,

"That he has any recollection whatever of his having volunteered to obtain the advice or opinion of any physician, and if dependent thought it necessary to do so, he feels confident that he would have proposed a consultation with Dr. Ferris, who had previously seen the child, and who was so near."

It is well observed by Mr. Finlayson, that if eight Dublin physicians were consulted by Dr. Smith, as Mr. O'Connor is pleased to assert, in his statement of facts, as the ground of the opinion "that no hopes could be entertained of her (Miss Lalor's) recovery," the question of veracity might have been instantly set at rest, by obtaining the affidavits of two or three of those physicians. This ready expedient, however, appears not to have suggested itself either to the Bishop or his Rural Dean; and it is therefore extremely difficult not to participate in the suspicion entertained by our author, that there was in the whole of this singular transaction more of zeal than of honesty, on the part of the churchmen, principally concerned in it.

In short, the more attentively we examine into the circumstances which accompanied the miracles of Hohenloe in Ire-

land, the more severely is our candour put to the test. We are, it is true, extremely unwilling to imagine that the most Reverend Dr. Murray could stoop to such a paltry piece of deceit as Mr. Finlayson flatly charges him with; and yet there is, on the face of the whole proceeding at the convent of St. Joseph, a kind of presumptive evidence, which appears to justify some of the most unfavourable conclusions at which this latter gentleman arrives. For example, we are compelled to infer from the several statements of the Archbishop, either that he did not place much confidence in the reports which had reached him in regard to the Prince's miracles; or that he must have known, before the 2d of August, that preparations were going on among the nuns of Ranelagh for obtaining a share of the holy man's blessing. There is a shade of suspicious concealment thrown over the history of Miss Stuart's case which prevents us from discovering not only who were the persons with whom the application to Bamberg originated, but also the purport and date of the correspondence which must have passed between that city and Dublin, previous to the occurrence of the miracle. The details with which the Romish Prelate supplies the curiosity of the world are confined to the immediate circumstances of the miracle, and give us no means of ascertaining at what period, or by what agents the intercession of Hohenloe was first solicited. On the contrary, his object seems to be to impress upon the public that he really knew nothing of the matter till the actual occurrence of the miracle commanded his official interference, and rendered it an imperative duty to make known the works of the Lord.

Mr. Finlayson presents good reason for believing that the correspondence with Bamberg must have begun as early as the month of January: and in the reported symptoms of Miss Stuart's illness, he perceives, he thinks, a regular and studied preparation for the grand result of the 1st of August. She became gradually worse and worse: her speech forsook her, and her stagnations recurred more frequently. Medical men were called to see her; but their visits were just sufficient to enable them to certify that they found her in ill health; not to concert measures for effecting a cure. It occasions, indeed, no small surprise that, during about five weeks previous to the first of August, when Miss Stuart was in the greatest extremity, lying helpless and speechless in the immediate prospect of death, we do not find, either from the depositions or certificates, that any medical gentleman was in *regular* attendance. Dr. Mills appears to be the only physician who could be said to be even the *occasional* attendant of that lady.

Dr. Chayne had seen her only once, on the 17th of June, in consultation with Dr. Mills; and Mr. M'Namara, previous to the 31st of July, had only seen her in consultation with Dr. Mills about two years before. Yet Dr. Mills sees her not from June, it is presumed the 17th, till about the middle of July; and afterwards not till the 31st, when she replied as she had done on the former visit, only by signs. Now, says Mr. Finlayson,

"Why did the pious sisters on this very eve, and in the continual apprehension of Miss Stuart's immediate dissolution, not have recourse to all the aid which medical skill could afford? Was it because all human means had long failed, and because they despaired of obtaining any relief? It is precisely in such circumstances that dear friends and relatives cling to the very last to all the resources of the healing art. Well, did we not call in Dr. Mills on the 31st July; and Mr. M'Namara, the surgeon, on the 31st of July; and Mr. Madden, the apothecary on the 31st of July? Phaw! You called them in!—To be sure you did: and who does not see, with half a glance, for what purpose you called them in? You perverse man, do you suspect the purity of our intentions? Suspect it!"—"When the determination is once formed to remain under a dumb palsy for a certain length of time, it will give no surprise that the remedies prescribed by a physician fail of success."

It is certainly not a little suspicious that no medical aid should have been called, except on one solitary occasion, from the 17th of June to the 31st of July: and moreover that on the latter day, the eve of the expected miracle, no fewer than three practitioners should have been summoned. Miss Stuart deposes "that on the 27th day of June she lost all faculty of speech, which could not be restored by the most powerful remedies that were applied." "Now," as Mr. Finlayson observes, "we hear of no medical visit from the 17th of June till about the middle of July," when Dr. Mills was informed, "that she had not spoken for three weeks." When he was called again on the 31st, she replied to his questions by signs, but he says not one word of the application of the "most powerful remedies," nor indeed of any remedies at all.

We have already mentioned that the studied obscurity in which all the preliminary arrangements are involved, excites a very reasonable suspicion as to the candour of the principal agents, by whose ministry, or rather under whose auspices the miraculous cure was performed. The lady deposes that

"She attributes her instantaneous recovery to the supernatural interference of the Divine power, through the intercession of Prince,

Hohenloe; that having understood the Prince had appointed the first day of August, instant, as a day on which all those who wished to apply to the Almighty for relief, should join him in prayer, &c."

Now, rejoins Mr. Finlayson, when did Miss Stuart understand that the Prince had appointed the first day of August for this purpose?

"I took the liberty of putting this question to herself, personally—*How came you to know of Prince Hohenlohe's intentions?* She made no reply to the question; the power of articulation was lost for a time; but one of the sisters who was sitting opposite, said that a lady whom she named,\* had called at the convent some weeks ago, and informed them concerning the prince. Having said so she looked at the sisters opposite, who immediately corroborated the communication. Though the ladies were exceedingly frank, I felt not at liberty so much to put questions as to listen to their spontaneous conversation."

The mystery here alluded to is no doubt, at first sight, a subject of serious suspicion. It may however be altogether accidental: and it will at all events be granted by the most sceptical, that the circumstances of the cure are quite independent of the measures of mere convenience and arrangement by which it was preceded. But, after all, it does not appear that the cure was by any means complete in the single instance of Miss Stuart: and it is moreover perfectly clear, that of all the sick and infirm at that period in Catholic Ireland she was the only person who derived the smallest benefit from the pious humanity of Prince Hohenloe. In the first place we maintain, that the recovery of the lady was far from being such as would justify the supposition that supernatural power had been employed for her relief. The medical gentlemen who were assembled at the convent on the 4th of August inform us, that on the day just specified,

"Her pulse was 120; and that of four issues which had long been established, three might be considered as healed, being without dressings, namely, that in the crown of the head and those in the nape of the neck; but that the issue in the left arm was open and freely discharging, having made no progress in healing. On Friday, the 1st of August, the peas, we understand, were removed from all the issues."

A pulse at 120, and an issue in full discharge, are but sorry tokens of a miraculous cure! Those who in the apoe-

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\* "One of my friends who accompanied me to the convent says that, to the best of his recollection, the lady was said to be a Mrs. Murphy, and that she lived in Smithfield."



tain times were visited with such a divine blessing were "made whole every whit." The man who had been lame, and who was carried daily to the gate of the temple, is described as leaping and dancing and praising God as soon as the voice of St. Peter pronounced him cured. But Miss Stuart, on the fourth day after her restoration to health, informed Doctors Mills, Cheyne, and M'Namara, "that she had not yet walked in the grounds of the Convent, owing to a degree of weakness in her limbs," of which, these gentlemen observe, "she appeared to us to have the free use." And yet, this partial and incipient amendment, in the solitary case of a mysterious patient, is the only fruit of the Prince's intercessions among five or six millions of Irish Catholics! No other cure has signalized the memorable first of August. No convent besides that of St. Joseph was made the scene of Divine interposition. The church was edified but with one example of that faith which successfully evokes the spirit of healing, and gives efficacy to the fervent prayer of a holy prince. One instance, however, was enough for the purpose: one miracle, even in these unbelieving and degenerate days, was esteemed sufficient "to prove that the Roman Catholic Church is the only true Church of God!"

The most Reverend Dr. Murray has, indeed, no doubt whatever that this recovery of articulation in a female tongue, was the effect of an immediate interposition of Almighty power.

"Still," says he, "aware of the great responsibility which we should incur by pledging ourselves to you, beloved brethren, and to the world, for the existence of a fact so truly wonderful, we passed before we would give public utterance to our private conviction on so important a subject. We returned to the convent after an interval of several days; we subjected all the circumstances of this extraordinary case to a new and rigid enquiry; we collected information on the spot from every source within our reach; we weighed it in the presence of the God of truth; we called in to our aid the wisdom and intelligence of our reverend brethren, the Roman Catholic clergy of this city, and we have the consolation of knowing that our judgment is supported by their unanimous opinion, when we declare, as we hereby do declare, on what appears to us most unquestionable evidence, that the cure which was effected on the person of the said Mary Stuart on the 1st of August, instant, is the effect of a supernatural agency; an effect which we cannot contemplate without feeling in our inmost soul an irresistible conviction that this is the finger of God."

The bigotry and ignorance of this declaration are truly remarkable in the nineteenth-century; when the nature of

the human frame, and the power of imagination are so much better understood than they were two hundred years ago. Prince Hohenlohe appears to be a profounder man than Dr. Murray. In his earnest exhortation to his female applicants to excite in the recesses of their hearts the *most unbounded confidence that they will be heard*; he displays his acquaintance with the true and proximate cause of his success. He knows well that the solemn preparation of a sacramental confession, the receiving of the eucharist, and the assurance that a thousand masses and ten thousand prayers are offered up at the same moment for their recovery, cannot fail to make such an impression on the imagination as will, in all probability, produce a salutary change on the morbid habits of their bodies. He may fail, indeed, in a thousand cases; but the chances are considerably in his favour that, among the innumerable diseases of the mind and body which assail the slothful inmates of a convent, the whims, and "stagnations," of an extensive sisterhood, and the ignorant or credulous or fanatical or fraudulent acquiescence of the clergy, he will achieve something to decorate his name with the reputation for which he sighs as a reverend and holy prince.

Without reverting again to the miracles of the Abbé Paris, all of which were either fictions or the mere result of imagination, air, and exercise, we might appeal to the experience even of the least informed of our readers in support of the fact, that diseases are, every day, brought on and cured by the excited action of the mind on the nerves and fluids. We have been told that there is in some part of Argyleshire, an ancient well dedicated to St. Finnan, the waters of which, on the anniversary of the saint's death, are supposed to possess an extraordinary power of healing. Every year, some band of sickly pilgrims repair to the consecrated spring, in the hope of leaving behind them their indigestions, obstructions, scurvies, schrophulas, and epilepsies: and after certain rites are performed, a portion of scripture read, and prayers pronounced, the patients are dipped in the pure element, recommended to the mercy of God and the intercessions of his servant Finnan; and every year, two or three individuals return home completely cured. The wholesome exercise and change of air which attend the journey into the land of mountains; the exertion of mind and body whilst they are there; and the hope of being restored to health as others have been before them, are circumstances which operate astonishingly in favour of the invalids, as well as in that of the Caledonian confessor's medical reputation. The Presbyterian ministers look on, and learn: they understand the pro-

cess perfectly; and when they find that a rheumatic or epileptic patient has got rid of her complaints by a trip into the Highlands, they extol the effects of exercise, of faith, and of hope. They are not so foolish as Dr. Murray of Dublin, who could not hear that a woman had resumed the use of her tongue without filling Ireland with the announcement of a miracle! Could Hohenlohe set a leg, or reduce a fracture, or restore an eye, there would be some room for boasting: but merely to *wind up the machinery* of a female tongue, which sullenness or fanaticism had subjected to a temporary silence, is really no miracle in any part of his Majesty's dominions.

We know not that a more valuable contribution could be to the knowledge of human nature than a medical work, setting forth, by means of well chosen examples, the effect of strong emotion on the generation and cure of diseases. A singular illustration of this principle once fell out under our own observation. A lady, the mother of a large family, had been long afflicted with rheumatism of the most obstinate and acute description. She was unable to move either hand to her head, and her fingers were rigid and motionless. It was with the utmost difficulty that she could move from her chair to her bed. In these circumstances a favourite child was taken suddenly ill; and so alarming were the symptoms that, in the course of a few hours, the physician informed her that there was not the most distant hope of recovery. The mother was struck as with a thunder-bolt. She threw herself on her knees in an agony of grief, and gave vent to her feelings in most impassioned prayer. The child died, but the parent was cured. She rose from the bed-side with a free and elastic motion; recovered the use of her limbs; and enjoyed for some years a comparatively good state of health. The disorder, it is true, has again in some measure recurred: but the suddenness and completeness of the relief which she experienced on the occasion now described, was at least as much a miracle as the partial recovery of Miss Stuart in the convent of St. Joseph at Dublin.

We could mention many other instances in which gouty and rheumatic affections have been counteracted or removed by the influence of strong feeling. But such minuteness is by no means necessary, as there are books within the reach of every competent reader which will remove from his mind every trace of doubt in regard to this important law of our nature. In the "*Observationes Physico-Medicæ*" of Pechlin, as quoted by the author of the *Criterion*, we meet with a great variety of cures effected in this manner. He states

that fevers, agues, gouts, and other similar complaints have been removed by exciting terror or surprize in the minds of the patients : and what is still more extraordinary, he mentions the case of a physician at Hamburgh who was cured of a rupture by the same cause. Two cases of gout and of an inveterate ague and jaundice he describes as having fallen under his own personal knowledge ; and adds, that health was restored in both instances (after every usual remedy had been tried in vain,) by the joy that was felt on hearing good news. So great, indeed, does he regard the power of the mind in determining the operation and efficacy of medicines, that it will not only diminish or increase their usual effects, but even change their operation so entirely as to make them produce results directly the reverse of what they would naturally have done ; communicating a healing quality to the most inadequate means, even to a bread pill disguised as a medicine, and swallowed with sufficient confidence in the skill of him who administers it.

Fienus, in his book "*De Viribus Imaginationis*," brings forward a great number of cases to prove the wonderful effects produced by strong desire and implicit confidence. The medicine exhibited is comparatively a trifle ; the power of healing is lodged in the mind of the patient ; the sanative virtue is derived, in most instances, from the views and feelings of the invalid. Dr. Mead, in his well known work entitled "*Medica Sacra*," and Malbranche in his "*Recherche de la Verité*," have made great additions to the facts of this description ; narrating such a variety of wonderful cures, and not less wonderful diseases, occasioned by mental excitement, as completely throws into the shade all the miracles of the most revered and holy Prince of Bamberg.

It is amazing that Ireland is the only place where such things are unknown ; and that learned prelates should expose their ignorance, their credulity, or their fanaticism, by ascribing to the direct and immediate operation of Divine power one of the most common facts of medical history. If their conduct in this matter has any other source than mere ignorance, and if the motives for their activity are not strictly identifiable with pious zeal and the love of truth, we have to assure them that the object for which they have consented to sacrifice so much, will not ultimately be attained. Instead of establishing their favourite position, that the Roman Catholic church *is the only true Church of God*, they will afford a new occasion to those who have at all times been sufficiently disposed to charge that communion with "lying wonders," and the mysteries of iniquity.

The "Letter to Francis Jeffery, Esq." is a clever and rather imposing production. It is obviously the work of a Roman Catholic, who comes forth prepared to meet the Reviewer in the general field of controversy in regard to the continuance of miracles in the Christian church; and to argue the particular case of Hohenlohe's cures on the broad principles of Scriptural promise and ecclesiastical tradition. The question which is here placed at issue respects, we may observe, that intricate subject of enquiry which occupied so unprofitably the genius of Middleton, and the learning of Dodwell. The disputes of Protestants on a topic so extremely interesting afford to the Romanist the materials of a real triumph: and as almost all writers admit that supernatural powers were continued in the church for several centuries after the apostolic age, it is certainly by no means impertinent to ask, at what period they ceased to be enjoyed, and what was the change of circumstances in the condition of the Christian world, which rendered unnecessary a means of conversion so likely to prove effectual, and an evidence for the divine origin of our holy faith, so well fitted to put to silence the tongues of gainsayers. The pamphlet now before us is, we repeat, ably and plausibly written: and although it fails to establish any particular case of miraculous interposition, it goes far to remove the common objections, or rather perhaps the common impression against the probability of its occurrence. Whilst Mr. Finlayson endeavours to make out that, certain individuals among the Roman Catholic clergy of Ireland have been engaged in a plot, in order to impose upon mankind the belief of a false miracle, the author of the "Letter" employs his talents in the more pleasant task of convincing the religious world that such events are still to be expected, even in the ordinary state of the church; and consequently, that it savours of an impious scepticism to be slow in admitting the evidence upon which they are revealed to us.

ART. IX. *Practical Observations in Surgery.* By Henry Earle, F.R.S. Assistant Surgeon to St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and Surgeon to the Foundling. 8vo. 230 pp. 8s. 6d. Underwood. 1823.

ART. X. *Observations on Fractures of the Neck of the Thigh-Bone, being an Appendix to the Work on Dislocations and Fractures of the Joints.* By Sir Astley Cooper, Bart. F.R.S. Surgeon to the King, &c. &c. 4to. 54 pp. 2l. 2s. Longman & Co. 1823.

ART. XI. *Remarks, by the Author, on Sir Astley Cooper's Reply to his Critical Observations on Fracture of the Neck of the Femur, &c. &c.* 8vo. 8 pp. Underwood. 1824.

It has occasionally been insinuated by the enemies of our fame, that The British Critic is over fond of controversy. This is so far from being the case, that we do our best to keep entirely out of its seductive vortex. We have, at least, twenty unnoticed controversies at this hour in our cabinet; whose parents and children, and various other relatives cease not to remind us that their writings are before the world, and that the judgment of the literary public is retarded by our inexcusable silence. In spite of these flattering solicitations, we continue obstinately mute, and refuse to say a word more upon the subjects by which Christendom is divided. We have allowed the Plymouth Antinomians to run their course unmolested. We have had no hand in the chastisement bestowed upon Dr. Hawker. We have patched up a truce with Dr. Chalmers; and have not replied to Mr. Irving's remarks upon his "unregenerate reviewers\*." We have left Dr. Henderson to tell how the Bible Society has turned Mahometan—and published the Koran in the garb of the Gospel. Nor are we sure that we shall be tempted by the forthcoming answer of Professor Lee, to bestow even upon this momentous question, the care and consideration which it threatens to require. In fact, we are heartily tired of squabbling. It has a bad effect on the temper—it spoils our nights' rest—it takes away our appetite—impedes our digestion, and sends us, precisely where we had rather not go—to the doctors. In this charitable disposition of mind, our notice was unluckily directed to the "*Fractures of the Neck of the Femur*,"—and we plunged at once into controversies, of which the very existence was previously unknown to us. We had supposed that these disputes were confined to religion and politics. We never dreamed of an orthodox method of healing legs, or a heterodox stratagem for splicing them. We had heard with some incredulity of the *odium theologicum*—but had yet to learn the extent of the *odium pathologicum*. Willing to communicate recent discoveries, and to render our readers as much at home on these subjects

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\* See the Preface to the third edition of the "Orations," the most concumbral and the least Christian production which Mr. Irving has given to the world.

as we are, we propose to make a few remarks upon the interesting and important controversy, respecting fractures of the neck of the thigh. The dispute has been conducted by distinguished men; one of them has long stood in the foremost rank of his profession. The other is in the enjoyment of extensive and well merited reputation. They write upon a subject of very general interest; and it touches us more nearly every day we live.

Looking forward to the time at which "our steps shall become vacillating, and our bones become friable," when we may expect a heavy fall, and a painful fracture, our first prepossessions, we must confess, were strongly in favour of Mr. Earle. Sir Astley Cooper had pronounced certain fractures incurable.—Mr. Earle undertakes to cure them. Sir Astley says, that he who breaks a certain portion of bone, must dispense with an inch or two of the original length of his leg, and wear a high-heeled shoe for life.—Mr. Earle promises to preserve the limb, and take away nothing but the shoe. Sir Astley maintains that the desired cure never has taken place, and never will take place.—Mr. Earle says, that if it has not, it nevertheless both may and shall. Out of their own profession, therefore, there can be no doubt which of the combatants will have most followers. *Nil desperandum* is the motto which drives men to the doctors; when they fairly tell us that they cannot cure us, we are wont as fairly to wish them a good morning.

It is not in our power to give a regular analysis of Mr. Earle's volume, an outline of his opinions may be seen in the following passages.

"I have the misfortune to differ in opinion from a highly eminent practitioner with regard to the possibility of union of the neck of the thigh-bone, when broken within the capsular ligament; and as that gentleman has recently given his sentiments on this subject to the profession, I am particularly desirous to submit mine also to their consideration, that they may judge between us.

"Sir Astley Cooper, in his recent work on Fractures and Dislocations, has stated it as his opinion, that perfect union under such circumstances cannot take place, and that more or less deformity and lameness must be the inevitable consequence of these accidents.

"Such is the doctrine which he has for many years inculcated into the minds of his numerous pupils; and this doctrine is now gone forth into the world with the stamp of his name, and the sanction of his extensive experience".

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\* "In the 13th Number of the Medico-Chirurgical Review, Dr. Johnson observes, 'It has been falsely stated that Sir A. Cooper has said that union of the

"It is with great deference, therefore, that I come forward to combat his opinion; but as I conceive it to be erroneous, and think it can be proved to be so, I am sure that the candour of that gentleman will justify me in his eyes; and my duty to the public and to the profession will be a sufficient answer to the charge of presumption in any other quarter: for it must be obvious to every one, that opinions so confidently asserted, emanating from such high authority, must necessarily chill the spirit of inquiry, and consequently impede the progress of improvement.

"In proof of the justice of these remarks I may mention, that in a paper lately read before the Medico-Chirurgical Society, describing a very ingenious apparatus for fractures of the lower extremities, the author, an old pupil of Sir A. Cooper's, employs the following language in speaking of fractures within the articulation:—

"On fractures through the cervix femoris it is unnecessary to make any remark, as, from the nature of the accident, let the limb be placed in either position, we shall meet with the same unfortunate termination."

"I have repeatedly heard similar sentiments expressed by other pupils of the same school, I might add, that the unqualified language of most of the reviews and journals has so far extended the influence of the opinions which have been broached by Sir A. Cooper, as to render it doubly necessary that some one should come forward to investigate the real merits of the case." *Earle's Preface*, p. vi.

Such being the author's design, he proceeds to accomplish it by describing the anatomy of the thigh-joint, and the symptoms which attend fractures of the neck of the *femur*. Respecting the latter, he differs materially from the opinions promulgated by Sir Astley, and there is much apparent reason in the grounds of his dissent: but on which side the truth really lies, we take not upon ourselves to determine. The principal points in dispute are alluded to in the following passage.

"Sir Astley Cooper, it is true, affirms, that he has never met with union by bone within the articulation, but that he has when the fracture was external to it. As many of Sir Astley's patients must have escaped any post mortem examination, the facts, in many instances, must rest upon his assertion; and as the diagnostics which he has advanced of the two cases appear to me to be

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fracture of the neck of the thigh-bone was impossible.' It is true that Sir Astley has introduced a saving clause, in which he says, that to deny the possibility of such an occurrence would be presumptuous; but it is equally true that the whole tenour of his work conveys the impression that union will not take place, and that it is quite in vain to expect, or attempt to promote it; and the practice which he pursues, and which he recommends to others, is founded upon this principle."



incorrect, as indeed I have endeavoured to prove, it is quite legitimate to suppose that, in some instances, he may have treated one case for the other; and as, under the supposition of fracture external to the capsule, he would endeavour to favour the union by rest and extension, it is by no means improbable that he may occasionally have succeeded in obtaining bony union without being aware of his success.

"That Sir Astley Cooper may not in general have succeeded in obtaining bony union within the articulation, I can perfectly understand, from his own description of the accident, from the mode in which he has been led to view the case, and the treatment he recommends to be adopted. As I am now contending for a very opposite doctrine, I must rely on that gentleman's candour to excuse my making very free with his publication, and openly and candidly stating my objections. I might have done this under the mask of an anonymous reviewer, and thus have escaped the responsibility I am now incurring; but it is more consistent with my feelings, openly to avow my opinion of the causes of his want of success.

"First, then, I believe, that, in many instances of fracture within the capsule, the examinations to which Sir Astley recommends that patients should be subjected, may have ruptured the remaining portion of the reflected layers of fibrous and synovial membrane, and thus have not only tended to insulate the head of the bone, but to increase the irritability of the surrounding muscles, and to create considerable inflammation in the synovial membrane. After describing the various directions in which the limb may be moved, and the different degree of pain produced by these various manipulations, he proceeds thus:

"In order to form a still more decided judgment of this accident, after the patient has been examined in the recumbent posture, let him be directed to stand by his bedside, supported by an assistant, so as to bear his weight on the sound limb; the surgeon then observes most distinctly the shortened state of the injured leg, the toes rest on the ground, but the heel does not reach it; the knee and foot are everted, and the prominence of the hip is diminished."

"These indications are not, however, sufficient to satisfy Sir Astley, and therefore he proceeds thus:

"On ordering the patient to attempt to bear upon the injured limb, he finds himself incapable of doing so without considerable pain, which seems to be produced by the psoas, iliacus, and obturator externus muscles being put upon the stretch in the attempt, as well as by the pressure of the broken neck of the bone against the interior surface of the capsular ligament, and there will be a greater or less projection of the trochanter, proportional to the length of the fractured cervix femoris attached to it. A crepitus like that which accompanies other fractures might be expected to occur in these accidents; but it is not discoverable when

the patient is resting on his back with the limb shortened; but if the leg be drawn down, so as to bring the limbs to the same length, and *rotation be then performed*, the crepitus is sometimes observed from the broken ends of the bone being thus brought into contact, but the rotation inwards most easily detects it.'

"Now, if the generality of Sir Astley's patients, and particularly those in Guy's Hospital, have had all these indications of fracture demonstrated upon their persons, It is not difficult to understand the great degree of shortening of the limb, and destruction of the fibrous periosteum, which he has found in fractures within the capsule. I have already commented on the worse than inutility of such examinations in another part of this work, and only revert to the subject to explain one source of failure in Sir Astley's practice.

"The next circumstance is the prejudice which he acknowledges has existed in his mind for the last thirty years on this subject, which may fairly be supposed to have prevented him from making any very effectual attempt to remove the difficulties attending the treatment, the greatest of which he acknowledges to be the securing the pelvis during the operations of nature. So very far indeed has this prejudice carried him, as to induce him to express himself in the following strong language: 'It is gratifying to find opinions, which have been *for thirty years* delivered in my lectures, confirmed by the observations of intelligent and observing persons; and *therefore it was with pleasure* I read the account of Mr. Colles of Dublin, who found a similar want of ossific union in fractures within the capsule.' It would, I humbly conceive, have been somewhat more gratifying to have found that this opprobrium had been removed from our profession, and that the deformity, lameness, and misery of our patients had been diminished or prevented.

"This strong bias has, indeed, evidently influenced the practice which Sir Astley recommends to be pursued, and which is the third source of his want of success. This consists in the placing a pillow under the whole length of a limb, and another rolled up under the knee, and thus extending the limb for ten days or a fortnight; at the end of which period the patient is to rise daily, and sit up in a high chair, to prevent any painful flexion. 'Our hospital patients,' he says, 'treated in this manner, are allowed in a few days to walk with crutches; after a time a stick is substituted for the crutches, and in a few months they are able to use the limb without any adventitious support,' but of course with the limb shortened for the remainder of their lives. When the fracture is ascertained to be exterior to the capsule, he adopts a different practice.

"It must be very apparent, that under such treatment no patient can recover without lameness, and that ossific union is quite impossible. How long he has adopted this plan of treating, or, more properly speaking, of abandoning patients, he does not state." Earle, p. 81.

It is not surprising that Sir Astley should take offence at parts of the foregoing statement. The reflection upon the examinations to which patients are subjected at Guy's Hospital might have been spared or softened. But these doctors, after all, are the very best of controversialists. Accustomed to the use of the knife and the cautery, they cut and burn without remembering that flesh can feel; and until "the indications" of suffering "have been demonstrated upon their own persons" they seem to have no compassion for the persons of others. Sir Astley's powers of dissection are not inferior to those of his antagonist, witness the following criticisms upon Mr. Earle's statement.

"To proceed. Our author says, page 22.—' *Diagnosis.*—Where a person, previously in full possession of the locomotive powers of his limb, after the receipt of any injury, and particularly a fall upon his trochanter, becomes suddenly deprived of that power; accompanied by a remarkable consciousness of incapacity in the injured member; and when, from the position and direction of the limb, it is obvious that there is no dislocation, a strong presumption must arise that a fracture has taken place.'

"Again, page 23. 'I cannot quit this subject without deprecating, in the strongest terms, the cruelty and impropriety of what is termed satisfying yourself that there is a fracture, and its precise situation.'

"Page 24. 'To return, then;—This symptom of a total and sudden privation of the power of motion, after a fall on the trochanter, should always be regarded as diagnostic of a fracture.'

"Good God! is this written by an English surgeon? in the land of John Hunter, the minute investigator of nature, whether in health or disease? This is, indeed, cutting the gordian knot! What! shall not the surgeon satisfy himself there is a fracture, and its nature, before he exposes his patient to a confined position of great duration? for, if the surgeon be not suffered to examine the limb, when is that confinement to terminate? Are such doctrines to be taught, such advice to be given to young men just embarking in their profession, that they need learn nothing of these cases? *For if a man has a fall, and a consciousness of inability, his limb is decided to be fractured!* Certainly it will save a great deal of time in studying the profession, and a great deal of trouble in knowing the nature of the case the surgeon is called upon to treat.'

"If the advice which the author has given in the foregoing quotations, is adopted by young men, who come to London for instruction, when they return into the country, to settle in practice, they would all be ruined." *Cooper*, p. 10.

These remarks are very unfair, and, with the strong case which their writer has in store, it was not necessary to mis-

represent his opponent's meaning. Mr. Earle has expressly declared, in words not quoted by Sir Astley, "that a few days will declare whether the suspicion of fracture be well or ill founded," and that, at all events, "it is better that a few persons should be confined for a somewhat longer period than is absolutely necessary, than that many should have their sufferings increased and their recovery prevented or retarded." The writer of these sentences is not entitled to the censure contained in our last extract.

Taking leave, however, of these bony excrescences upon the works of both our anatomists, let us proceed to the real matter in dispute. Mr. Earle offers the following proofs of the possibility of reunion within the articulation.

"But it may be urged, that I have hitherto only adduced arguments in opposition to the reasons which have been assigned for the want of bony union, and that the *onus probandi* rests with me to show that bony union has taken place. It is not sufficient, it may be said, to point out the circumstances which have hitherto interrupted the union by bone, but I must prove that ossific union has actually taken place.

"That such an occurrence, without any lameness, or perceptible shortening of the limb, has happened several times in the course of my experience, I am perfectly satisfied of in my own mind; but as the individuals are either now living, or have died without affording me an opportunity of ascertaining the actual state of their limbs, I cannot reasonably expect to gain implicit credence to all the testimony which I might offer upon this subject. By actual dissection, however, I have proved the possibility of fracture existing without the periosteum and synovial membrane being completely torn through. By dissection, also, I have proved that union has taken place within the capsule, and that so firm and rigid, as to be inseparable even after maceration, and which required boiling for a considerable time before it could be overcome.

"The following are the particulars of the case in which this occurred:—One of the nurses belonging to the hospital, aged 74, was knocked down in the street by a horse, and fractured the neck of the thigh, in the year 1808. She was an old emaciated woman, and had been much addicted to drinking. I did not attend her until nearly three weeks after the accident, when I found the limb retracted and foot everted. Very little attention had been paid to her during this interval. By gentle and continued extension I drew down the limb nearly to its proper length, when a very evident crepitus was perceptible. The limb was maintained in this situation by means of a splint, of a peculiar make, which I had constructed for cases of this description, and which I shall mention hereafter. The patient was placed on a double bed, which admitted of her

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passing her motions without moving the pelvis. She was kept in this position for seven weeks, when the apparatus was removed. She had an old ulcer in her leg, which the peculiar construction of the splint admitted of being dressed daily without inconvenience. She was allowed to move the limb about in bed, and at the end of a week was permitted to rise for a short time. Considerable œdema of the leg took place, the wound became irritable, and erysipelatous inflammation spread up the limb, and eventually carried her off; she died exactly thirteen weeks from the receipt of the accident. On examination, two fractures were found; an oblique one extending through the greater part of the trochanter major, which was split into two portions, and reaching to the trochanter minor; the other a transverse fracture within the articulation. Both of these had very firmly united, as it was believed by bone; but as much discussion arose out of the case, it was submitted to the test of boiling, when the union became loosened; prior to which, no force that was applied could move one portion from the other. The obliquity of the neck was lost in this case, and the limb shortened about three quarters of an inch. Had the patient lived for some time longer, there is every reason to believe that the union would have been still more consolidated." *Earle*, p. 94.

"I have reserved to the last the highly interesting specimens in the possession of Mr. Abernethy, which were found by Mr. Stanley in the body of a subject in the dissecting-room. As it is Mr. Stanley's intention to publish a description of these bones, I will only so far anticipate that gentleman's account by stating, that they were both found in the same subject; that the fracture on the right side was entirely within the articulation, and on the left side partially; that there was very little shortening of the limbs, arising only from the loss of obliquity in the neck; and lastly, that the most perfect osseous union has taken place, which can be traced through the whole substance of the neck, in the different sections which Mr. Stanley has made.

"This case must, I think, be admitted by the most sceptical, and must at once place the possibility of such an occurrence on the firm basis of actual demonstration. Nothing is known respecting the case, either as to the mode of treatment, or whether both the bones were fractured at the same time.

"If it were allowable to hazard an opinion on the subject, I should feel disposed to attribute the accident to a perpendicular fall which may have broken both necks at the same time; and I think it is highly probable that the firm and perfect union which has taken place may be referrible to the total inability to move either the pelvis or extremities, which must have been the necessary consequence of such an accident; for it is hardly possible to conceive a more totally helpless state than that to which a person under such circumstances would be reduced.

"Whether this opinion be correct or not, the fact of bony union

cannot be controverted ; and one single fact of the possibility of such an occurrence is sufficient ; for

“ The first great cause,  
Acts not by partial, but by general laws ;”

and we may hence conclude, that bony union is possible under more favourable circumstances than have usually occurred.”  
*Earle*, p. 99.

Sir Astley Cooper dissects these cases minutely, and shows clearly enough, that they do not establish Mr. Earle’s case. We prefer, however, quoting the summary of his opinions contained in the following passage.

“As a proof that the general principle which I have stated is correct, in the appendix to the second edition of my work I have produced the following forty-three cases, from different collections, of non-union by bone, of fractures of the neck of the thigh-bone.

In St. Thomas’s collection .....	7 specimens
In the College of Surgeons .....	1 ditto
In St. Bartholomew’s .....	6 ditto
At Dublin .....	12 ditto
In Mr. Langstaffe’s, of Basinghall-street	6 ditto
In Mr. Bell and Mr. Shaw’s .....	6 ditto
In Mr. Brooke’s .....	2 ditto
In Dr. Monro’s .....	2 ditto
Mr. Mayo’s collection .....	1 ditto

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“ To these I have now to add another, from an experiment upon a living animal : while, upon the opposite side of the question, only a single instance, upon which the mind can for a moment dwell, has yet been produced ; and in this, the same appearances were found in both the thigh-bones, and even these resembled what I have several times observed in the dead body, arising from a softened state of the bones. I have given a plate of some of these appearances, and the preparations I shall at all times be happy to shew to any of my professional brethren who may wish to see them.

“ But in speaking of fractures of the neck of the thigh-bone within the capsule of the joint, I have been necessarily led to describe those which are external to it, as well as that to which the trochanter major is subject ; and as the descriptions which I have given have been objected to, it is proper I should examine these objections in detail.

“ But first let me observe, that I did expect an experience of near forty years would have been attempted to be contradicted by numerous dissections of these cases, and by experiments upon living animals, as these are the only modes by which the point can be determined.

“ Is it a fact, or is it not, that fractures of the neck of the thigh-

bone generally unite by ligament? No argument can ever settle the question; it is to be decided only by observation.

"Is it a fact, or is it not, that fractures of the neck of the bone, external to the capsule, and into the cancelli of the trochanter, and the other species of fracture at this part, viz. that through the trochanter major, unite by bone? Dissection and experiment only can prove or disprove it." *Cooper*, p. 5.

"To conclude; the remarks of our author have led me to think better of my work than I had previously been disposed to do; for, although it is quite clear he felt no disposition to conceal my faults, he has not succeeded in detecting a single error. If, by observation, by dissection, or by experiment, he had shewed me to be wrong, I would be the first to acknowledge it; for I hold it to be the strongest evidence of a feeble mind to refuse the confession of error. I was much pleased with Mr. John Hunter, when attending his lectures, for the following remark to a pupil who observed to him, that he had given a different opinion upon a subject in that evening's lecture, from that of the preceding year.—'Well, and what then,' said Mr. Hunter, 'God forbid that I should not be better informed this year than I was the last, for I hope every year to improve.'

"If from my pen even some substantial errors had fallen, they ought to have been excused by those who know that the work was written by one whose time was variously and almost constantly employed in lectures, in hospital and in private practice; and, instead of endeavouring to blazon them abroad,—as his object, he says, was to benefit the profession,—it would have manifested a better mode of thinking to have pointed them out in private, that they might have been corrected in another edition.

"When *forty-five* cases of united fracture of the neck of the os femoris are shewn against my *forty-four* of non-union, I will give up my general principle of non-union; and when five cases\* of fractures decidedly into the capsule are produced, of union by bone of this fracture (by surgical treatment), without lameness or shortening of the limb, and the person walks better than he now does by the ligamentous union, I shall say that he who effected it deserves well of his country; but, until that period arrives, I shall continue of my present opinion.

"It is a reproach to some few of our English surgeons that the French, who formerly thought these cases admitted of ossific union, are now advertising a large reward for the best account of the cause that they do not unite by bone." *Cooper*, p. 42.

We know not how Mr. Earle can invalidate the force of this reasoning. In our own case we confess it has changed the opinion which we formed upon the first perusal of the *Prac-*

\* "One case of union would not suffice, if one could be produced as the effect of surgical treatment; because, we know that a fractured patella will, in a very rare case, unite by bone, and so will a fracture of the olecranon."

tical Observations. And admitting, therefore, with Mr. Earle, that it is not yet expedient to give up the cure as hopeless, and highly admiring the ingenious machinery by which he proposes to facilitate it, we cannot see that he has disproved Sir Astley Cooper's assertions.

On the whole, the question rests just where it ought to do. It is not a little to the credit of the profession which these gentlemen adorn, that a point of this nature should be discussed with so much zeal and ability, and a few occasional sallies of rival hospitalship may be easily overlooked or forgiven. The more experienced, and of course, therefore, the more cautious of the two, does not anticipate any good effect from experiments which have not hitherto proved successful. The younger and more sanguine applies himself vigorously to the task, and leaves nothing undone which ingenuity and talent can suggest towards remedying a deficiency which they alike deplore. Bystanders look calmly on, confident that the issue can be dishonourable to neither party, and may be highly advantageous to the public.

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ART. XII. *An Inquiry into the Authenticity of various Pictures and Prints, which, from the decease of the Poet to our own Times, have been offered to the Public as Portraits of Shakspeare: containing a careful Examination of the Evidence on which they claim to be received; by which the pretended Portraits have been rejected, the genuine confirmed and established. Illustrated by accurate and finished Engravings, by the ablest Artists, from such originals as were of indisputable Authority. By James Boaden, Esq. 206pp. 8vo. 15s. Triphook. 1824.*

YEARS have now elapsed without any serious disputes respecting Shakspeare. We have been allowed to read him in peace and quietness, without having our attention called off by the jingling of his commentators' bells. Mr. Boaden seems to grieve over this general pacification, and to sigh for a return of the sprightly days of a Steevens and a Malone. He enters into the departed quarrels of these mighty rivals with the true spirit of a partizan, and mentions them even now in terms of like or dislike which were sufficiently absurd thirty years ago.

In spite however of this vexatious propensity, by which his labours are much disfigured, we have to thank Mr. Boaden for an amusing dissertation. He is too much in earnest to



be tiresome, and if we smile at hearing how he turns from the poetry to the picture, and from the picture back again to the poetry, we are still compelled to assign him an honourable place among the most devout idolaters of the bard of Avon.

There are, it seems, four representations of Shakspeare which Mr. Boaden considers authentic—*Martin Droeshout's* print on the title page of the first folio edition; the Bust in the Church at Stratford, a picture by Cornelius Jansen in the collection of the Duke of Somerset, and the Chandos Head, from which many engravings have been taken. There are many other pretenders, but Mr. Boaden is a curious investigator of pedigrees, and his researches have not terminated fortunately for any but the abovementioned works. Of these he presents us with very beautiful engravings by Turner, Scriven, and Swaine; and without soaring to the height of our author's enthusiasm, we must admit that Turner's mezzotinto from the picture by Jansen conveys the idea of a very extraordinary and highly gifted man. As a specimen of Mr. Boaden's manner, we extract the principal parts of his account of the Felton head; a picture which Mr. Stevens patronized, and our author not undeservedly denounces.

"We find it to have been purchased out of an old house, where Shakspeare and his friends used to resort—*The Boar's Head*, which he had immortalized by the presumed resort of Falstaff and Hal; but which there is no syllable on record to prove was ever frequented by Shakspeare and his friends.

"On the 11th August, 1794, nearly two years afterwards, Mr. Wilson becomes more communicative to Mr. Steevens, than he had been to the purchaser, and adds to his account of the picture, 'that it was found between four and five year ago, at a broker's shop in the Minories, by a man of fashion, whose name must be concealed,' with a part of whose collection of pictures it came for sale to the Museum, attended with the story of the broker. There it was exhibited for about three months, seen by Lord Leicester and Lord Orford, but being mutilated, (not however as to the *features*, remark), those discerning noblemen would not purchase it, though they both, we are *told*, allowed its authenticity.

"The first story seems unaccountably to have forgotten the *fire of London* in 1666, when a strong east wind in a few hours left the whole of Eastcheap a mass of smoking ruins, and the wretched inhabitants could think of saving nothing but their lives. If therefore such a picture hung in the club-room, to out-stare the puritanical wretches of the rebellion, there it must have perished, unless, as Mr. Steevens suggests, it had been alienated before the fire. But it seems it was purchased out of some Boar's Head, ancient or modern; it might have been snatched away prophetically before

the fire alluded to, to be replaced in a succeeding house on the same spot. If the old Boar can bear no testimony in its favour, the Commentator is desirous to whet the tusks of his modern representative.

“Accordingly, though such a miracle were to be expected, or at least not disdained, knowing that any original house where Shakspeare used to meet his cotemporary wits, could not possibly exist, and thinking himself, the picture to be alienated before the fire, he absolutely seems to have imagined it possible, that the Flemish painting might have been brought back to a new house erected on the old site, and sets out on the most forlorn of all expeditions, to hunt after the effects of any modern landlords of the new Boar’s Head in Eastcheap.

“A Mr. Sloman had quitted this celebrated public-house in 1767, when all its furniture, which devolved to him from the two immediate predecessors, was sold off. He, however, declared his utter ignorance of any picture on the premises, except a coarse daubing of the Gadshill robbery. Philip Jones of Barnard’s Inn, the auctioneer, who had sold off Sloman’s effects, was next sought for; but, as a common lot, he had himself been knocked down a few years ago by Death, and the catalogues of his achievements had vanished with him; otherwise, something like a small or *obscure* painting, which had escaped Mr. Sloman’s recollection, (an *obscure* picture of Shakspeare too, who had bestowed the very sign upon his house!), might have been found, lotted with other garret lumber, in one comprehensive, but neglected heap of rubbish.

“But the learned authenticator did not stop here. Mr. Brinn, Sloman’s predecessor, had left a widow. After her husband’s decease, she had quitted the Cheap, and went into Crooked-lane, commencing business there as a wire-worker. One, who had been her apprentice, (no youth), upon an attempt to *wire-draw* something from him upon the subject, very ingenuously told them, that his mistress was so particular in her stories, and told them so often, that he could not possibly forget any article that she had communicated as to the Boar’s Head—that she often spoke of the painting that represented the robbery at Gad’s-hill, but never so much as hinted at any other picture in the house; and if there had been any, he is sure she would not have failed to describe it in her accounts of her former business and place of abode, which supplied her with materials for conversation to the very end of a long life.

“So much for Mr. Wilson’s report as to this picture’s having been purchased out of the Boar’s Head. Our able refuter of his own evidence, here triumphantly remarks—‘A gentleman, who for several years past has collected as many pictures of Shakspeare as he could hear of, (in the hope that he might at last procure a genuine one), declares, that the Eastcheap legend has accompanied the majority of them, from whatever quarter they were transmitted. It is therefore high time that picture-dealers should avail them-

selves of another story, this being completely worn out, and no longer fit for service." P. 83.

We are treated with twenty more pages of disquisition upon this subject. Steevens is unmercifully assailed throughout the whole of them; and the following whimsical arguments are adduced in order to disprove the authenticity of the picture.

"But it is time to be serious. To Mr. Steevens it could not but occur, that this gentle speculation had no other tendency than to countenance a fraud, which he had himself sufficiently exposed; for the Eastcheap legend it seems accompanied by far the greater number of these *genuine* pictures, produced from time to time! But let us a little examine the PROBABILITIES, which are allowed by some, it seems, the influence of facts. 1st. 'This picture was probably the ornament of a club-room in Eastcheap.' This first probability depends so much upon the second, namely, that 'the Boar's Head might have been the favourite tavern of Shakspeare,' that they must be considered together.

"Now that there was any tavern with the sign of the Boar's Head in Eastcheap, in Shakspeare's time, is itself exceedingly doubtful; for though the old play of Henry V. told him that there was a tavern in Eastcheap that sold good wine, it said nothing about the sign of it; and our poet, when he hung up a sign there in his own play, hung up one, with which he was familiar in *another* place, namely, near the playhouse in Blackfriars. There was a further propriety in the ascription of this sign to a house frequented by Falstaff, namely, that the Boar's Head in *Southwark* was part of the benefaction of Sir John Fastolf to Magdalen College, Oxford; and this is mentioned by Mr. Steevens himself, and his note upon the passage in the 1st Part of Henry IV. But the third probability is personal to the poet, and requires some little examination before it can be allowed the influence of fact. 'When our author returned over London-bridge from the Globe Theatre, this was a convenient house of entertainment.' Now all this is gratuitous assumption. How is he warranted to assign the poet a residence so removed from the scene of his business? His connexion with the Blackfriars house did not commence till the year 1604: besides, when he did act at the Blackfriars, the Globe was shut; it was a summer theatre. That he had often visited the Blackfriars, is indeed highly probable. He has satirized the children who acted there, furiously, in his *Hamlet*; but there is no proof that he ever resided within the City, while he acted at the Globe. Mr. Malone had the means of proving that Shakspeare's house stood near to the adjacent Bear Garden, and that he always dwelt there when in London.

"But I have something still to say as to this Boar's Head, and its *convenience* to Shakspeare. We do know that Shakspeare was member of a club, but it was not held at the Boar's Head, nor was

it in or near Eastcheap. This was the splendid association of wits and scholars and poets, founded by Sir Walter Raleigh, and held at the Mermaid in Friday-street. Now Friday-street was exactly opposite to Maiden-lane, in which stood the Globe Theatre, on the Southwark side of the river, and a sculler most probably would appear to Shakspeare infinitely more *convenient* than the crowded perambulation down the Bank-side to the eastward, the passage over the bridge, and an equally tiresome progress through the City westward to Friday-street." P. 107.

It is a pity that so much industry and ingenuity were not exerted on a nobler theme. Conjectural criticism respecting the Boar's Head, a balancing of probabilities between a sculler and London-bridge, are occupations hardly worthy of a genuine admirer of Shakspeare. But Mr. Boaden reconciles us to his own innocent trifling, by detailing the still more excellent fooling of our neighbours.

"Among the pitiable absurdities which have dishonoured the cause of Shakspeare, the most ridiculous is clearly his exhibition upon the oaken or mahogany lid of a pair of bellows. I presume to call this the 'brightest invention' as to him who possessed a *MUSE OF FINE*. 'To what base uses may we return?' However, some little apology is included in the anecdote which attended the picture, namely, that this utensil had decorated the chamber of Queen Elizabeth, and, under a hasty impatience for warmth, the effigy of the poet might have sometimes been pressed by her royal hands. This speculation is said to have been once detected by a picture cleaner of Paris, who removed the high forehead and mustaches, which denoted the poet, and discovered the more appropriate *mobled* head of an old lady. However, the fair decoration of the bellows soon became, as before, a *femme couverte*; and the restored head of Shakspeare is now in the possession of Mr. Talma, who has bestowed a splendid case upon this unique picture of the Bard, which after all may have a stronger resemblance to Shakspeare, than the Hamlet, the Macbeth, and the Lear of Ducis, bear to the original plays so denominated. I cannot stoop to the insertion of the legends and epistles with which these spurious mummeries are usually attended: they are impudently signed Ben Jonson, or Pains, or Pystolle; for the knowledge of these fabricators is very slender indeed as to the coteremporaries who might have been expected to honour him." P. 150.

On the whole, the principal charm of this work consists in the beauty of the prints. As a controversialist, the author is prejudiced and querulous; as a Shakspearian, his sublimity is within an inch of being ridiculous; and as a writer, he wants the art of compressing his materials into a readable compass.—These are his defects. His merits are well enough

summed up by himself, in a paragraph with which we take our leave of his publication.

“ This series of engravings, therefore, is to be held as containing, in this writer's opinion, every thing that on any authority can be called Shakspeare; and they each of them, *alone*, possess very strong evidence of authenticity. Droeshout's print is attested by Ben Jonson, and by his partners in the Theatre. The Stratford Monument was erected by his son-in-law, Dr. Hall, and executed probably by Thomas Stanton, who could not but know his person, and probably had some cast to work from. The Chandos picture is traced up to Taylor, the poet's Hamlet, and was no doubt painted by Burbage. The head by Cornelius Jansen, is marked by that painter decidedly Shakspeare, and every reasonable presumption assures us that it was painted for Lord Southampton. The head by Marshall seems to have been copied by him from a head by Payne, who reduced that by Droeshout, with some variations in the dress and attitude.

“ What light these portraits throw upon each other, and thus verify the whole, I have brought most strikingly before the spectator, by shewing the heads as nearly as was practicable, in the same size, and in the same direction. I feel them to be executed in a manner which has not often been equalled, and will never, I believe, be surpassed. The expence has of course been great; but the Publisher would withhold nothing, where the perfect exhibition of Shakspeare was the object. I have thus contributed my effort, to make our great and amiable poet's person more accurately known among us. Every man whom his wit has exhilarated, his wisdom guided, his passion purified, may look with delight and thankfulness in the countenance of his master and his friend, and find the perfections of his nature residing there in mild and unforced, in clear and unquestionable intelligence.” P. 121.

ART. XIII. *Batavian Anthology; or, Specimens of the Dutch Poets; with remarks on the Poetical Literature and Language of the Netherlands, to the End of the Seventeenth Century. By John Bowring, Honorary Correspondent of the Royal Institute of the Netherlands, &c. and Harry S. Van Dyk. 12mo. 242 pp. 7s. 6d. Taylor and Hessey. 1824.*

“ I DO know what is boetrie,” said the Dutch merchant to Peregrine Pickle. “ Mine broder be great boet, and hab written a book so big as all dis cheese.” Fear not, gentle reader; Mr. Bowring, to his credit be it spoken, has mode-

rated the ponderous infliction of the whole cheese into a digestible pinch of grated parmesan, in the shape of a neat little pink duodecimo. Resolved, however, that "his broder" of Holland shall share in the benefits of the poetical alien-office which already proposes to include Poles, Russians, and Spaniards, and be recognized as "one great boet," Mr. Bowring has, in the very beginning of his preface, denounced a long-forgotten joke of ours with most zealous touchiness.

"The language of Holland, the purest of all the Gothic dialects, almost exclusively confined to those whose pursuits are in the main most unfriendly to literature—for the absorbing thirst of wealth soon destroys every other ambition—has been made the subject of scorn and contempt, not by those who know it, but by those to whom it is wholly unknown—

'Homini imperito nunquam quidquam injustius;'

and wisdom, at one entrance, has been 'quite shut out' by the influence of a ridicule first awakened by presumption, and afterwards repeated by bold and credulous ignorance. A work of some literary pretensions has been found to pour out its vial of contumely on the 'long-suffering translator' who shall enter upon that work which has occupied our thoughts and our cares; while, with a scornful and pedantic sneer, the critic—the British Critic\*—adds: 'We once saw a volume of Dutch poetry on the shelves of an emeritus Dutch skipper; and it was a translation of *Il Pastor Fido*—βραχυσυνηξ, κοαξ, κοαξ.' With a disposition and an ability to add something, however small, to the stock of knowledge, the mind is chilled and paralysed by the certainty that the pride of animadversion can only be satisfied by sacrificing the timid adventurer. The criticism that instructs, even though it instruct severely, is most salutary and most valuable. It is of the criticism that insults, and while it insults informs not, that we have a right to complain." P. 5.

This is, indeed, a most matter-of-fact interpretation of three nonsensical words in the mouth of an ancient Greek frog. We might answer in Cowper's words:

"And e'en the child who knows no better  
Than to interpret by the letter  
A story of a cock and bull,  
Must have a most uncommon skull."

But we will content ourselves with assuring Mr. Bowring, that we do not consider him as a timid adventurer, that we have neither the power nor the intention to sacrifice him, and that lastly, we do not really imagine a Dutchman to bear

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\*"British Critic for April 1821, p. 444."

any physical or moral resemblance to our old friend "the frog in a cocked hat." We will willingly add, that being perfectly aware of the close resemblance of the Dutch language to our own, and of the competent sufficiency of pretty women and well-informed men to be met with in Holland, we should never have doubted their capability to concoct into good verse the moral truisms and amatory devices with which the volume before us abounds. He need not fear lest we should form our notions of the Batavian Muse from the bulbous little figure in the illuminated frontispiece to Grimston's *Netherlands*, predominating among butter firkins and gin kegs, on a throne like a tide-waiter's box, in the centre of a quay filled with blue-capped porters, and trunk-hosed burgo-masters; and brandishing a little sceptre in one hand, and a great money-bag in the other, while the under-written legend imports that,

"The muses, Neptune, Mars, and Mercurie  
Have taen their seats up in low Germanie."

Nor do we personify the Dutch Corydon at this time of day as a ponderous ten-breeched gentleman, with a meerschaum for a vocal pipe, and a pug for a faithful tray, and invoking his tulip-beds and the Middleburgh canal, instead of groves and streamlets. Such illusions have passed away with our untravelled childhood; and now let us be really and soberly serious.

The Anthology before us embraces selections from the works of those authors who flourished at the beginning and during the middle of the seventeenth century, a period when the recent struggle for religious and political liberty which the country had sustained, had produced its natural effect in rousing and developing the talents of her sons. Among the poets included in the selection, Vondel, who was born in 1587, and died in 1679, stands most conspicuous both in merit and confirmed reputation: and, next to him, we should be inclined to give the preference to Hooft and Decker. Of Hooft, who comes first of the three in point of time, and who appears to have been the father of Dutch poetry, in its more cultivated shape, Mr. Bowring observes,

"He went to France and Italy, and gave the first promise of an improved style and more cultivated taste, in a poetical epistle, written at Florence, to the members of the 'Amsterdamche Kamer.' He appears to have made the Greek, Latin, and Italian writers his peculiar study. By reading the latter he was first

taught to impart that melody to his own language of which it had not hitherto been deemed susceptible. To no man, indeed, is Dutch literature more indebted than to Hooft. He refined the versification of his age, without divesting it of its vigour. His mind had drunk deeply at the fountains of knowledge, and his productions are always harmonious and often sublime. The great Vondel, who was too truly noble to be jealous of his fame, calls him

‘Of Holland’s poets most illustrious head.’

It is difficult to decide whether Hooft or Vondel was most honoured by this eulogium.”

The best specimen of his powers may perhaps be found in the elegant little anacreontic which occurs in p. 58.

“Cupid once in peevish pet  
Cried to Venus, ‘They are wet—  
He has drench’d my strings in tears;  
All my quiver have I shot—  
Wasted all—they pierce him not,  
And his heart of stone appears.’

“‘Listen, silly boy!’ she said:  
‘Steal a lock from Doris’ head;  
When thy arrows miss—refrain!  
Waste not, trifling rogue, thy strength—  
Wait and watch! Be sure at length  
Cupid shall his victory gain.’

“‘So he runs where Doris dresses,  
But he dared not steal her tresses;—  
For a straggling hair or two  
Softly he implores the fair:  
Bends his bow—‘The shaft is here—  
He has pierced me through and through.’”

The longer poems of Hooft, as far as we can judge of them through the medium of a translation, appear not deficient in tenderness and elegance, though somewhat burdened by unintelligible prettinesses. We are totally at a loss, for instance, to annex any distinct meaning to the following stanzas.

“Dazzling eyes—that but laugh at our ruin,  
Nor think of the wrongs ye are doing;  
Fountains of gladness and beacons of glory,  
How do ye scatter the dark mists before ye;—  
Can my weakness your tyranny bridle?  
O no! all resistance is idle.



" Ah ! my soul ! ah ! my soul is submitted ;  
 Thy lips—thy sweet lips—they are fitted  
 With a kiss to dissolve into joy and affection  
 The dreamings of hope and of gay recollection,  
 And sure never triumph was purer,  
 And sure never triumph was surer." P. 60.

In the little poem which begins at the 63d page, the beauty of the thoughts is a good deal obscured by a perpetual burden, which reminds us of the song of a starling with his tongue split : and which we conclude Mr. B. has introduced in imitation of something similar in the original.

" The tender tears descended. The goddess came beneath,  
 ' Hold ! rather would I trample upon my rosy wreath.  
 Hold ! rather would I trample, would I trample.' "

" And, fearing lest some footsteps might injure them, she stole  
 And caught the living tear-drops within a rose's bowl.  
 And caught the living tear-drops, living tear-drops.

" ' Oh ! what are all my roses, or what my chaplet fair ?  
 Bright pearls I now can fashion beyond the world's compare.  
 Bright pearls I now can fashion, now can fashion,' "

" As soon as this was spoken, her tears as pearls appear,  
 Which she with gold pierc'd lightly, and hung in either ear.  
 Which she with gold pierc'd lightly, gold pierc'd lightly.

The chorus of women in the 61st page is a correct, though not a cold copy of those classical models which Hooft studied with so much diligence, and affords a very favourable specimen of the tragedy from whence it is taken.

Vondel appears fully worthy of the admiration which Mr. Bowring bestows on him, and the translation has evidently done justice to his merits. Our confined limits compel us to pass over the spirited and classical chorusses from Palamedes, the Batavian Brothers, and Gystrecht von Amstel, as well as the ode from the latter drama given in the 128th page, full of feeling and moral dignity ; but we must quote at length the chorus of Angels in *Lucifer*, as possessing a lofty and solemn tone commensurate with its subject.

" Who sits above heaven's height sublime,  
 Yet fills the grave's profoundest place,  
 Beyond eternity, or time,  
 Or the vast round of viewless space :  
 Who on himself alone depends—  
 Immortal—glorious—but unseen—

And in His mighty being blends  
What rolls around or flows within.  
Of all we know not—all we know—  
Prime source and origin—a sea,  
Whose waters pour'd on earth below  
Wake blessing's brightest radiancy.  
His power—love—wisdom, first exalted  
And wakened from oblivion's birth  
Yon starry arch—yon palace, vaulted—  
Yon heaven of heavens—to smile on earth,  
From his resplendent majesty  
We shade us 'neath our sheltering wings,  
While awe-inspired and tremblingly  
We praise the glorious King of kings,  
With sight and sense confused and dim;  
O name—describe the Lord of lords,  
The seraph's praise shall hallow Him;—  
Or is the theme too vast for words?

## RESPONSE.

'Tis God! who pours the living glow  
Of light, creation's fountain-head:  
Forgive the praise—too mean and low—  
Or from the living or the dead.  
No tongue Thy peerless name hath spoken,  
No space can hold that awful name;  
The aspiring spirit's wing is broken;—  
Thou wilt be, wert, and art the same!  
Language is dumb—Imagination,  
Knowledge, and Science, helpless fall;  
They are irreverent profanation,  
And thou, O God! art all in all.  
How vain on such a thought to dwell!  
Who knows Thee—Thee the All-unknown?  
Can angels be thy oracle,  
Who art—who art Thyself alone?  
None—none can trace Thy course sublime,  
For none can catch a ray from Thee,  
The splendour and the source of time—  
The Eternal of eternity.  
Thy light of light out-pour'd conveys  
Salvation in its flight elysian,  
Brighter than e'en Thy mercy's rays;  
But vainly would our feeble vision  
Aspire to Thee. From day to day  
Age steals on us—but meets Thee never:  
Thy power is life's support and stay—  
We praise Thee—sing Thee, Lord! for ever.

Holy—holy—holy! Praise—  
 Praise be His in every land;  
 Safety in His presence stays—  
 Sacred his His high command!

The picture of Christian Patience,

“Who sits with chattering teeth alone,  
 Half naked on a cold rough stone,”

is homely and undignified, and naturally reminds us of a squalid beggar-girl. As to the “monstrous flare-eyed band, bursting from the troubled sand,” it passes our judgment to determine whether they are meant for seamen, devils, or walruses. Nor is it easy to divine how the cold trite comfort, addressed to poor Vossius, in p. 138, and the beautiful little address to the infant's soul, in p. 152, should have proceeded from the same pen. We admire the latter greatly, in spite of a certain awkward *je ne sçai quoi* in the metre, reminding us of the Moravian hymn in the Bath guide,

“Chicken blessed and caressed,” &c.

Next in merit to Vondel, if not equal to him, in our opinion, at least, is Decker, whose turn of thought bears somewhat of a resemblance to that of our own Cowper. Of him Mr. Bowring says,

“His poems are to this day justly esteemed by his countrymen for beauty of thought combined with elegance of expression, learning without pedantry, and harmonious versification free from feebleness and puerility. Feeling—intense and romantic feeling—is the peculiar characteristic of his writings, as it appears to have been of his heart; to whose virtues many of his contemporaries have paid tribute.” P. 167.

His poetry on domestic subjects abounds with deep and genuine feeling, which the ignorance of the local circumstances that dictated it prevents our entering into as we could wish. The lines to a “Too early opening flower,” will justify his alledged resemblance to the pensive and moral Cowper.

“Not yet, frail flower! thy charms unclose;  
 Too soon thou ventur'st forth again;  
 For April has its winter-rain,  
 And tempest-clouds, and nipping snows.  
 Too quickly thou uprear'st thy head;  
 The northern wind may reach thee still,  
 And injure—nay, for ever kill  
 Thy charming white and lovely red.

And thou perchance too late wilt sigh,  
That at the first approach of spring  
Thou mad'st thy bud unfold its wing,  
And show its blush to every eye;  
For March a faithless smile discloses.  
If thou wouldst bloom securely here,  
'Let Phæbus first o'ertake the steer:  
Thou'rt like the seaman, who reposes  
On one fair day—one favouring wind,  
Weighs anchor, and the future braves:  
But sighs, when on the ocean waves,  
For that calm port he leaves behind,  
As with an anxious eye he sees  
His shatter'd hull and shiver'd sail  
Borne at the mercy of the gale  
Wherever winds and waters please;  
And deems, as he is sinking fast,  
The sands and brine and foam beneath,  
That every wave contains a death,  
That every plunge will be his last.  
Thou'rt like the courtier, who, elate  
When greeted first by favour's ray,  
Begins to make a grand display:—  
But, ah! it is a fickle state.  
A court is like a garden-shade;  
The courtiers and the flowers that rise  
Too suddenly, 'neath changeful skies,  
Oft sink into the dust and fade.  
In short, we all are like thy flower,  
And ever, both in weal and woe,  
With strange perverseness, we bestow  
Our thoughts on time's swift-fleeting hour.  
And 'tis the same with those who pine.  
And deem that grief will never flee,  
And those who, bred in luxury,  
Think the gay sun will always shine.  
For every joy brings sorrow too,  
And even grief may herald mirth;  
And God has mingled life on earth  
With bitterness and honey-dew.  
Thus winter follows summer's bloom,  
And verdant summer winter's blight;  
Thus reign by turns the day and night:—  
Change is the universal doom.  
Then, floweret! when thy charms have fled,  
All wither'd by a fate unkind,  
Call wisdom's proverb to thy mind—  
*Soon green, soon gray—soon ripe, soon dead.*

Y

Jacob Cats somewhat resembles Hooft in his style. His anacreontic of Cupid lost and cried, is a pretty and improved paraphrase of the little Greek piece which suggested the idea; but we cannot see much in the portion of his poetry which this volume presents, to justify Mr. B.'s eulogium.

"Cats had all Vondel's devotion, kindled at a purer and simpler altar. His wisdom was vast, and all attuned to religious principle; his habits were those of sublime and aspiring contemplation; and his poetry is such as a prophet would give utterance to. He was the poet of the people. In his verses they found their duties recorded, and seeming to derive additional authority from the solemn and emphatic dress they wore. He is every where original, and often sublime." P. 74.

Two poems by Huygens are introduced, in two opposite styles. "The King," is a manly, nervous, and reflective piece of moral philosophy. His rhapsody,

"Swiftly is the noontide fleeting,"

written, by his own confession, on a most broiling day, might as well have been suppressed; for the poor Dutchman's brains appear to have suffered a *coup de soleil*. Does Mr. Bowring remember the passage, which, to avoid offence, we will quote to him in Cervantes' own words?

"El sol entraba tan apriesa y contanto ardor, que fuera bastante a derretirle los sesos, si algunos tuviera."

Take a sample of poor Huygens's vagaries.

"But by thee I'll not be driven,  
Fiercely shining lamp on high—  
Measurer of our days from heaven—  
Year-disposer—glorious eye;  
Mist-absorber—spring-returner—  
Day-prolonger—summer's mate;  
Beast-annoyer—visage-burner—  
Fair-one's spoiler—maiden's hate;—  
Cloud-disperser—darkness-breaker—  
Moon-surpriser—starlight thief;  
Torch-conductor—shadow-maker—  
Rogue-discoverer—eyes' relief;  
Linen-bleacher—noiseless stroller—  
All-observer—gilding all;  
Dust-disturber—planet-roller—  
Traveller's friend, and day-break's call.

To this we might add,

Maggot-quickener, quagmire-thickener,  
Friend to laundress in her need;

Lyre-inventor, cow-tormentor,  
Waking torpid flies to feed ;  
Zodiac-scanner, visage-tanner,  
Pæan, Patarens, or Pol ;  
Python-pelter, butter-melter, —  
Endless are thy names, great Sol !

Exclusively of the above-named authors, we cannot see much to praise in the rest of the Anthology. Neither the *recherche* Miss Maria Tepelchade Vischer, nor the string of smaller amatory poets, with the lambkin-loving Laurens Reach at their head, possess any thing to distinguish their works from the class of decent and harmless mediocrity.

The name of Brederode, well known in the patriotic annals of Holland, should lead us to expect a Tyrtæus, but the Brederode of the present collection has left the record of his country's glories to the hands of Brandt and Vandergoes, whose performance has not quite equalled their good will. He himself, though not deficient in feeling and passion, must needs drag in Dædalus, Stentor, and Medea by the head and shoulders into one and the same song, apropos to the simple subject of "The Girl I left behind me." After this classical ostentation, so like that of our own dear Cockney school, we are prepared for the information that Brederode was genuine Amsterdam by birth, and "an utter stranger to the learned languages." It was probably in close imitation of Brederode that Medea is written in the fifth stanza with a short vowel. In his other pieces, Brederode shews feeling and taste; and the poem in the 92d page is perhaps the best amatory one in the volume.

With the mild, sober, and meditative strain of Kamphuysen it is impossible not to be pleased, but he is perhaps rather to be considered as a moralist than a poet. The single short piece by Hugo Grotius, though possessing no great merit in itself, is very touching, as indicative of the depressed state of a strong mind, clinging to the remembrance and leaning on the affection of the country for which it was suffering.

On the whole, as far as this little volume enables us to judge, we are better satisfied with the talent and cultivation displayed by the Dutch poets, than with their choice of subjects. The recollections of Egmont, of Horn, of the Prince of Orange, of the horrors of the siege of Leyden, and the atrocities of Alva, might have produced something better than Brandt's two or three tame inscriptions, and burst forth in such lines as the Grave of Schill, or the Battle of Sempach.

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Instead of which, names the most glorious are past over or barely mentioned, and whole pages devoted to

“Delicate lips and soft amorous glances,”

and such other matters, which have been the small change of all amatory poetry since the days of Sappho. Let us hope however that the continuation of the present work, which Mr. Bowring has promised us, may contain something more characteristic of the feelings and history of the country of a De Witts, an Egmont, an Erasmus, and a Grotius; a country, (to quote the well-deserved eulogium of Mr. Bowring) “distinguished for its civilization and its important contributions to the mass of human knowledge; allied by habit and by history with our thoughts and recollections; whose language claims a close kindred with our own, and whose government has generally been such as to excite the sympathies of an English spirit.”

We cannot pay a better compliment either to the spirit in which Mr. Bowring appears to have undertaken this work, or his ability as a writer, than by quoting his introductory sonnet, with which we shall conclude.

“In this sad world, where the eternal jar  
Of passion, interest, discord and debate,  
Questions of policy and faith and state,  
Tear up the virtues, with the affections war,  
’Tis sweet to mingle thoughts with those afar,  
Who are beyond the reach of selfish hate;  
Whose shine and smile, like the fair morning star,  
Above the valley’s mist to consecrate  
At the proud altar-shrine, that towers sublime  
’Midst all the storms and all the wrecks of time,  
Whose holy flame burns on—and as it burns  
All that is base to light and beauty turns,—  
Our words and wills: for man should be man’s friend,  
Love the pervading law—and bliss the end.

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ART. XIV. *An Historical Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops, down to the year 1688: By the Right Rev. Robert Keith. Also, an Account of all the Religious Houses that were in Scotland at the Time of the Reformation: By John Spottiswoode, Esq. A new Edition corrected and continued to the present Time, with a Life of the Author: By the Rev. M. Russel, L.L.D.* 8vo. 686 pp. 1l. 1s. Rivingtons. 1824.

THE Editor of this new edition of the Catalogue of the Scottish Bishops, informs us in an unpretending and sensible

preface, that the task which he has completed was originally undertaken in consequence of the great scarcity and high price of Bishop Keith's work. The volume now published contains an exact reprint of the original, and the additions of the editor are contained in distinct notes, or thrown into an appendix at the end. At a time therefore in which the study of our historical antiquities is pursued with unprecedented zeal, Dr. Russel has conferred an important benefit upon the public, by enabling them to avail themselves of one of the most authentic and valuable compilations in the language.

He has taken the opportunity also of reordering what is known respecting the life of Bishop Keith, of examining some recent enquiries into the primitive state of Church government in Scotland, and of presenting us with an abridged and highly interesting sketch of the History of the Scottish Episcopal Church from the Revolution to the present day. We shall endeavour to direct the attention of our readers to each of these subjects.

The life of the Bishop, as Dr. Russel admits, is extremely meagre. He lived at a period when the Episcopal clergy mixed little with the world, and when the transactions of their Society were known to few except themselves. But the diligent researches of the biographer have been rewarded with a few scraps which cannot be perused without pleasure. Bishop Keith was born in a very humble station, but he claimed descent from the eldest branch of the noble family whose name he bore, and interested himself even at the close of a long life, in establishing the right of his nephews to the honours of their ancestors.

"In the life of a Scotchman, however meanly born, the article of pedigree, in the 17th century, was in all cases a consideration of some weight; for if he had not to tell of hereditary wealth or family honours, he was pleased with the assurance that his parents were virtuous, and perhaps with the tradition that their blood had been improved by some illustrious connexion. But, in this respect, Bishop Keith had more to boast of than Scottish churchmen usually have in modern times; and no one ever valued more highly his relationship with the noble and the great than did this humble pastor of a poor, depressed, and rather calumniated branch of Christ's Catholic church. He was a cadet of the celebrated family of Keith, Earls Marischal of Scotland, being lineally descended from Alexander, the youngest son of William the third earl. In the year 1513, this nobleman conferred upon the ancestor of the Bishop the lands of Pittendrum in the shire of Aberdeen; which grant is vouched by an attested copy of the precept of sasine, inserted in the controversial pamphlet to which we have already



alluded. After the lapse of little more than a hundred years, we find the laird of Pittendrum in possession of the estate of 'Over and Nether Cowtowns,' in the shire of Mearns; for which acquisition also the instrument of legal investment is produced at full length from the register of sasines. But the lands of Cowtowns passed away from the Bishop's family in the person of his immediate ancestor; who, having denuded himself, as the phrase is, of that property, in the year 1672, purchased the estate of Uras, in the parish of Dunnottar and shire of Kincardine. As an apology for this alienation of the family inheritance, the good Bishop thinks it necessary to add, in a note, that 'this hasty denudation did not proceed from a squandering temper in my father, but from his having enlisted himself a volunteer in that expedition under King Charles II. (which ended in the unfortunate battle of Worcester) whilst a mere stripling only of about eighteen years of age; and although he had the good fortune to escape out of prison by the means and contrivance of two English ladies, yet the difficulties he was exposed to, and the incumbrances which naturally came upon his small estate during the long continuance of the rebellion, stuck severely to him all his days after, and do stick to his offspring to this day.'

"Having mentioned the misunderstanding which arose between the Bishop and the late Mr. Keith of Ravelston, respecting the relationship of their families to the ancient race of the Earls Marischal, I may be permitted to state, on the authority of the present representative of that noble house, Sir Alexander Keith, that the superior claims of the Bishop in behalf of his nephew were unquestionably well founded; and that so long as the Uras branch of the Pittendrum Keiths existed in the male line, the Keiths of Ravelston were not entitled to the honour to which they have since succeeded." P. xx.

"The Bishop seems naturally to have possessed that peculiar turn of mind which leads to the investigation of antiquities, and which appears to derive the most exquisite gratification from ascertaining even the minutest relations of a genealogical table. In his *Vindication*, accordingly, the reader will find the most precise and regularly authenticated statements of all such transactions in which his family were concerned, as might in the least degree illustrate the purity of their descent, and the respectability of their connections. For instance, after furnishing a copy of the contract of marriage between his grandfather and grandmother, and having specified that the latter was the daughter of Gawn Douglas of Easter Barras, he adds, in a note, 'This Gawn Douglas was a son of that laird of Glenbervy who became earl of Angus about the year 1588, and by this marriage Mr. Robert Keith (himself) and his nephew have the honour to be related to the dukes of Douglas and Hamilton, and to the branches of these most honourable families since that marriage.' Alluding, again, to the kindred of his mother, he

remarks, that, by her marriage into the family of Keith, their posterity 'are related to all the Arbuthnots and Burnets in the shire of Mearns.'

"He concludes his Vindication, too, in the same spirit of family love, and with a just sense of the importance which attached to the discussion in which he had been so successfully engaged.

" 'Mr. Robert Keith hopes that all his friends, and every unprejudiced person into whose hands this paper may chance to fall, (for he has only printed some few copies to be privately given away,) will have him excused for vindicating his own and nephew's birth: For although he himself, now in the close of the seventieth year of his age, and having only one daughter, might be pretty indifferent about any thing of this nature, yet he suspects his young grandnephews, (for there are no less than three of them, Alexander, Robert, and John,) when they came of age, might reproach the memory of their uncle, and justly perhaps, for his not endeavouring to set their birth at rights against so flagrant an attack, seeing the one was capable, and the others might not have the same means of knowing, or the same abilities to perform it.' " P. xxii.

We have extracted these passages in preference to others which describe the clerical life of Bishop Keith, because it is as an antiquarian rather than a clergyman that he is known to the present age; it is entertaining to observe the importance which he attached to his art, and the zeal with which he applied it to his own affairs. In these democratical days Bishop Keith's relationship to all the Douglasses, Hamiltons, Arbuthnots, and Burnets will be considered of very little consequence. But the age that has gone was not hurt by the pride of ancestry with which it was tinctured; nor would succeeding times be one bit the worse for a more extended and enduring recollection of the ties of blood.

As a clergyman, Bishop Keith seems to have principally distinguished himself, by moderating between those factions in his little church, which originated among the English non-jurors; and have been rescued from oblivion merely by the names of Collier, Hickes and Brett. Dr. Russel, with his usual judgment, has touched lightly upon this portion of his subject; although, as a biographer, he has just reason to be proud of the character which was sustained by his hero.

Having assisted in calming the controversies by which his church was endangered, Bishop Keith took a share in another very important work.

"At the consecration of a successor to Bishop Rattray in the diocese of Dunkeld, which was performed at Edinburgh by the

Bishops Keith, Falconar, White, and Rait, it was resolved by these fathers, that they should constitute themselves into a regular synod for transacting the public business of the church; on which occasion Mr. Keith was unanimously chosen PRIMUS, and Mr. Alexander, the new bishop, was appointed clerk. Availing themselves of the ecclesiastical knowledge and matured experience of the late Primus, Rattray, the bishops, being thus met together, proceeded to take into consideration the draught of certain canons which he had bequeathed to them, for the more formal exercise of their authority in the government of their districts; and, after a deliberate conference, they succeeded,—as well by making suitable alterations on those with which they were thus furnished, as by drawing up several new ones,—in producing a set of rules which gained at once the universal acceptance of the clergy, and also proved of considerable use in promoting uniformity of sentiment as well as of practice, in almost all the professional matters concerning which they had been formerly divided.” P. xxxi.

Shortly after these events, the penal laws against Episcopalians were enforced with redoubled rigour, on account of the political bias manifested by members of that communion during the rebellion of forty-five. Little or nothing is known of Bishop Keith’s public life, subsequently to that trying period. His principal works, the “History of Scotland,” and the Catalogue of Bishops, made their appearance towards the close of his career. The former is an unfinished work; and a few sheets of the second volume were found at his death. We close our account of this part of the volume with the following anecdote.

“Amidst the scarcity of biographical incident, of which the reader has had cause to complain, he may be surprised to meet with the following notice, which I find regularly recorded in an authentic paper.—‘Bishop Keith, a married man, and having children, died worth only £450 at the most; and J.M.,’ (his colleague or assistant,) ‘a bachelor, died (*proh dolor*) worth about £3000 Sterling, and left not a farthing to the poor suffering clergy.’” P. xliii.

The second original portion of Dr. Russel’s volume, is a Supplement to the Dissertation on the History of the Culdees. In the first edition of the Catalogue, this Dissertation appeared under the title of “Preface;” and it was left to the present editor to point out its real author, Mr. Goodall, librarian to the Faculty of Advocates. The Supplement has been called into being by Dr. Jamieson’s “Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees of Iona;” a work in which the doctor attempts to prove; that Presbyterianism existed in Scotland

while the English were yet unconverted to Christianity. — A more difficult task no Presbyterian could undertake. While he confines himself to specious deductions from certain passages of Scripture, he may make out a case that requires to be answered. While he reasons from expediency and practice, he may occasionally gain a convert. But an appeal to history and antiquities is the forlorn hope of Presbyterianism. And whatever may be the ingenuity or the learning of Dr. Jamieson, he can at most only puzzle the ignorant. No reader of the early historians of England or Scotland, can hesitate or be deceived upon the subject. The contemporary writers, one and all, speak of episcopacy as universally prevalent; and the very example to which Dr. Jamieson so confidently appeals, is a decisive authority against him. The new editor of Keith has discharged this part of his task with so much ability, that we shall content ourselves with quoting a few of his observations.

“What, then, is the amount of the evidence, and what is the value of the reasoning by which the erudite author of the ‘Historical Account of the Ancient Culdees’ attempts to establish the purer faith of these celebrated monks, as well as their systematic opposition to the Romish church in regard to rites and ceremonies? They are, in the utmost degree, trifling and frivolous! Except in the disputed article of the Easter calendar and the affair of the tonsure, it is impossible to fix on any one thing in which, at the end of the sixth century, the Christians of Britain and Ireland differed from those of Italy; and it is well known that these points of difference were not confined to the British churches, but were agitated with equal zeal in other parts of Christendom; and, moreover, that the Scots yielded their assent to the dogmas of Rome on these very heads, and adopted both the tonsure and the new cycle, long before the Britons in the southern division of the island would depart from their ancient practice. The immaculate and conscientious Culdees of Iona, (if Culdees they must be named,) with their abbot at their head, set the example of compliance to the older Christians of the Roman province; but these sturdy believers, on the contrary, scorning the accommodating policy of the Columbans, continued to keep their festival on their own day, and shave their crowns after their accustomed fashion. The clergy of Pictland and Dalriad, therefore, are entitled to much less honour for opposing Romish innovation than the bishops and presbyters among the Britons; for though farther removed from temptation, the former yielded much sooner to the false reasoning or the secular inducements which were urged upon them by the Saxon primate and his busy emissaries. Wherefore, then, are the followers of Columba decorated, solely and exclusively, with the praise of firmness, purity, and sound views; why are they

extolled as the only clergy, in ancient times, who had sense to perceive what was wrong, and principle enough to oppose it; why are they held up as prototypes of all the wisdom and zeal, and energy and self-devotedness, which are so justly ascribed to most of the leading men who, at a later period, conducted the Reformation to its happy issue;—and all this, too, in the face of the notorious fact that they succumbed and complied long before the great body of Christians in their neighbourhood were even shaken from their steadfastness? The answer is obvious: there have been authors in Scotland, in the course of the last hundred years, who were determined to find, in the early annals of their country, a model and a warrant for the things which had become popular in their own days; and not being satisfied with making out that, in ecclesiastical concerns, they are now the purest society on earth, they insist upon also proving that if they ever were polluted by erroneous doctrine, or superstitious practices, it was only for a very short time, and by means of the most unprincipled and irresistible constraint." P. lxxx.

"Dr. Jamieson must be aware, that there are limits to the argument which he derives from the supposed existence of lay members in the convent of Iona; for, as in the narrative of Bede, there is no vestige of evidence that the abbot was present, more than the bishop, at the deliberation of the monks and the subsequent ordinations which took place, he may find himself carried a little farther than he would willingly chuse to proceed; and, in his eagerness to flee from Episcopal supremacy, reduce the commission of his favourite Culdees to a mere warrant issued by laics. But there is no reason whatever for believing that any of the Columban monks were laymen. The Doctor, himself, informs us, 'it has been supposed that, AS TWELVE PRIESTS accompanied Columba from Ireland, and settled with him in Iona, they afterwards retained this number, in imitation of the conduct of their founder;'—but he has neglected to tell us at what time within the few years which had elapsed between their first settlement and the request of Oswald to have a bishop, they departed so far from the original model of their institution as to admit laymen into their sacred college. It is only better, it would seem, that they should all be laymen, even though they might be detected in the foolish trick of ordaining bishops for a Northumbrian king, than that any one of them should be *bona fide* a presbyter, and afterwards found to have submitted to a second and higher ordination inflicted upon him by the hands of prelates." P. xciii.

"Still, the Doctor demands a reason why the church historian does not tell his readers that bishops were really employed in conferring orders, and, more especially the order of the episcopate, in the monastery of Iona. Lloyd gives a sufficient answer when he observes that Bede was not likely to imagine that *such a question would ever be asked.*" P. xcvi.

These passages are not only decisive upon the merits

of Dr. Jamieson's hypothesis, but they also establish Dr. Russel's claims as a writer of ecclesiastical history. He is evidently master of his subject. He is acquainted with the antiquities not only of his own church, but of all Christian communities; and he reasons upon their peculiarities or discrepancies in a very plain and convincing manner.

In the present instance it must be confessed that he had an easy task, for the speculations which he controverts are speculations merely. Bede tells us that the Northern Picts were converted by Columba, and the Southern by Ninias, or St. Martin. The churches established in the Lowlands were destroyed by the unconverted Saxons, and Christianity was preserved in that district alone which had received its religion from Columba. The isle in which he had dwelt became the chief seat of the church, and his successors her most respected servants. This is the true and simple explanation of facts which the Presbyterians of the fifteenth century contrived to warp into something like an authority for their platform; and these are the circumstances to which Dr. Jamieson now recurs, as tending in an enlightened age, to vindicate the antiquity of an unepiscopal church. To all the support which such circumstances can give, he is fully and freely welcome.

The Appendix professes to inquire into the more prominent causes by which the subversion of the national Episcopalianism in Scotland was brought about. It is written in a good spirit, and with great ability. The subject, not naturally interesting to Englishmen, has been rendered in some degree familiar to us all, by the works of the author of *Waverley*. And Dr. Russel's more sober historical essay agrees in the main with the splendid fictions of that inimitable writer: we say inimitable, because there are many who attempt to tread in his path, and without even a smattering of his erudition, or a tithe of his talents and impartiality, make the history of Scotland a vehicle for unmeasured abuse of Episcopalianism in all its branches. To such writings Dr. Russel's Appendix will prove a well timed antidote. Many of his remarks are new; and that which has been said before, he repeats with his usual conciseness.

Having devoted so many pages to this useful publication, and repeatedly expressed our opinion of its merits, we shall conclude by pointing out what we conceive to be its defects. The continuation of the Catalogue to the present day might have been drawn up at greater length. A collection of births, and preferments, and deaths, is not a very interesting performance; and the excuse offered by Dr. Russel, that

the addition of more matter would have unduly augmented the bulk of the work, is an excuse which the publishers should not have condescended to put forth. The other deficiency, and it is one which we particularly lament, is a view of the present state of the Episcopal Church in Scotland. Such a document would have been well received in both countries. Here little is known respecting our brethren of the north, even by those who take the liveliest interest in their welfare. In their own land, it is the fashion to underrate the Episcopalians; and a statement of their increasing numbers, respectability, and influence, would produce many salutary effects. If the republication of Keith's Catalogue obtains the patronage to which it is so well entitled, we shall hope to see these deficiencies supplied, either in a future edition, or in a separate work.

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THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
FOR APRIL, 1824.

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ART. I. *The Protestant's Companion.* By the Rev. Charles Daubeny, LL.D. Archdeacon of Sarum.  
(concluded from page 233.)

By the extracts which we have already given from this valuable Defence of the Protestant Church, our readers will have been able to form their own opinions concerning its merits. For ourselves we confess, that we have seldom met with a controversial work which partakes so little of the spirit of controversy; which is so calm in its manner, yet so decisive in its effect; and which puts down an adversary with less appearance of boasting and triumph.

As a striking confirmation of this remark, we beg leave to refer to the satisfactory confutation which the Archdeacon has given of Mr. Baines's opinion respecting the Israelitish worship of the *Golden Calf*.

"I had considered it as *certain*," says Mr. B. "that the Golden Calf erected in the wilderness and worshipped by the Israelites, was either an imitation of an Egyptian idol, representing Osiris; or some other false Deity; not that it was a symbol of the true God." P. 160.

In opposition to this theory, Dr. D. shews in the clearest manner that this species of idolatry consisted in setting up false and forbidden emblems of the true God, and that it constituted precisely the same kind of idolatry of which the Romish Church is guilty by its worship of Images, and its solemn use of devotional emblems. See p. 160—175. But we now proceed to the chapter "On the Invocation of Saints."

In the true spirit of sophistry, Mr. Baines had referred his readers to the authority of the second *Council of Nice* for the meaning of the term *Adoration*; as if the authority of any Romish Council could be admitted to determine the controversy subsisting on this subject between Papists and Protestants. And with the same spirit, he had also endeavoured to apologize for the Romish adoration of the Cross, by

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resolving its solemn invocations in their Hymns into mere rhetorical tropes and figures. (N. B. We much doubt whether these *Rhetorical* expositions would not have cost Mr. B. some serious trouble, had he lived but a few centuries nearer to this celebrated Council.) But the Archdeacon, by one short quotation from Aquinas, demolishes all this curious quibbling.

"*Illi exhibemus latriæ cultum, in quo ponimus spem salutis : sed in cruce Christi ponimus spem salutis, cantat enim Ecclesia, O Crux, ave, spes unica.*" P. 204.

"The cross of Christ," observes Dr. D. "is, in itself, an innocent thing, and may be a most interesting one, considered as exhibiting an appropriate emblem of human redemption ; but when made an object of religious worship it changes its character with the use to which it is applied.

"A parallel case occurs to me. The brazen serpent, in the wilderness, was originally set up as a monument, or memorial, of God's wonderful mercy, in the deliverance of his people in the wilderness. From the days of Moses, down to Hezekiah, this serpent was permitted to remain among the Israelites, because as a pious memorial it gave no offence. For we find, that neither Aza nor Jehoshaphat, when they rooted out idolatry, destroyed it. But when Hezekiah saw that, in consequence of the increased corruption of the people, they *burnt incense to it*, he brake it in pieces, and called it by a contemptible name. The cross of Christ is an appropriate emblem in a Christian Church, as presenting to every devout Christian an interesting memorial of the great work of human redemption, but when, as in the Church of Rome, it is set up as an object of idolatrous worship, it then, as an offence to that Divine Being, to whom alone religious worship is due, becomes obnoxious to destruction, and as a stone of stumbling to weak Christians, ought to be removed." P. 206.

From the Adoration of the Cross, he proceeds to their solemn Invocations of the Virgin Mary; and shews, first, from the remarkable silence of scripture concerning her, and then from ecclesiastical history, how little authority there is for the introduction of her name into the worship of the Church. It was not till towards the end of the fourth century that this superstition arose.

"When a certain sect of women began to meet together for the express purpose of worshipping the Virgin Mary, by offering up cakes to her; which cakes were called *Collyrides*, and whence their offerers received the title of *Collyridians*." P. 214.

We are again obliged to the Archdeacon for one of those valuable recollections of his early travels, which have enabled him to speak so authoritatively of the *modern* errors of Rome.

"It might have been hoped that three centuries could not have passed away since the light of Reformation broke forth, and that gross darkness should still continue to prevail, on this subject, in any part of the Christian world. If my reader will, however, accompany me to Florence, a city in Tuscany, which seems to be more particularly under the protection of the Virgin, he will find that the extravagant adoration paid to the Virgin Mary, in that city, does not come short of the pattern which has been above exhibited: and which tends to stamp the character of the Romish worship in the present day. In the Church of St. Mary of Impruneta, near Florence, there is a miraculous picture of the Virgin, which is highly esteemed throughout all Tuscany. Under the apprehension of any extraordinary danger, this picture is carried in solemn procession through the streets of Florence, accompanied by the Prince, the nobility, the magistracy, and the clergy. To establish the miraculous power of this picture, in procuring relief on different occasions, in cases of imminent danger, various acts and records are produced, to prove the several benefits which have been obtained, through the intervention of this all-powerful picture. In one of these records, testimony is borne to a miraculous cessation of a pestilence in Florence, after a three days' procession of the picture in question. Whilst an inscription, set up in the Church about a century ago, has the following words: 'There is no one who can be saved, O most holy Virgin, but through thee; there is no one from whom we can obtain mercy but through thee. Mary opens her bosom of mercy to all, so that the whole universe receives out of her fulness; the captive redemption; the sick health; the afflicted comfort; the sinner pardon; the just grace; the angels joy; the whole Trinity glory.'" P. 222.

This chapter closes with a brief refutation of the Romish doctrine of the Invocation of Saints.

"To worship the creature by way of access to the Creator, in spite of all the sophistry which has been, or can be employed in its defence, and in spite of all the ingenuity that may be displayed to cover its deformity, is certainly a species of idolatry, if ever that crime has been practised in the world; not, it shall be admitted, the idolatry of *Heathenism*, the worship of false gods, but the idolatry of *Christianity*, the worshipping the creature more than the Creator." P. 243.

The ensuing chapter treats of *Purgatory* and its attendant corruptions.

"By purgatory is understood, in the Romish Church, a state of temporary punishments after this life, from which men, after having undergone a necessary degree of purgation from their sins, are translated into Heaven, by the prayers of the living, and the sacrifice of the Mass, for which a stipulated price is paid.

"That I may not be thought to slander the Church of Rome, I place before my reader a copy of a notice, which I saw publicly affixed to a pillar, in a Church in the *Campo Vaccino*, at Rome, for the information of its different frequenters. Being struck with such a public notice, I took it down on the spot, and, in a free translation, it runs thus. 'An easy method of providing prayers for the Soul when alive, without waiting till after death. Whoever will be enrolled in the number of benefactors to this Church, and would receive the prayers of the masses, &c. must address himself to the Priest of the Church for the proper form; &c. Whosoever shall give the benefaction of one *giulio* every month, during his life, shall, after his death, receive the prayers of eighty low masses, and two cantatas. Whoever shall give *un grosso* a month, shall receive the prayers of forty masses, and one cantata.'

"The reader is then given to understand, that whoever shall have omitted to have done this, supposing he shall be arrived at the age of sixty, he may purchase the whole benefit of the masses in a lump, upon the following terms: 'ten *scudi*, for eighty low masses, and two cantatas.' Moreover, those who are enrolled, shall be partakers of the masses and cantatas which are every year celebrated in each day of the octave of the death in common, for the benefactors who shall have departed this life. Let every one, therefore, think of his soul whilst he is yet alive, without waiting, in the flames of purgatory, the discretion of another, whilst he is crying out; 'have mercy on me! have mercy on me! have mercy on me! at least, you my friends, since my own relations have forgotten me.' " P. 245.

The Archdeacon shews that this doctrine of the Romish Church bears a strong resemblance to that of the ancient transmigration of the heathens, and to the superstitions still prevailing in India, respecting an intermediate state. (P. 253.) He illustrates his arguments against this absurd and mischievous doctrine, by the following narrative.

"A case in point occurs, when this doctrine of purgatory lately attempted to exercise its accustomed imposition in a country, where the Romish priesthood is, at this time, in the zenith of its all-powerful influence. About a twelvemonth after the death of a most respectable and wealthy Roman Catholic gentleman, his eldest son, a Roman Catholic also, whose mind had been enlightened by reading, and constant communion with the best informed societies, both in these countries and on the continent, was much surprised one morning on coming out of his house, to observe a body of at least forty men, in black, solemnly marching up to his door. The records of his country brought to his recollection a class of people designated *white boys*, not many years before; but what could be the object of this party in black, he was amazingly puzzled to find out; however, terror had nearly got the better of his curiosity, for as the battalion approached the kitchen, they began to march in

quick pace, and he was in the act of making a forced retreat, when he fortunately recognized his parish Priest, and his father's old friend. For thirty years this clerical hero had lived an idle, lazy life, pampering his corpulent and well stuffed carcase, whilst he worked upon the fanciful and superstitious mind of his patron; but at his death the scene changed; the heir was abroad, no chimney corner to receive the reverend Priest, he was obliged to attend to his parochial duties, he lost his temper, and in consequence he lost his flesh; and with the fond and delusive expectation of recovering the one, and recruiting the other, he paraded, as it has been above-mentioned. 'Pray, reverend Father,' says the heir, 'may I enquire what weighty business you can have with me, and so numerous attended?' His Priest, somewhat depressed by the tone and manner he was addressed in, replied, 'that it was the practice of the holy Roman Church, to celebrate the anniversary of a Papist's death, and to pray him out of *purgatory*, after which religious ceremony, it was usual to converse on the charitable deeds and good actions of the deceased during life: and that he hoped, as was the custom, he would prepare a dinner, and some gallons of whiskey punch, for the few worthy priests that accompanied him in this pious and quite necessary duty.' 'Reverend sir,' replied this respectable and enlightened gentleman, 'I am decidedly of opinion, that my lamented father led a most pious, religious, and Christian life; and I entertain the best founded hopes, that through the mercies of his blessed Redeemer, he is now with the Almighty in Heaven: as to your purgatory, I know nothing; but if you wish to pay any religious respect to the memory of my deceased parent, I request you will pay it over the grave, where (in the neighbouring church yard) his sacred remains repose; but of this I am perfectly certain, that in my house I will sanction neither drunkenness nor carousings under any pretence whatever.' In consequence the door was closed, and the Roman legion retired." P. 261.

In the seventh chapter, Dr. Daubeny very properly defines the original meaning of the term "Catholic Church;" and shews that the Romish Church is guilty of schism in appropriating this term exclusively to herself, and in denying it to all the rest of the Christian world.

"But the fact is, that Mr. Baines continually makes use of the term *Catholic*, in a sense different from that in which it was used in the primitive days. And this constitutes the foundation of Roman error on this subject; an error which commenced, in the Church of Rome, at least, with the original assumption of the title of *Universal Bishop*, in the seventh century, a title, which it should be well remembered, was the base offspring of treason and murder:—whereas the Apostles applied this title of *Catholic* to that 'general assembly' of believers, which they had collected and formed into separate Churches, in different places, under their respective governors, as circumstances permitted; which, taken *collectively*, formed



what was understood in those days, by the *Catholic Church* of Christ. In conformity with this established idea of the general character of the *Catholic Church*, as made up of its several component branches, situated in different places, St. Paul does not address his Epistles to the Roman Catholic, or Corinthian Catholic, or the Ephesian Catholic Church, but simply, and properly, to the Churches at Rome, at Corinth, and at Ephesus; as several parts of what, in his Epistle to the Ephesians, he calls 'the household of God, built upon the foundation of the Apostles and Prophets, Jesus Christ himself being the chief corner-stone.' " P. 282.

Hence he concludes,

"That the Church of Rome has run away with the word *Catholic*, whilst she has left the *true meaning* of that word behind her." P. 292.

The remainder of this chapter is occupied with an historical examination of the grounds on which the Papists are charged with what is usually termed, "the Gunpowder Plot." Mr. B. has insinuated,

"That the whole service of the fifth of November is an impious and sacrilegious mockery of Religion, in making the Deity himself a party to a crime as black and deadly as the gunpowder itself." P. 298.

Against this foul and indecent slander of our Church government, Dr. D. shews, by incontestible evidence, that the Papists were the sole and undoubted authors of this horrid conspiracy, "and that no historical fact, in the annals of this country, stands on a broader and firmer foundation of notoriety and truth." The testimony of the great Thuanus, himself a Catholic, is of itself conclusive on this subject; from which History Dr. D. has made a copious extract, from which we single out the following curious and important passage.

"Therefore despairing of their design as to King Philip, the conspirators fly to their last and desperate councils; and in the first place, they made it their business to *satisfy their consciences*; and this being done, they confirm their resolutions to attempt some great enterprize. And thus their divines discoursed. To depose kings, to grant their kingdoms to others, is in the power of the supreme Judge of the Church. But all *heretics* being *ipso jure* separated from the communion of the faithful, are every year, on Holy Thursday, (*cæna domini*) excommunicated by the Pope. And this holdeth, not only in professed heretics, but to them that are covertly such, because being reputed, *ipso jure*, excommunicate, they do incur the same penalties which are *ipso facto* deserved by professed heretics. From thence it follows, that kings, and other Christian princes, if they fall into heresy, may be deposed, and their

subjects discharged from their allegiance. Nor can they recover their rights again, not though they should be reconciled to the Church. When it is said that the Church, the common mother of all, doth shut her bosom against none that return to her, this is to be understood with a distinction; viz. provided it be not to the damage or danger of the Church. For this is true as to the soul, but not as to the kingdom.

"Nor ought the punishment to be extended only to princes that are thus infected, but also to their sons, who, for their father's sin, are excluded from succession in the kingdom. For heresy is a leprosy and an hereditary disease, and to speak more plainly, *he loseth his kingdom, who deserteth the Roman Religion*: He is to be accursed, abdicated, proscribed, neither is he, or any of his posterity, to be restored to the kingdom. As to his soul, he may be absolved by the Pope only.

"Thinking themselves abundantly secured *within*, by these reasonings, they began to seek outward strengthenings to the conspiracy: and chiefly secrecy, which they sealed by confession, and the receiving of the Sacrament. To this end there was an oath drawn up amongst them, in which they did engage their faith by the Holy Trinity and the Sacrament, which they were presently to receive, that they would neither directly nor indirectly by word or circumstance, discover the plot now to be communicated to them, nor would they desist from prosecuting it, unless allowed by their associates.

"Thus, being encouraged by the authority of their Divines, they betake themselves to the adventure, as not only lawful and laudable, but meritorious. This was done before John Gerond, of that society. Unto this, after confession, by the Sacrament of the Holy Altar, were drawn in the next May, at first five of the conspirators, Robert Catesby, Thomas Winter, Thomas Percy, kinsman to the Earl of Northumberland, John Wright, and the afore-mentioned Fawkes, called out of Flanders." P. 315.

"*Tantum Religio potuit suadere malorum.*"

We have now accompanied the Archdeacon of Sarum through the more regular part of his treatise; the two remaining chapters, consisting rather of miscellaneous observations than of any fixed points in debate between the two Churches. In the two concluding chapters there are, indeed, many valuable hints addressed to our Governors in Church and State, and also to the Clergy; which we shall now endeavour to incorporate with our own observations, on the existing dangers which are to be apprehended from the exertions of the Romish Priesthood in this age and country.

It has long, we know, been fashionable amongst a large class of writers to treat with unbounded contempt, every expression of fear respecting any dangers arising from Popery

to our Church Establishment; but the sneers of worldly politicians shall not deter us from stating our sentiments on this subject, and we shall endeavour to discharge this duty without any foolish exaggerations, and above all, without any unfounded assertions.

First, then: It cannot be denied, for it is matter of public notoriety, that the number of persons professing the Romish Faith in this country have been rapidly increasing since the era of the French Revolution. We can all remember the time when their public establishments were very few and inconsiderable; whereas now their Chapels and Colleges are growing up in every county\*, and their worship is attended by considerable numbers of unwary Protestants. To the multitudes of French Refugees, who remained so long in this country, we may, in a great measure, attribute this increase of Catholicism amongst us; but, whatever be the cause, its effects are now visible and apparent, for they are no longer a poor, feeble, and suppliant body; but they form a large, encreasing, and respectable part of the general population.

We say *respectable*, nor do we wish to qualify this admission. Several of the oldest of our nobility, as it is well known, still adhere to the Romish faith; and many of the most ancient families of our country gentry, are its avowed patrons. The antiquity of the Romish church, together with the pomp and splendor of its worship, render it peculiarly palatable to many of the upper orders, who might feel indisposed to join in the meaner worship of the conventicle; whilst all the charms of music are lavished on their ear, and the more scientific harmony of professional vocalists is substituted for the ruder though more powerful effects of congregational singing.

The genius of the Romish church is so subtle and accommodating, that it is difficult to say, whether it is more fitted to tempt the higher or the lower orders to its communion. On the one hand, it shuns all puritanical stiffness of appearance, and thus it can allure the most fashionable devotee; whilst the poor are deceived by the personal attentions of its priests, and by a seducing exhibition of tenderness to their wants. The priests being in general the almoners of the rich, and having no families of their own to support, have abundant means of keeping up their influence amongst the poor;

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\* Dr. Daubeny, in giving an account of the Catholic Establishments in Somersetshire, has fallen into a mistake which we are sure he will thank us for pointing out. It is at page 371, in which he states that there is a Catholic seminary at *Stratton*, and another at *Downside*, whereas the name of the Village is *Stratton*, and the name of the College *Downside*. We should not be surprised if this *Topo-graphical* blunder were magnified into a charge of *Theo-logical* ignorance.

and when to this we add the ascendance which is acquired by the confessions which they receive, we can hardly overrate their power over their followers.

And here it would be injustice not to allow, that their ecclesiastical colleges in this country, are conducted with exemplary propriety. We have, ourselves, witnessed the discipline of Downside; and we believe that it would be difficult to show any where a body of more diligent and persevering students. But however commendable this discipline may be with reference to Papists, it cannot be contemplated by a Protestant without some feelings of uneasiness and alarm; for the priests who proceed from such a college, are not likely to pass their days in sloth and indifference.

Another very important source of power and strength to the Catholics in this country, arises from the civil and political circumstances of Ireland. Let us not deceive ourselves by thinking, that it is with the *English* Catholics only we have any immediate interests. The chief weight and consequence of the Catholics here, arises from the state and situation of our sister kingdom. And we may be assured, that it is so felt by every intelligent Papist in this island.

The endless divisions of Protestants amongst us, also give great plausibility to their arrogant pretensions to unity and infallibility. The celibacy of their clergy enables them to devote a greater portion of their time to their public and professional duties; and the apparent charms of retirement from the world, give their convents a degree of attraction to the young and tender devotee, which has often proved more than equal to vanquish every other temptation and desire.

Such we consider to be amongst the leading and most rational sources of uneasiness and alarm to those who contemplate the present state of Catholicism in this country. And when we add to these the negligence and carelessness, nay, the avowed contempt and ridicule with which such apprehensions are generally treated by men in power and authority, we cannot say that we do not, in some degree, sympathize in the same emotions. Even admitting that the dangers of a *public* overthrow are remote and feeble; it should never be forgotten by individuals that, under such circumstances, the situation of their own relatives may be very precarious as respects their conversion to Popery. To illustrate our meaning, we shall briefly allude to a case in point, which we pledge ourselves to be accurately related as to all its important facts. It is no long time since, that a young lady of fortune and family in Bath, fell a victim to the most insidious arts to undermine her faith as a Protestant. To perfect her-

self in the accomplishments of music and drawing, she occasionally visited some Catholic young ladies in her neighbourhood. Totally unknown to her parents, Dr. B. met her in this society, and after tampering three months with her religious principles, prevailed on her to make to him a solemn profession of the Romish faith. When she had done this, he said to her, "go now and *respectfully* inform your parents, that you are no longer a Protestant." The parents, as it might be supposed, were not a little shocked by this sudden intelligence, but the influence of parental authority had ceased; for the young convert soon informed them, that if any threats were used, or if her home was made in any way disagreeable to her, the houses of all the principal Catholics were open to her reception.

Now, we do not hesitate to say, that whilst such are the principles acted on by Catholics amongst us, it is the duty of every parent, who feels any regard for his children's adherence to Protestantism, to keep up a vigilant watch on their associations with those who think it their duty "*per fas et nefas*" to make proselytes to the Romish faith. We are persuaded, that no conscientious Protestant could justify such conduct to himself with respect to Catholics; and if their principles allow them a greater degree of latitude towards us, it is but right that we should place ourselves in a posture of self-defence.

Another method by which the Catholics are now advancing to recommend themselves to unthinking Protestants, is by the attempt to assimilate their worship, as much as possible, to our English feelings of propriety. To this end, every thing which can shock or affront us by its absurdity, is carefully withdrawn. We are surprised to find none of those images and embroidered petticoats, of which we so often have heard and read; so that we are apt to fancy they exist only in the imaginations of travellers. They would fain persuade us, there is little or no difference subsisting between the Churches of England and Rome, because so much of our Prayer-Book may be found in their Mass-Book. But Popery, it should be remembered, is always essentially the same, though it can assume a thousand forms to tempt and to deceive. Even a tiger, in the presence of its *keeper*, may seem docile and gentle; but to behold him in his native character, you should see him at large, and at liberty, amidst the wilds of the forest.

By the restoration of the Jesuits, it should be remembered, that every art and device may be again practised under the garb of Religion. Whether it has been deemed prudent, as yet, to introduce this order amongst us, we are not sufficiently in the

secrets of the court of Rome to determine; but it requires no great foresight to predict that the time is not far distant, when such emissaries will be actively employed in these kingdoms, to promote the purposes of Popery. In the mean time, Pastorini and his prophecies, the threats of insolence, and the arts of misrepresentation, are perseveringly adopted. Nay, to show that the genius of Popery, is now precisely the same as ever, even the impostures of miracles are not deemed too gross for the times in which we live. As one extreme is always but a step from another, so an age of scepticism is but one short remove from that of superstition and implicit faith.

Yet however softened and mitigated the forms and sentiments of Popery may now appear, we have little doubt, that if the Romish Church should be re-established amongst us, it would assume its sternest and severest mien, and be accompanied and supported with all the violence of ancient persecutions. If through the infatuation, either of the people or their legislators, the shores of Britain should ever be re-admitted to the fellowship of the Papal see, the experience of the past would not be lost on an ancient mistress. Every thing would conspire to show, that *such* a nation required to be held under the closest restraint. The memory of revenues lost for so many ages, the indignities heretofore offered to their images, the freedom with which Protestants had denounced their errors, the "*spretæ injuria formæ*," and the "*novitas regni*," all would combine to recal ancient animosities, to whet the desires of present revenge, and to prevent the recurrence of future disappointments.

We do not wish to be thought alarmists—we do not say that such dangers are *very* imminent; yet when we look towards Ireland, and remember its ecclesiastical difficulties, and when we look at home, and consider the real indifference and the false liberality which are manifested in *certain* quarters—we cannot say that such apprehensions are totally chimerical. There is, at least, enough of danger to keep all prudent Protestants upon their guard—to make them feel and recollect their common relationship towards each other—to assuage the bitterness of their domestic differences, and to unite them, if not in the same opinions amongst themselves, in the bonds of one common league against their ancient and implacable oppressor.

We shall conclude these observations, by heartily joining the Archdeacon of Sarum, in exhorting the clergy of the Established Church to make themselves fully masters of the points in dispute, between the Churches of England and of Rome.

As a brief and popular manual of this controversy, we earnestly recommend "The Protestant's Companion" to their perusal; and we are persuaded that every Protestant who reads it, will feel obliged and grateful to its author.

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ART. II. *The Duke of Mercia, an Historical Drama; the Lamentation of Ireland; and other Poems.* By Sir Aubrey De Vere Hunt, Bart. 8vo. 292 pp. 10s. 6d. Hurst & Co. 1823.

THE merits and defects of the "Duke of Mercia" are in kind, so similar to those of Sir Aubrey's former publication, that hating as we do, to repeat ourselves, we might have been content simply to announce its appearance, and, after a few characteristic extracts, to leave it to the ample recommendation of its own poetry. But praise is a pleasant task, admonition a proud one; and we think we discover in this volume, ground for a good deal of both.

Before we proceed, however, to animadvert on the Duke of Mercia, and the shorter pieces which accompany it, we will premise a few observations on a question of no small critical interest:—the legitimacy of that species of Drama, which, resigning all pretensions to the stage, is supposed to be liberated from the customary obligations of scenic composition, and to be, in its own right, to use the words of old Polonius, a "poem unlimited."

Let not the reader be alarmed. We are not going to talk of Unities, of the nœud and the denouement, or any thing else which the French, and frenchified English, have put forth under the honoured name of Aristotle. Neither shall we condemn what is, or may be, good in itself, for mere dissimilarity to what it is not, and is not meant to be. We shall not enquire whether this Drama is that of the Greeks, or of Shakspeare, or of Racine and Corneille, but whether it is, or is not, a happy cast of Poetry.

Now the dramatic form, has not, we conceive, such an irresistible charm, that it may be advantageously imposed upon language, sentiments, and incidents, not essentially dramatic. On the contrary, it involves too many difficulties too many deficiencies, to dispense with its own propriety, its peculiar power and privilege. Many beauties it must sacrifice, or purchase at the expense of all consistency and verisimilitude. If therefore, it can be truly said of any dramatic

production, that it has merit as poetry, but none as a play, it may be concluded, that it is the worse for being a play at all. Many beauties must have been omitted, or wanting fitness, lose their lustre. An expectation is excited which is not gratified. A certain number of persons are introduced, as it seems, to spout successive portions of a poem, the continuity and harmony of which are probably impaired by their intervention. To preserve the likeness of dialogue, if any such attempt is made, both sense and sound are perplexed, and jolted, and hampered with undignified superfluities, and uncomfortable transitions. The tale itself, if not unfolded with somewhat of real dramatic skill, must be hurried or embarrassed, rendered obscure or tiresome, or needlessly improbable, by being conveyed in dialogue. Events and characters will often be created, for no purpose but to make others intelligible; to perform what in plain narrative, might have been more adroitly executed in a single distich. Facts must be recounted to persons who could not be ignorant of them, for the information of the reader. Secrets must be betrayed, letters dropped and broken open, and villains, close as the grave, become suddenly communicative, or the whole will remain a riddle.

It may be objected, that the best tragedies partake more or less of these defects:—granted. A drama cannot pretend to all the beauties of epic or romantic poetry. But it has beauties of its own; it has its own indigenous power, the power and beauty of no other composition. But if these be absent, if they be not constantly and characteristically present, its defects will nevertheless inhere in its form and constitution, without the atonement of a peculiar merit. Much and delightful excellence it may have, without a single scene that justifies the choice of a dramatic construction, still the question remains, Why should this pretend to be Drama? Is it the better or the worse, for assuming a character which it supports so imperfectly?

We decline the invidious task of verifying these observations by particular instances. In fact the species of writing to which we allude, is so modern, that it would be difficult to substantiate our opinions without passing sentence upon living writers, not at present upon trial. Let us rather endeavour to explain our idea of the truly dramatic and its requisites, and once for all disclaim the intention to detract from the real merits of such as have not considered or attained them.

First then of the construction and shape of a drama: it may, perhaps, be conceived, that if the unities of time and place be rejected, nothing but the circumstance of dialogue or



narration; and the convenience of a less or greater magnitude, remains to distinguish the drama and the Epopœia. Each is required to be a whole, composed of independent parts; to have a beginning, middle, and end; a single point of paramount interest, in which all subordinate interests shall finally converge, is indispensable to both; and neither can be pronounced perfect in its kind, unless every incident, and every passion, like the members and humours of an organized body, grow as it were, from one producing power, and minister to one omnipresent spirit. The connection of the parts, the succession of events, the origination of sentiments, thoughts, and feelings, should be, not arbitrary, accidental, or palpably *ex consulto*, but natural, necessary, logical, and as it were, vital; yet, withal, each should possess, if possible, a beauty of its own, in addition to that which it derives from its harmonious composition with the whole. Nothing should be admitted, from which the return or transition is harsh or painful, or which involves the necessity of a new beginning, a fresh spring of emotion, or which, in regard to the main interest, has no effect but diversion or delay. Nothing in short that suspends or infringes that ever varying continuity, which goes so far to constitute the beautiful, in sight, and sound, and thought, and feeling.

Yet, even from the comparatively small space, to which the dramatist is confined, arise several obligations, positive and negative, from which the narrative poet is free. Naturalists have observed, that the functions of life, are for the most part, more fervent and unremitting in small bodies than in large ones. Poets would do well in this point, to take a hint from nature. A far more rapid pulse of interest is required to sustain the life of tragedy, than would be needful, or even salutary, to Epopœia. It is too short a race to be won by tardy husbanding of strength. What in a larger space might be profitable repose, would here be restless and ruinous delay. Tragedy also, from its contracted dimensions, demands a more intimate and visible relation of parts, and a more immediate bearing upon the conclusion. The Epic is like a spacious building, the whole whereof, can only be seen under the blending influence of distance; when each portion is contemplated, we rather believe, or at most understand, than actually perceive, its connection with the whole. But Tragedy is like a group in painting, which is beheld at a glance, wherein the fitness or superfluity of the minutest details, strike the practised eye, as soon as the picture can be seen at all.

Again, the very circumstance of dialogue, constitutes a specific fitness in drama, different from that of any mode of

narrative poetry. It has been, indeed, a custom, almost a rule; with epic poets, to dramatise as much as possible, to make their heroes relate a considerable portion of their own tale. Yet they have, for the most part, (we think wisely) refrained from imparting any colour of style, which might distinguish the narration of the poet, from that of the character; for uniformity of style, is an important constituent of epic unity. But the colloquial method, the rapid exchange of characteristic expression, which distinguishes a conversation from a succession of harangues, descriptions, or stories, is proper to that poetry which professes to imitate the very form and pressure of life as closely as is consistent with the final cause of all poetry; the ennobling of the human being, through the medium of imaginative pleasure. In strict propriety, therefore, whatever is derived from the pure poetic enthusiasm, must be blended and substantiated by a pervading human interest, a relation to some human cause or purpose, before it can become justly dramatic; and, if not, it were much better delivered directly by the poet, who, as such, is entangled in no interest, but that of ideal truth and beauty.

But we are transgressing on the second part of our enquiry, to which we will now proceed, namely, the required distinction of substance, between the drama and every other poem; first however premising, that every dramatic composition, though constructed without any design of actual representation, is always conceived to be acted, if not upon the stage, yet before the eye of visual imagination. It cannot deal in the splendid generalities of epic, it cannot invest itself with that indefinite glory, which is allowed to involve the conceptions of a poet, when he professedly presents them in the mirror of his own mind. Much may be told, with grace and dignity, which could not be shown without disgust or ridicule. A fine thought, may, if embodied, make a poor image; and the action of a drama, must be presented in defined images, or it misses its proper nature.

Fully to explain our conception of dramatic, as distinguished on the one hand, from mere human, and on the other, from ideal or purely poetic passions, would require a dissertation far exceeding our limits. A few hints may suffice. Every intelligent reader of poetry must have experienced, that the affections, whether of pain or pleasure, pity, terror, love, abhorrence, admiration, or contempt, wherewith he is stirred in the contemplation of any event, character, or object, as an ideal possibility, the growth of the free mind, are different from those which would arise from a realization of the same possibility. He will therefore conclude, that there is such a thing

as poetic sensibility, and poetic emotion, of a nature and purpose diverse from the emotions of real life; yet bearing a certain relation and analogy to them, and approximating or receding in proportion as the idea is invested with more or less of the associated circumstances of reality. Now we hold, that tragedy is that educt of the imaginative power, in which the ideal makes its nearest approach to the real; and that the specific passion of drama stands, as it were, equi-distant from the ethereal enthusiasm of mere poetry, and the turbid excitement of mere human transactions and sympathies. Wherever, therefore, the truly dramatic passion prevails, the dramatic form, with its hurried interests, its varied manners, and its palpable presentation, is to be preferred to every other; but where that is absent or not predominant, we see no just reason for such preference. We shall leave it to the reader's discernment, how far these speculations bear upon *Sir Aubrey and the Duke of Mercia*; a performance, which certainly seems to possess more poetic than dramatic excellence; yet by no means void of either.

The Duke of Mercia, who gives name to this historical drama is Edric Streon, the guilty favourite of Ethelred the Unready, the supposed adviser of the massacre of St Brice, the betrayer and suspected murderer of Edmund Ironside. The track of history is by no means closely followed, nor does there appear so much as an attempt to preserve the costume of the age, the manners, sentiments, or superstitions of Dane or Saxon. There are, however, few glaring anachronisms; few anticipations of character or allusion, which may not be justified by the obscurity of the period, and the paramount duty of a tragic poet, to present men, rather as we feel they always must be, than as we are informed that they sometimes chanced to be. We are, indeed, a little surprized, to find the language of Danes and Saxons so deeply imbued with Greek and Roman Paganism. We do conceive, that something more of their real religion, as heathens, and as Christians, might have been introduced with advantage.

The first scenes are denominated introductory. They are supposed to commence soon after the cruel slaughter of the resident Danes, in which Gunilda, the daughter of Sweyn, was sacrificed to the short-sighted policy of Edric. Sweyn, Canute, and attendant Danish nobles, appear as newly landed to avenge their countrymen and their princess. Their conversation is a great deal too flowery, sentimental, and descriptive. A poet is not bound to disgust us with the actual manners and expressions of barbarians, because historians tell us that his personages were such; but some consistency is surely

to be preserved between the language and the actions of his characters, or both will seem monstrous; the dialogue will be mere fine talking, and the incidents affect us as impudent lies. The scene is closed by the arrival of a courier, who informs King Sweyn, that he is come, "timely, yet timeless; timeless to save, but timely to avenge;" that Gunilda still lives, but only to pray for death, widowed and childless; that he has left her,

" In a dark glade of the woods  
Some furlongs hence; in wayward fancy chosen,  
As a meet place, she said, for broken hearts.  
Old, ivied oaks, mossy with age, and grey  
With the unwholesome lichen, shut out the sun  
From the long wiry grass, dock-weed, and hemlock,  
That droop beneath."

To this dark glade we are then removed. Gunilda and her attendant are discovered. In this scene, there is much fancy, and much passion, but we know not whether the fancy and the passion, have that reciprocal operation, and interfusion, which make madness beautiful, and the quaintest conceits affecting. To delineate with graphical minuteness, the outward signs of emotion, as appearing in a present object, may be allowed to Epopœia but is scarcely legitimate in any form of drama. If tolerable at all, it must proceed from some calm spectator, like the chorus of the Greeks, or from a narrator of past occurrences, as old York in Shakspeare's *Richard the Second*. But it becomes a genuine dramatic beauty, then, and then only, when it is introduced to serve some purpose of the plot, to work some effect on the mind of the character to whom it is addressed, or to mark some struggle or covert design in that of the speaker. So the Queen's account of Ophelia's death, is artfully laboured to excite the compassion and vengeance of Laertes, and in some measure to palliate his subsequent conduct. Macbeth's florid and antithetical description of Duncan's corpse, is admirably contrived to conceal his real apprehensions, to feign indignation, and to justify his killing the grooms. Antony's oration is another case in point. Addressed to the multitude with a view to excite mutiny, it is excellent. Had it been a soliloquy, or the spontaneous effusion of an honest friend, it would have been absurd.

It is fair to confess that Sir Aubrey's error is one which few who have the genius to commit, have the self-denial to avoid; and sweet poetry, even when misplaced, is infinitely preferable to the delirious rant, and bellowing inanity, with which some have condescended to profane the representation of

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last moments. There is, too, in Gunilda's agonies, a moral strength, which dignifies compassion.

What time is supposed to elapse between these introductory scenes and the next ensuing is not clearly ascertained; nor is it pertinent to refer to an uncertain chronology for decision.

An historical narrative, not popularly known, should never be alleged, either to the inculcation or exculpation of a poet. And that justice, which the moral taste demands, is best satisfied by representing the misfortunes of Edmund and of England as consequences of the treacherous massacre of St. Brice. The concluding words,

"To death, or victory,  
And be our cry—St. Brice—Gunilda's wrongs."

are well chosen to impress this expectation. It is to be regretted, that the sequel does not keep it more decidedly prominent.

The first part (for the play is divided into parts, not acts,) is headed "The Courtiers." It commences with the forebodings of apprehensive statesmen. Ethelred is sick, and has appointed Edric and Edmund joint regents. The character of the former is freely discussed. Northumberland thus describes him.

"Know you not Edric?

Alas, sir, you will know him soon,—too soon!  
Even thus he wound his thrall round Ethelred,  
Who felt not 'twas a yoke firmer than steel.  
I have seen him, in the midst of all our nobles,  
A well-proved traitor; yet was he seated so,  
Even in the heart's core of his cheated sovereign,  
That, with some specious fawning, a fair show  
Of zealous protestation, upturn'd eyes,  
Hand on the heart, and bold appeals to Heaven,  
He so rubb'd off the stain, that it but won him  
The greater trust. None could withstand him,—none.  
Nor is't so strange; for we must all admit him  
A man of a most admirable presence,  
Subtle of wit, and eloquent of speech,  
Of station high, most noble in alliance,  
Second to none for riches; and, with all,  
Unbending in his selfishness; cool, crafty,  
Scornful of truth, heartless, inexorable;—  
In fine, a man without a conscience." P. 28.

Cornwall volunteers his defence, just in time to be overheard by Edric himself, who steals in unobserved, and at the end of Cornwall's vindication, steps forward in much indignation.

Edmund puts a stop to the threatened wrangling. Edric replies with much hauteur; reminding the prince, that as his colleague in the regency, he is for the present, his equal. This scene is not wanting in colloquial vigour. The best thing in it, and one of the best in the play, is a speech of Edmund's, contrasting the buoyant phantasies, and graceful witcheries of his youth, when he used to

" Look round  
Upon the superficial face of things,  
And like the swallow, skim the smoothest wave ;"

with " the dark days of reality " which now beset him, with their freight of austere duties, toils and dangers, which he seems to chide for not coming fast enough.

" Welcome the storms of life ! Welcome the strife  
That flashes round the stations of the great,  
Like lightnings o'er the mountain-tops ! Why, ay,—  
I was not made to lie for ever on  
The lap of joy. I'll strain my eaglet-wing  
Against these tempests, and with dauntless eye  
Look up unto this sun of Denmark." P. 27.

This is very natural. Few persons have stood, for the first time, on the brink of a precipice, without something, very like an inclination to leap down it.

We are next introduced to Edric in his solitary meditation. Of course, according to dramatic usage, whereto the memory of man goeth not to the contrary, he thinks aloud: though so wary a politician might perhaps consider that stone walls have ears. His reflections are not inelegantly expressed, but a soliloquy should never look like a set speech, unless it is delivered by a lover or a poet or some such personage, who may be supposed to talk for amusement. Then having once past over " faction's wildest sea ;" this gloomy plotter entertains himself with tossing the tempest's surge from his stem; and runs on for half a score lines about pleasure's bannered bark, summer waves, hollow frothy bubbles, and chafing eddies, boiling and fretting and bubbling in the wake of greatness, and other pretty things of the same sort, which might have been picked out of a *Gradus ad Parnassum*, article *Sea*. The broken metaphors of our early dramatists are far less offensive, than these long spun out abortions of half-formed allegories; than which nothing can be more unlike the natural operation of a busy, joyless mind. The speech is broken off by the entrance of Cornwall, a subordinate villain, a sort of Buckingham, who takes upon himself the trouble of

suggesting in plain terms to Edric, what Edric has suggested to him in dark hints, or flowery riddles. The desperate habit of hypocrisy, which uses deceit, when not designing to deceive, is finely exposed in the conference of these two courtiers. So testily desirous, yet so nervously fearful of coming to the point, so eager for flattery, which they cannot believe, so slow in unveiling "the secret map of troubled thought," courting promise upon promise, and request upon request, while all the time, each knows well enough what the other would be at, by the mere sympathy of base ambition. It is, in truth, an excellent dialogue in itself, and artfully subservient to the involution of the plot, and the developement of the principal character. Nothing can be finer than the half natural, half affected alarm of Edric, when Cornwall presumes to clothe in a distinct proposition, the wish that tempts him. The fear that what one has observed may be detected by more, is skilfully wrapped up. A less thoughtful writer, would have made Edric express it, and so infringed upon the specious delicacy of that living lie, a politic schemer.

"CORNWALL (*kneeling*).

The evils which have wrung Duke Edric's heart  
King Edric may redeem.

EDRIC.

My lord!—how say you?

The skill is hazardous that probes men's minds.  
Beware!—if you judge wrong, you do a wrong  
That cautious wisdom should avenge; but if  
Rightly you surmise—he that shuts such dreams,  
As you now give a body to, within  
The deep and gloomy shadows of the mind,  
May not be thankful that rash hands should drag  
The pallid monsters from their den.

CORNWALL.

Forgive

This rash—

EDRIC (*hastily*).

Dear Ethelmar! the human soul  
Is a more sensitive and plastic thing,  
Apt to temptation, ductile in desire,  
Than the monks picture when they people hell.  
Art thou their fiend? thus, with a breath, to give  
A palpable shape to that which else had slept  
The dim abortion of the imperfect mind.  
Ye wild suggestions! desperate hopes!—Say, where,  
Where is that fatal fire within mine eye—

Where is that black corruption on my skin—  
Where that o'erboiling of the feverish heart,  
Rushing in venom to the parched lip,  
That thus presumptuously thou tempt'st me, tearing  
Phantom Ambition from his cloudy home,  
To clothe him in my mortal garb?" P. 39.

At length he determines.

"Cornwall, I'll trust thee:  
Yet rashly hast thou ravished confidence.  
On thy head be the sin."

The scene, though excellent, is rather long; not too long perhaps to be natural; for tediousness is very natural. Towards the end the plotters begin to speak plain, and more than hint the necessity of destroying those who stand between them and their aim. It concludes with another soliloquy, much better than the former. There is something finely Satanic in Edric's self-complacency. The two knaves part, with a common notion in their heads; each thinks himself the cleverer of the two, and exults in having cheated the other.

Part the Second is headed "The Intriguers;" a title so like that of the former, that it is almost a distinction without a difference. Here we are introduced to Edmund in love with the wife, or daughter, or ward, (he is not exactly certain which,) of Sigiferth, an ancient nobleman. He has, however, some ready arguments to prove that she cannot be a wife. His discrimination of matron and maiden loveliness is peculiarly happy. Indeed Sir Aubrey is almost always successful when he speaks of woman.

"Wives will have  
An air that shows the matron, staid and comely;  
Collected in their virtue, as becomes such  
Who, knowing what vice *may* be, can restrain it;  
A wide benignity of eye, that smiles  
(Like mother Nature in her gentlest mood)  
With the soft gaze of pleased maternity,  
On all around that's good. But she I wot of  
Has all the virgin's shyness, and her foot  
A fawn-like elasticity, that suits not  
Forms that have been the shrine of infant life.  
She is the mountain flower, whom never eye  
Hath mark'd but mine, and never hand shall gather  
From its sweet nest but mine." P. 52.

It is not hard to perceive whither these nice distinctions tend; but not quite so obvious, why a love-sick youth should make a grey statesman, for ever leaning to the prudential,



his confidant or accomplice in an amatory enterprize. Authors are too apt, in order to heap a heavier condemnation upon their villains, to engage them in business where-with they could have no probable concern. It must be owned, that Edric's office, is one for which the poet has taken tolerable care to qualify him; being simply to detain Edmund in council by prolonging the discussions. He complies after a few scruples, as in duty bound.

Edmund launches out, in praise of his fair one, into a strain of elegant exaggeration, almost too fine for a lover. Those who engage to amplify or diminish, should beware of every thing definite, and particularly of weights and measures. We really cannot, and could not, even when in love, conceive a waist, "which a stripling's hand could compass;" still less could we imagine it a beauty.

Edric concludes, as usual, with a soliloquy, which begins remarkably well.

"I do begin to think there's virtue in  
My new ambition; Fate so leagues herself  
Accomplice to my will. The brothers woo  
One mistress—prosperously may they woo!  
It is a charitable wish, and likely  
To yield contentment, 'till each knows his wrong." P. 63.

We have loitered in the commencement, in order to disclose, as well as we may, the two principal characters. But we must dispatch the sequel of the plot more briefly. Edmund has a brother named Edwy, called King of Churls, who, entertains a churlish passion for Alghitha, the object of Ironside's purer affection. By the treacherous contrivance of Edric, the brothers, unknown to each other, meet in Sigiferth's garden. The aged husband, who, was any way to be got rid of, is butchered by Edwy, who is wounded in turn by the hand of Edmund. A discovery ensues; and Edric covers his disappointment as best he can. Edmund is subsequently married to Alghitha. Edric plots with Canute on the one hand; with Queen Emma, to whose bed he aspires, on the other; engaging with the former, to betray his sovereign and country at the battle of Ashdown, with the latter to remove Edmund, in order to make way for Emma's children. With poetical justice, and we believe, with historic truth, he is deceived by both. For Emma gives her hand to Canute, and that prince refuses the traitor the promised reward of his treason. He returns to Edmund, in shame and poverty. The young monarch dismisses him with life, but forbids him his presence. Hence arises a deadly revenge. He sows murmurs in the

camp; infuses an opinion among the soldiery, that Edmund devoted to the pleasures of new wedlock, neglects the duties of a warrior. In compliance with popular outcry, though against his better judgment, the English monarch challenges Canute to single combat; the fight ensues; Edmund is on the point of victory; offers his adversary life; it is disdained. He bids him take another sword. Canute replies—

“ By Heaven! I hate thee more for this disdain,  
Than for thy prowess, Edmund! Oh for vengeance!  
Oh for a valiant arm, bravely to rid me  
Of this foul shame! Ay, I would raise that arm  
And head, above his proudest peers.” P. 199.

Edric grasps at the offer; murders Edmund by a treacherous blow; and is rewarded with the literal fulfilment of Canute's promise; that is to say, dispatched upon the stage, with a threat that his head shall be set

“ Higher than ever steeple  
Reared its sky-piercing vane.”

Such is the frame, upon which Sir Aubrey has hung a web of rich and fanciful poesy. We would gladly enlarge our quotations, but we have given a fair sample, and it is by no means our intention to relieve the reader, who may be pleased with these specimens, from the perusal of the work from whence they are culled. We would, however, direct his attention in particular, to the scenes between Edmund and Algytha, in which there is much loveliness and perfect purity. The union of craft and haughty dignity in the character of Emma, is displayed with considerable skill; but Edric's sentiments towards her, lawless as his object is, are such as could not have existed in such a heart as his. The description of Canute and Edmund preparing for battle, is good, but diffuse and florid. We have left ourselves no room to particularize the merits of the shorter pieces. They all are creditable to the feelings of their author, most of them to his power. The Lamentation of Ireland is not very new in thought, nor remarkably vigorous in expression, yet it may be read with pleasure. The sonnets are of a higher strain. There is a truth, a sincerity, a manly earnestness about them, which dignifies the warmth of domestic affection, which seems to have prompted their composition. We cannot close our observations better, than by extracting the following effusion, which concludes the volume.

“ There I beheld them last!—nay, still behold!  
The mother and the son, both on one bier,  
In their small coffins sleeping! both so dear  
To me and mine! The heavy death-bell toll'd,

And there was gathering of the young and old  
 Round those sad obsequies. I, in the rear,  
 Stepp'd, in slow grief, and deep religious fear,  
 Wrapping my heart in my cloak's silent fold.  
 And as the earth on each dark coffin-lid  
 Fell, there were tears, (oh, how sincere !) and cries  
 From the thick-crowding poor that rose unbid;  
 Ay, in far countries there were streaming eyes,  
 And bosoms choked with sobs—such as suit well  
 A loss whose memory is indelible !” P. 292.

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**ART. III.** *Letters to and from Henrietta, Countess of Suffolk, and her Second Husband, the Hon. George Berkeley, from 1712 to 1767. With Historical, Biographical, and Explanatory Notes.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 10s. Murray. 1824.

THE Countess of Suffolk filled a distinguished place in the Courts of George I. and George II.; and her contemporaries, and posterity also, until the appearance of the correspondence now before us, have not been very tender of her reputation. In her own days, and even in ours, she has always been accredited as the mistress of the latter of these Princes. Without deciding upon this delicate matter, which now it seems is mooted for the first time, we must admit, in common justice, that nothing in the present letters bears testimony to the scandal; that neither by her own pen nor that of any of her correspondents is the Countess written down aught but an agreeable and clever woman: and moreover, that Horace Walpole, who conversed on terms of intimate friendship with her during her lifetime, and in his customary manner defamed her after her death, is convicted, as far as regards Lady Suffolk, of a more than usual portion of inaccuracy and malignity.

In a short biographical notice (in a great measure framed on the *Reminiscences* of the noble author just named,) we are informed that Henrietta Hobart was born about 1688; that she was the eldest daughter of Sir Henry Hobart, and sister of Sir John Hobart, afterwards created Earl of Buckinghamshire. Her father was killed in a duel while she was yet an infant, and before she attained her majority she married the Hon. Charles Howard, afterwards ninth Earl of Suffolk. The match was in every respect unfortunate: their income was too contracted for their rank, the husband's temper was violent, and the situation in which the wife was soon to be

placed, even if she continued strictly faithful, might yet justify some feeling of jealousy. Horace Walpole goes still farther, and represents him in strong terms to be worthless and contemptible to the last degree. If the anecdote be true which he retails, of his permitting Mrs. Howard to dispose of her matchless hair to pay the expense of a dinner which he gave to the Electoral Ministers, we scarcely think that Lord Orford has expressed himself too ferociously. On repairing to Hanover, Mrs. Howard became particularly acceptable to the Electress Sophia, so well known in her time to all Protestant congregations. The Electoral Princess equally distinguished her; and on the accession of George I. Mr. Howard was appointed Groom of the Bed-chamber to the King, and Mrs. Howard one of the Bed-chamber-women to the Princess of Wales.

Henceforward, according to common report, and her husband's belief, neither of them perhaps the most credible authorities, Mrs. Howard became the reigning favourite of the heir apparent. There is no doubt, and these letters afford sufficient evidence of the fact, that she was at least thought to possess an influence which none but the tenderest connection could maintain; and that it was chiefly upon her shrine that the votaries of patronage and preferment consumed their incense. Horace Walpole, as we have before said, is explicit in the charge, if indeed that can be called a charge which he treats as a well known and undoubted fact, not attempted to be kept secret from the world. In the existence of this intrigue, it is just *possible* that he and every body else acquainted with the innermost manners of the Court might most unaccountably be deceived; but he could not be mistaken in the publicity which the injured or the ultra suspicious husband gave to his real or imagined disgrace. It might be a blunder to assert that his wife was unfaithful; but the guards and the rabble who one night heard him vociferously demanding her restoration in the quadrangle of St. James's must have been under the power of *glamourye* if they were deceived: and there are passages in these letters which prove the story recorded in the *Reminiscences*, that the Duke of Argyle and the Earl of Ilay protected Mrs. Howard's carriage from an apprehended attack by her husband's friends on the road between the palace and the Prince's house at Richmond. The editor of these volumes states, that not in Mrs. Howard's correspondence with the King, nor in the notes of her conversation with the Queen, nor in any of her most confidential papers, has he found a single trace of this intercourse. In conversations with the

Queen the pretensions of a rival were not very likely to be noticed; and into confidential papers (notwithstanding the little reserve with which the correspondence is here printed,) the public must not ask for farther insight than an editor in his discretion chooses to give; but we should have been well pleased to have had permission to judge for ourselves of the tone with which Lady Suffolk addresses her Royal Master; and we cannot but surmise that the total suppression of every letter between these parties (the existence of which we are authorized to suppose,) is a strong confirmation that they contain evidence which would not tend to the establishment of the lady's unblemished fame.

The hypothesis by which the dissension between Mr. and Mrs. Howard is here accounted for, depends upon the well known quarrel between George I. and his son; and it is pretended that the high posts held by the husband and wife in the respective households, necessarily involved them also as seconds in the dispute. It is added, that on the death of George I. the cause having ceased, Mr. Howard's violence began to subside also, and a formal separation was speedily effected. Horace Walpole's is a simpler account; less it must be allowed to the credit of the Groom of the Bedchamber, but more in accordance with his received character, and we fear with the nature of the gallantry of Courts. After the failure of his plan of carrying off Mrs. Howard (long before the death of George I.) "a negotiation was commenced with the obstreperous husband, and he sold his own noisy honour and the possession of his wife, for a pension of £1,200 a year."

In 1731, Mr. Howard succeeded to the Earldom of Suffolk; and as etiquette did not permit his Countess to retain the subordinate post of Bedchamber-woman, an arrangement was made by which she became Mistress of the Robes. Her time was now more at her own disposal than before, and much of it was passed at Marble Hill, near Twickenham, the most classic ground on English soil. Lords Burlington and Pembroke designed the house, Pope and Lord Bathurst laid out the gardens, and Gay, Swift, and Arbuthnot superintended the establishment. The neighbouring villa of the great poet has been displaced by the haberdashery taste of a collector of *buhl* and *bijouterie*, and Marble Hill itself has been exposed to some peril from the spiritual freaks of a recent Swedenborgian tenant; but it still exists one of the chief ornaments of the rich meadows on which it stands, and as capable as ever of holding a conversation, if circumstances required it, with Richmond Hill.

Lord Suffolk died in 1738; in the following year his relict quitted Court; and in the next married the Hon. George Berkeley, youngest son of the second Earl of Berkeley. He died in 1746, and, if we may form a judgment from his letters here given, atoned by the cordiality of his affection for her former conjugal unhappiness. By him she had no issue; by her first husband she had a son, afterwards Earl of Suffolk. Lady Suffolk died in July, 1767. The papers from which these volumes are selected were bequeathed by her to her nephew the Earl of Buckinghamshire, and by him to his daughter the present Dowager (we beg pardon, Emily,) Marchioness of Londonderry. The list of correspondents is most brilliant; scarcely a personage of those days distinguished for rank or wit can be named who is not among them; but the reader must not expect to be dazzled by the splendour of this galaxy. As a whole the collection is dull. Some bright sparks here and there break out: but if the post-bags of our own days are filled in like manner, we cannot but congratulate the venerable Mr. Freeling, that he is no longer expected, like Lord Lovell and other official predecessors, diligently to inspect and to give an account of their contents.

The correspondence opens and concludes with letters from Lord Chesterfield. They are among the best in the collection; but there are passages in them which out of regard for his lordship's acknowledged pre-eminence as an *arbiter elegantiarum*, might have been safely omitted; and it is at best but an incautious eulogy in the editor to speak of that nobleman as "having enjoyed the highest reputation for *all sorts of merit* that any man ever, perhaps, obtained from his contemporaries." We need not more distinctly allude to certain kinds of merit to which Lord Chesterfield made no pretence; and the want of which perhaps may add, in the opinion of some, to the sovereignty of his politeness. While ambassador at the Hague his days were not spent quite according to his taste; if we may judge from the following picture.

"My morning is entirely taken up in doing the King's business very ill, and my own still worse; this lasts till I sit down to dinner with fourteen or fifteen people, where the conversation is cheerful enough, being animated by the *patronazza*, and other loyal healths. The evening, which begins at five o'clock, is wholly sacred to pleasures; as, for instance, the *Forault* till six; then either a very bad French play, or a *reprize* at quadrille with three ladies, the youngest upwards of fifty, at which, with a very ill run, one may lose besides one's time, three florins; this lasts till ten o'clock, at which time I come home, reflecting with satisfaction on the imo-

cent amusements of a well spent day, that leave no sting behind them, and go to bed at eleven, with the testimony of a good conscience." Vol. I. P. 289.

Lord Chesterfield's letters from Bath and Scarborough are written with considerable ease and gaiety, and may be acceptable as curious, and probably as faithful sketches of the society frequenting those places. The chief interest however has passed away with the local nothings to which they related; and it is troublesome to be compelled to read with a perpetual commentary.

"Your kinswoman, the Duchess of Norfolk, had like the other day to have been the innocent cause of Mrs. Buckley's death. Mrs. Buckley was bathing in the Cross Bath, as she thought, in perfect security, when of a sudden her Grace, who is considerably increased in bulk even since you saw her, came, and like the great leviathan, raised the waters so high, that Mrs. Buckley's guide was obliged to hold her up in her arms to save her from drowning, and carry her about like a child." Vol. II. P. 162.

In the two following letters, written in masquerade, we think Horace Walpole bears the bell away from his rival wit.

"**LORD CHESTERFIELD** (*in the Character of his Footman*) to **LADY SUFFOLK.**

*Bath, Nov. 6, 1766.*

"May it please your Ladyship,—My lord told me as how that it was your ladyship's orders that I should write you a card to acquaint you how he did after his journey hither; but with submission to his lordship, I thought that that would be too great a presumption in one like me, to a lady of your quality, to send you such a card as we carry twenty times a day in town, and therefore I chose the way of a letter, as the most respectful of the two. For you must know, that we London footmen pick up a sort of second-hand good manners from keeping good company, and especially from waiting at table, where we glean up some scraps of our masters' good-breeding—if they have any.

"To say the truth, I cannot very well understand why my lord would rather employ *my* hand than his own in writing to your ladyship; and if I dare say so, I think he was a good deal out in point of breeding; which I wonder at the more, because I have heard him say that there was nobody in the world that he honoured and respected more than your ladyship, and that you was the oldest acquaintance, friend, and fellow-servant that he had: and indeed, I believe he spoke what he thought; for you know he could have no reason for telling an untruth in my hearing, who was not then very likely to have an opportunity of telling it you again.

"But to come to the point,—my lord was very much fatigued

with his journey, not being (as I heard him say) what he was *thirty* years ago—I believe he might have said *fifty*. However, he is pretty well for him; but often complains that he feels a sensible decay both of body and mind, and, between you and I, I think not without reason; for I, who see him every day, can, notwithstanding, observe a considerable alteration in him, and by no means for the better: and so I rest, with duty and respect, &c.

“THOMAS ALLEN.”

“HORACE WALPOLE (*in the Character of Lady Suffolk's Maid*) to LORD CHESTERFIELD.

[In answer to the foregoing. The letter is indorsed ‘*Lady Suffolk to Lord Chesterfield*,’ but it is in Walpole’s hand; and the praise of Lady Suffolk certainly never came from her own pen.]

“Lack-a-day, Mister Thomas, I niver was yet in such a parlous confusion, to be sure now in my life’s-time. Says my lady’s woman, says she, “Betty, my lady says as how you must write to Mister Thomas, my Lord Whatdycallum’s man.—“Me, ma’am?” says I.—“Yes,” says she, “you,” says she.—“Blessid fathers!” says I, “I never writ to a man in my days,” says I, “but our farmer, and he can’t read; but I know he gets the doctur to read it for him—and so that’s no sin you know.”—“Nay, nay,” says she.—“Well, well,” says I, “God’s will and my lady’s be done.—We poor folks must do as we are bid: Heaven is above all; and if grate folks makes us do ill, they are ansurable for it.”—Howsumdever, I wishes I had gon to my Lady Huntintun; I mout have bettir’d myself, and had vails, and gon to Heavn into the bargin. But I must be a fool, and needs see Lundun town; and now see what cums on it.—And so now I am talkin of Lundun, I wishes you and your lord were at Old Nick—God forgive me!—for here have I been turmoilin and puzelin my poor brains to write to a Jackadandy, and mist my Lord Mare’s show, and the grate Alderman Becford, and Lord Timple, and the Duke’s Grace of Northumberlandshire, and all the fine folks; and Jeny has seen um, and got a sweet-hart into the bargin: nay, and what’s worserur and worserur, I suppose I shall only be flouted and jeer’d by you and your fello sarvants; for they says as how your lord is the gratest wit in all England, and so I suppose you fansis yourself the secund, and will make a mock of a poor girl. But I says my prairs, and goes to hear Doctur Madin, and he says if we be scorn’d of man, we shall get bettir plases in next world, if we cums with a charactur; and he has been so grateful as to promis me one for half-a-crown; and to be sure now he shall have the first I gits, aftur I have bout me a negligee and a few odd things that I wants. And so my lady is pure well, only she coffa a litel now and then, all day long, and she says, and so says Mister Rusil, our butler, that your lord may be asham’d of himself—so he may—to say he grows old; for he niver was spritlier in his born days; and to be sure, between you and I, my lady is hugely fond of him,



and I wishes with all my heart, so I do, that it prove a match, for she is as good a lady as ever trod in shoelether : and so, with love to all frinds—excusin this scraul, I rests

“ Yours til deth,

“ Mister Thomas Allen.

ELIZENETH WAGSTAFF.”

Vol. II. P. 334.

Gay was much distinguished by Mrs. Howard. He writes thus to her from Dijon.

“ I am now at Dijon in Burgundy, where, last night, at an ordinary, I was surprised by a question from an English gentleman, whom I had never seen before : hearing my name, he asked me if I had any relation or acquaintance with *myself*, and when I told him I knew no such person, he assured me that he was an intimate acquaintance of Mr. Gay's at London. There was a Scotch gentleman, who all supper time was teaching some French gentlemen the force and propriety of the English language ; and, what is seen very commonly, a young English gentleman with a Jacobite governor. A French marquis drove an abbé from the table by railing against the vast riches of the Church ; and another marquis, who squinted, endeavoured to explain transubstantiation ; “ that a thing might not be what it really appeared to be, my eyes,” says he, “ may convince you ; I *seem* at present to be looking on you ; but, on the contrary, I see quite on the other side of the table.” I do not believe that this argument converted one of the heretics present ; for all that I learned by him was, that to believe transubstantiation it is necessary not to see the thing you seem to look at.

“ So much I have observed on the conversation and manners of the *people*. As for the *animals* of the country, it abounds with bugs, which are exceedingly familiar with strangers ; and as for *plants*, garlick seems to be the favourite production of the country, though for my own part I think the vine preferable to it : when I publish my travels at large, I shall be more particular ; in order to which, to-morrow I set out for Lyons, from thence to Montpellier, and so to Paris ; and soon after I shall pray that the winds may be favourable, I mean, to bring you from Richmond to London, or me from London to Richmond ; so prays, &c.

J. GAY.”

Vol. I. P. 23.

It has been usual to impute great blame to the powerful friends who, it is said, so long amused themselves with and neglected Gay. Mrs. Howard, we think, is completely cleared by the following statement, and by the admirable reply of Lady Betty Germaine to a morose and snarling letter from Swift, already published in his *correspondence*, and republished in that now before us. But we cannot bring ourselves to call that an indecorous pride which refused the comparatively menial office of gentleman usher to a younger Princess ; and we must hold that the Minister who

made Gay a Commissioner of the lottery, was as little "smitten with the love of song," as that other, who made Burns an exciseman.

"Gay, beloved by every body, was supposed to be especially patronized by Mrs. Howard; but that patronage (and perhaps some indiscretions of the simple bard himself) ensured him, *it is said*, the discountenance of Queen Caroline, and the opposition of Sir Robert Walpole. Swift, displeased with Mrs. Howard on his own account, affected to quarrel with her for her imputed neglect of poor Gay. Lady Betty Germaine in, two excellent letters printed amongst those of Pope and Swift, defended the sincerity of Mrs. Howard; but it was not till after the death of both the queen and George II. that it was fully known how little was the influence of the favourite, and how absolute that of the queen. But, after all, there is reason to doubt whether Gay's grievances were not over-rated. His very friends, who did not choose to avow their own cause of quarrel against Walpole and the queen, were not unwilling to make a pretext of *his*. Let us endeavour to set right a point of literary history. Gay, far from being persecuted, appears to have been favoured by people in power. He was selected in 1714, to be secretary of the mission which conveyed to the Brunswick family the news of the illness of Queen Anne, and of its own approaching accession. Gay's friends confess that his own awkwardness and simplicity threw away this opportunity of recommending himself; and the truth is, that "in simplicity a child," he was wholly incapable of business. In 1724, we find him publicly and actively patronised by the prince's court. In 1727, on the accession of George II. he was offered the situation of gentleman usher to one of the young princesses. This office, Gay—under the advice of his friends—refused as an indignity. Where the indignity was is not easily discovered; the kind of place fit for Gay was a small sinecure which might afford him bread, and leave him leisure for his literary pursuits; and such was the office proposed to him: for one of higher and more important duties his temper and habits incapacitated him; nor does it seem such a violent indignity, that he, whose greatest merit at that time was his "*Fables*," written for one royal child, should have been appointed to a nominal office about another royal child. But a most important fact has not hitherto been noticed by any of Gay's biographers, though traces of it are to be found in his correspondence. He was, in 1722, during the height of Walpole's power, appointed a *commissioner of the lottery*, a place in the minister's immediate gift, of respectable emolument and little labour. It is true that his name was omitted from the commission in 1731, but surely that might have been fairly expected (even if his state of health did not account for the omission) after the publication of *The Beggar's Opera*, which he professedly wrote as a *satire on the court*, and on Walpole and Lord Townshend personally; and it is painful to find

a man of Gay's talents expressing himself in the style of a mere party hireling.—'It is my hard fate,' he says to Pope, in allusion to the *fables* written for the prince, and *The Beggar's Opera* written against the court;—'it is my hard fate that I must get nothing whether I write for them, or against them.'

"On the whole, then, it seems, that the abuse which has been so long and so largely lavished on Queen Caroline, Sir Robert Walpole, and Mrs. Howard, for neglect or persecution of poor Gay, is undeserved, and particularly by the last." Vol. I. P. 31.

Some letters from that true hero of romance, the Earl of Peterborough, are of a most extraordinary cast. At sixty-five, when either married or engaged to another woman (Mrs. Robinson), he addressed Mrs. Howard, then forty, and the wife of another man, in the worst strain of *Euphuistical* gallantry. The lady appears to have been teased by his perseverance, for she called in Gay as a coadjutor in some of her replies. It is probable that the following is from his hand. When we assure our readers that it is the best in the series, they will not regret that we do not extend our extracts.

"I have carefully perused your lordship's letter about your fair devil and your black devil, your hell and tortures, your heaven and happiness—those sublime expressions which ladies and gentlemen use in their gallantries and distresses.

"I suppose, by your fair devil, you mean nothing less than an angel. If so, my lord, I beg leave to give some reasons why I think a woman is neither like an angel nor a devil, and why successful and unhappy love do not in the least resemble heaven and hell. It is true, you may quote ten thousand gallant letters and precedents for the use of these love terms, which have a mighty captivating sound in the ears of a woman, and have been with equal propriety applied to all women in all ages.

"In the first place, my lord, an angel pretends to be nothing else but a *spirit*. If, then, a woman was no more than an angel, what could a lover get by the pursuit?

"The black devil is a spirit too, but one that has lost his beauty and retained his pride. Tell a woman this, and try how she likes the simile.

"The pleasure of an angel is offering praise; the pleasure of a woman is receiving it.

"Successful love is very unlike heaven; because you may have success one hour, and lose it the next. Heaven is unchangeable. Who can say so of love or lovers?

"In love there are as many heavens as there are women; so that, if a man be so unhappy as to lose one heaven, he need not throw himself headlong into hell.

"This thought might be carried further. But perhaps you will ask me, if a woman be neither like angel or devil, what is she like?

I answer, that the only thing that is like a woman is—another woman.

“How often has your lordship persuaded foreign ladies that nothing but them could make you forsake your dear country! But at present I find it is more to your purpose to tell me that I am the only woman that could prevail with you to stay in your ungrateful country.” Vol. I. p. 154.

The great grandson of the celebrated Hampden is placed by these letters in remarkable contrast to the Puritanism and Republicanism of his ancestor. After holding the offices of Teller of the Exchequer and Treasurer of the Navy, he ruined himself, and became a large defaulter to the Public, by embarking in the South Sea scheme. On his dismissal, he was nearly 80,000*l.* in debt to the Crown, and an Act of Parliament was passed for vesting in trustees his real and personal estate, for making some provision for his wife and family, and for better securing the monies owing by him. Through Mrs. Howard, he proffered his electioneering interest to George II. when Prince of Wales; and, on the accession of that Prince to the Crown, he threatened unless “this Royal family” would give him “wherewith to buy bread,” that he would “soon take some service in *some other family*.” Finally, he wished to find any person who would pay the expence which his seat had cost him, and whose election in his place he promised to secure on these terms; and he expressed himself desirous, through Mrs. Howard’s influence, to obtain the post of travelling tutor “to any young gentleman, with a 100*l.* per annum salary.” How are the mighty fallen!

The happiness of the honour of a Royal visit is pourtrayed to the life, in the following despatch from Lady Orkney. She was the mistress of William III.; was called by Swift “the wisest woman he ever knew;” and, on her own shewing, in the present instance was an excellent housewife.

“Madam,—I give you this trouble out of the *anguish* of my mind. To have the Queen doing us the honour to dine here, and nothing performed in the order it ought to have been! The stools which were set for the Royal family, though distinguished from ours, which I thought right, because the Princess Royal sits so at quadrille, put away by my Lord Grantham, and said there was no distinction from the Princes and Princesses and the ladies. He directed the table-cloth, that there must be two to cover the table; for he used to have it so; in short, turned the servants’ heads. They kept back the dinner too long for her Majesty after it was dished, and was set before the fire, and made it look not well dressed, the Duke

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of Grafton saying, there wanted a *maitre d'hôtel*. All this vexed my Lord Orkney so—he tells me, he hopes I will never meddle more, if he could ever hope for the same honour; which I own I did too much, as I see by the success. But having done it for the late King, and was told that things were in that order, that it was as if his Majesty had lived here, I ventured it now. But I have promised not to aim at it more.” Vol. I. p. 350.

The character of Sir Robert Walpole, given below, was found among Lady Suffolk's papers, carefully written and corrected in Swift's own writing.

“ With favour and fortune fastidiously blest,  
He's loud in his laugh, and he's coarse in his jest;  
Of favour and fortune unmerited, vain,  
A sharper in trifles, a dupe in the main;  
Achieving of nothing, still promising wonders,  
By dint of experience, improving in blunders;  
Oppressing true merit, exalting the base,  
And selling his country to purchase his place;  
A jobber of stocks by retailing false news;  
A prater at court in the style of the stew;  
Of virtue and worth by profession a giber;  
Of juries and senates the bully and briber.  
Though I name not the wretch, you all know who I mean—  
'Tis the cur-dog of Britain, and spaniel of Spain.”

Vol. II. p. 32.

Two letters, in very good English, written by the Comtesse de la Lippe, are too unimportant for extraction; we name them only for the sake of some anecdotes of her grandson, the Comte de la Lippe, with which they are accompanied. This brave officer is now chiefly known through Sir Joshua Reynolds's magnificent portrait. In his day he was one of the most gallant and accomplished soldiers in Europe; though his courage now and then displayed itself in pranks which, in lesser men, the ill-natured might consider somewhat foolish.

“ During one of his visits to England, a friend (Mr. Hamilton) was driving him in a phaeton and four down Henley Hill; the Count happening to move, Mr. Hamilton, supposing him to be alarmed, desired him not to be afraid; upon which La Lippe quietly drew from his pocket a large knife, and cut the reins. Whether this was to show perfect carelessness of danger, or satirically to express that he thought himself as safe after the reins were cut as before, has not been told. In his own territory in Germany, he amused himself with military manœuvres and experiments; and one day he invited his little Court and visitors to dine with him after a review. The dinner was served in a tent on the ground; and towards the latter end of the repast, the Count was observed to look several times at his watch, and to put it up again, and call for another bottle: at last some one asked the reason of this? ‘Why,’

said he, 'I have ordered this tent to be mined by a new method—it is to be blown up at a certain minute, and I am anxious to go out to see the explosion.' The tent, it will readily be believed, was soon cleared, without waiting for the other bottle." Vol. II. p. 38.

It is probably forgotten by this time that the Castle Inn at Marlborough was once an ancient mansion of the Seymours. When Sir Hugh Smithson incorporated himself with that family and the Percys, he most disgracefully let this chateau as an hotel. Lady Vere describes it to Lady Suffolk as a prodigiously large house, with a fine garden, greatly gone to ruin, a wood, a running water, and a very high mount. How fearfully, if they had the power, would the ghosts of the Protector and the proud Duke have handled any presumptuous Boniface who dared to stow his filthy beer in vaults which had never yet been tenanted with aught less rich than Canary and Malvoisie: but *sic transit!* in our own days we have seen the bearings and cognizances of the Plantagenets sacrilegiously torn from their sepulchres, and chattered as old iron to some miserable tinkers, by those who ought to have been their *custodes*; and it is not without the limit of probability, as the following passage will shew, that the seat of another Duke may, ere long, participate in the destiny of the palace of the Seymours.

"Lady Betty does not dare to write the Duke of Dorset an account of this house, for fear it should put him in mind that some time or other it may be thought that Knowl\* may make as convenient an inn for Tunbridge, as this does for Bath." Vol. II. p. 219,

The two following letters are amusing, as connected with Court etiquette. The first is from Arbuthnot, who had been directed by Mrs. Howard to make some inquiries from the well-known Mrs. Masham, about the duties which fell to her share as bedchamber-woman to Queen Anne.

"Madam,—In obedience to your commands I write this to inform you of some things you desired me to ask Lady Masham, and what follows is dictated by her ladyship.

"The bedchamber-woman came in to waiting before the Queen's prayers, which was before her Majesty was dressed. The Queen often shifted in a morning: if her Majesty shifted at noon, the bedchamber-lady being by, the bedchamber-woman gave the shift to

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\* "By the death, without issue, of the fourth Duke of Dorset, and the necessity of dividing the estate between his sisters, the realisation of this reverie of Lady Vere becomes not improbable; but there was no such excuse for Lord Northumberland's degradation of the House at Marlborough."

the lady without any ceremony, and the lady put it on. Sometimes, likewise, the bedchamber-woman gave the fan to the lady in the same manner; and this was all that the bedchamber-lady did about the Queen at her dressing.

"When the Queen washed her hands, the page of the back-stairs brought and set down upon a side-table the basin and ewer; then the bedchamber-woman set it before the Queen, and knelt on the other side of the table over-against the Queen, the bedchamber-lady only looking on. The bedchamber-woman poured the water out of the ewer upon the Queen's hands.

"The bedchamber-woman pulled on the Queen's gloves, when she could not do it herself.

"The page of the back-stairs was called in to put on the Queen's shoes.

"When the Queen dined in public, the page reached the glass to the bedchamber-woman, and she to the lady in waiting.

"The bedchamber-woman brought the chocolate, and gave it without kneeling.

"In general the bedchamber-woman had no dependence on the lady of the bedchamber.

"If you have the curiosity to be informed of any thing else, you shall have what information Lady Masham can give you; for I must tell you from myself that you have quite charmed her."

Vol. I. p. 292.

The second is from Miss Power, a relation of Lady Suffolk, who had been recommended as a fit attendant for the Princess Augusta.

"Madam,—The very first minute I could call my own, I sit down to write to your ladyship. Mrs. Robertson will tell you what my lodgings are, and how finished, that I need only say that it is quite a garret; but I cannot possibly think it small; it is very warm, comfortable, and decent, and many happy hours I hope to pass in it. I have affairs of greater consequence to communicate, therefore I shall leave this subject, and inform you of other particulars.

"By eleven o'clock this morning I was with Mrs. Pitt; that I was not there sooner, was owing to a note she wrote to me in answer to a note of mine. The princess came into the room where Mrs. Pitt and I waited, nobody with her but her children. She received me most graciously, and did me the honour to ask me many questions of your ladyship, Lord and Lady Vere, and Lady Betty (*Germaine*). You will not expect, madam, that I should tell you how I answered and behaved, but I hope not extremely ill. When her royal highness retired, which was in a few minutes, I was presented to the Lady Augusta. When that ceremony was over, the princess returned to the same room, and sat for her picture. She was pleased to talk to me again for some time, and then asked the Lady Augusta if she would not carry me into her apartment. I followed her royal highness and the Princess Elizabeth into their dressing-room. My opinion was asked if I thought it

pretty. I was then bid to sit, and the Lady Augusta asked me ten thousand questions. My answers, I think, were not imprudent, and very true; it is impossible for me to tell you all, or indeed a quarter part of what she said. A basket of flowers was brought to the Lady Augusta, a present from Prince George. She desired to know if I loved flowers; on my saying I did, she took out a very fine nosegay, and gave it to me. The whole of the behaviour of both my royal mistresses was extremely gracious. I must pass over a hundred things they said, or I shall not have time to finish the letter.

"About half an hour after twelve, the things were brought in by a person whom it seems is under me, but speaks like a lady of the bedchamber. She has been about the Lady Augusta ever since she was born, and is greatly considered and indulged on that account. No Mademoiselle de Chaire appeared, so I hear we have waitings, but how, I have not yet found out.

"The Lady Augusta said she would dress, and desired me not to be the least hurried or discomposed. I obeyed. She was pleased to say I performed mighty well. (I hear since she told the princess I was very adroit.) The Lady Elizabeth I had nothing more to do to than comb her head, and put on the same cap she wore before. You will easily believe I was glad when I had done. Innumerable questions were again put to me, but in the most obliging manner in the world; among the rest, did I love birds? On my answering as I had before done on the flowers, parrots, parroquets, and a magpie were ordered to be brought in to their bedchamber—(I am to tell you they showed me all their rooms, which are three, a dressing-room, bedchamber, and closet for the Lady Augusta, and told me the history of the pictures)—this was the occasion of great mirth and entertainment for near an hour.

"I must not omit telling you the Lady Augusta expressed great concern I was not better lodged, and wondered how I should be able to endure so bad a room as she feared mine was; asked if my servant was there to get my room aired, and proper for me to go into.

"The Lady Elizabeth and I were together till three o'clock; then Mrs. Pitt entered, and desired to know if she might not take me with her to prayers, which were going to begin. We went into the outer room, and there Miss Chudleigh, Miss Dives, Miss Moyson, and Mrs. Jane, the bedchamber-woman, stood. They all came up to me, and wished me joy, and then we prayed. I went home with Mrs. Pitt immediately after prayers, dined and drank coffee, and then came the garden way back; found my toilette setting out, and my room in good order. Mrs. Graydon was the dresser of my toilette.

"As soon as she was gone, I sat down to write to your ladyship, but had not written six lines before I was interrupted by company coming; and who should that be but Mrs. Pitt. She is most inexpressibly obliging to me. She sat near a quarter of an hour with



me, commended my room and the furniture of it, desired me to give her compliments to you, and then departed. By Mrs. Pitt's discourse I am on a pretty high foot in this house. I will say more of that when I know more. I have had a message from Miss Goodrick; compliments, and she designs waiting on me very soon. Mrs. Pitt imagines every body, maids of honour, bedchamber-women, &c. will come to see me.

"I have written down every action and word of my own till this minute. I am alone, and therefore you must be told my thoughts. That I am very happy, and that I owe that happiness to you, I need not say; so that, as it must be very obvious, I shall put it aside, and next tell you I feel a satisfaction, a joy inexpressible. When I look round, all that I see within this room is mine, and I cannot but feel grateful. And here I must leave my reflections, and haste to the conclusion, or I shall not have finished this letter in time. Mademoiselle de Chaire has been to visit me; hopes to see me at her apartment; shall be happy if she can have an opportunity, or have it in her power to be of any service to me in any thing I may command her. Before she left me, Miss Goodrick came in, was vastly my friend and humble servant too; hoped I would make use of her to assist me in any way she could. They both stayed with me till I was very heartily tired of them. My servant not at home, so I could not give them tea, and they robbed me of a very true pleasure; notwithstanding which I was, I hope, very civil to them; I am sure I meant to be so. They are both very, very, very fine ladies. I suppose they design to be intimate with me; but that must not be; but how I shall avoid it, I do not know.

"I have obeyed you in not regarding either form or style in my letter. Never was a command before of so strange a nature; it cannot be disobeyed, because I cannot express the sense I have of my obligations to you, or how very much I am, &c.

"MARGARET POWER."

Vol. I. p. 223.

Here we must stop, for upon the letters of Mrs. Bradshaw, Miss Chamber, or Miss Bellenden, we dare not venture. As specimens of the epistolary style of *maiden* ladies attached to the Court of the two first Georges, those of the last named are literary curiosities; and we will not too severely visit their egregious indecency and grossness upon the fair writers themselves, who penned them, no doubt, according to the standard of good breeding and modesty by which they had been trained. But we are bound to protest most solemnly against the flagrant dereliction of duty in an editor who has permitted such ribaldry to go forth to the public. The retrenchment of a few words can never purge away general offensiveness of meaning; and as for asterisks, they serve as sign-posts and show-boards, — *claram facem præferre pudendis*, — to mark where contraband goods are deposited. There is no

reason to suppose that the ladies we have mentioned were more unguarded in their expressions than many of their contemporaries; and such being the case, it becomes a matter of surprise, that "hissing infamy" has not been able to proclaim "what ills from beauty spring," in more instances than those which have bestowed such unhappy immortality upon the names of Vane and Howe.

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ART. IV. *Percy Mallory, by the Author of Pen Owen.*  
3 vols. 8vo. 17. 10s. Blackwood, Edinburgh. 1824.

LIVELY and interesting as the work before us is, and decidedly superior, as it is considered, to the general run of novels, it nevertheless stands not a little in need of the salvo which we shall transfer from the conclusion to the beginning, as a necessary preparative for the marvellous inventions which await us.

"If the fastidious critic—and there are few of the tribe who are not so—should, in his scepticism, touching the truth of our narrative, urge the improbability of the facts—we have only to assure him, that *the most improbable of these events* have their foundation in plain matter of fact—and that there are readers who will, without owning it, perhaps, acknowledge this to themselves, and acquit the author even of exaggeration in the mode of recording them.

"*'Le vrai ne'st pas toujours le vraisemblable,'* and if it were, it would hardly be worth recording.—No man ventures on a story round the table; unless it has something to recommend it out of the common way—and if an unfortunate wight is caught in the act of reciting a *'says he,'* and *'says she,'* and *'so,'* without some redeeming points of discursive fancy, he is for ever established as a Proser!" Vol. III. p. 347.

All this may be very true; but we would still remind the author, that although the most improbable events are daily happening, a novel composed of such events is like an historical picture filled with horned women, Irish giants, and other past and possible phenomena. More skill is required to represent every day people in their every day costume, and with natural action, than to embody such rare eccentricities.

It must be allowed, however, that the story before us, when read in detail, bears a much greater semblance of reasonable probability, than it is likely to do in the brief and dry abstract to which our limits confine us. The leading incidents are as follows:—The Earl of Harweden, a personage as profligate

and selfish as the stock-lord or pere noble of novels usually is, supplants his brother, Mr. Levison Clarendon, in the affections of his affianced bride, a young heiress whose sense of honour is not proof against a coronet. An irreparable breach ensues between the two brothers: and Mr. Clarendon, retiring to a property on the lakes of Cumberland, and assuming the name of the relation from whom he inherits it, marries a tenant's daughter remarkable for her stupidity, and commences humourist and valetudinarian, as Mr. Levison Rycott, of Wolston Worthy. In the meanwhile, Lord Harweden, having lost a succession of children in their infancy, and finding his countess again pregnant after a long interval of time, resolves in any event to secure an heir, and entrusts his agent and protégé, Clement Dossiter, with the task of purloining a male child, to be substituted, if necessary. A female is born, and Dossiter accordingly executes his commission under the disguise of a fictitious name, and with the help of Giles Mallory, a subordinate rogue. With the view, however, of serving a double purpose, and of ultimately creating an interest with all parties, he secures the infant son of Mr. Rycott, to supply his employer's demand. A brisk pursuit taking place, Giles Mallory, who is the active instrument in the villany, determines, in case of failure, not to lose his promised reward, and accordingly has his own child ready as a *dernier resort*, unknown to Dossiter. This he eventually substitutes for young Rycott, who is dangerously hurt by an accident received during the pursuit, and whom Mallory palms on his wife as her own. The poor woman, after having been equally duped with Lady Harweden, and forced to restore her supposed offspring to the Rycott's, by whom she is traced to her retreat, is finally made the scape-goat, and transported for child-stealing, in company with Alice Halpin, her accomplice; while young Percy Rycott is restored, with the damage of a broken head, to his real owners, Dossiter supposing him all the while to be installed in the place which the child of Mallory is filling. In the process of time, the latter young gentleman, like the viper's egg hatched by Æsop's hen, fully developes all those latent propensities which are his natural birthright, very much to the dissatisfaction of his adopter, who of course feels no great natural affection for his suppositious heir. The daughter for whom the nominal Lord Brandon has been substituted, is in the meanwhile educated abroad under the name of Louisa, or Loo Bellenden. On the death of her governante (an amiable and superior woman, selected by Dossiter merely to get quit of an incurred debt, and who knows nothing of her ward, save as an orphan), Loo

Bellenden is placed under the guidance of Dossiter's sister, Mrs. Norcliffe, the evangelical ex-concubine of a deceased lord, and a dragon of prudery and spiritual pride, with whom she resides in the wilds of Cumberland, not far from Wolston Worthy. Here, during a ramble on the mountains, she meets at a lucky moment with Percy Rycott, grown into a handsome adventurous stripling, who rescues her when half fallen down a precipice, at the moment when a very large eagle is about to increase the embarrassment by devouring her. According to all established rule, and much to the disapprobation of his father and Mrs. Norcliffe, Percy becomes the favoured Pam who wins the fair Loo; but the young lady, much to her credit, rejects all engagements with her wealthy and well-connected lover, from independent motives. Before matters, however, come to any issue between the several non-content parties, Judith Mallory makes her appearance on the stage, returned from transportation; and, like widow Blackacre, lays legal claim to her full-grown "minor." To the horror of poor Percy, whom she believes *bona fide* her own son, and to the utter discomfiture of his real parents, the pertinacious dame succeeds in establishing the identity of her offspring to the satisfaction of judge and jury.

These untoward circumstances develop the real character of Percy, who has hitherto only appeared before us as a great boy very much in love. Declining the proffered adoption of the warm-hearted old humourist, while he spurns all communication with his vulgar and profligate mother, he sets off for London to seek his fortune, proud in the consciousness of his own manliness and independence, and happy in the assurance that Miss Bellenden's scruples are removed by his altered circumstances. On his arrival in town, he is recommended by the unsuspecting Mr. Rycott to the good offices of the very Dossiter of whom we have spoken, and who retains the Wolston Worthy agency as well as that of Lord Harweden. At Dossiter's house, Percy and the latter nobleman meet, each ignorant of the others connexion with Mr. Rycott; and the spirited and ingenuous manners of the young man interest Lord Harweden in his favour. Lord Brandon is by this time requiting the fraudulent conduct of his supposed father by a series of mean and profligate conduct, and finally falls a victim to a quarrel among the sharpers with whom he is connected. Percy, to whose knowledge the circumstances of the rencontre are accidentally brought, is led to divine the secret of Lord Brandon's birth and substitution, from facts which transpire, and draws in consequence from Lord Harweden, upon his death-bed, an avowal

of the whole mystery, and the claims and rank of his daughter. Armed with the authority of the dying nobleman, he rescues Miss Bellenden, or more properly Lady Louisa Clarendon, from the designs of Dossiter and his son upon her person and fortune; narrowly himself escaping detention in the private madhouse to which they have decoyed her under false pretences. In the mean while Lord Harweden dies, leaving the bulk of his property to his brother Mr. Levison Rycott, as an atonement for past injuries; and settling a handsome competence only on his daughter, whom the artifice of the Dossiters had induced him to believe weak in her intellects. Dossiter, who miscalculates his man, attempts to make a merit with the new Lord Harweden by suppressing the proofs of Lady Louisa's birth; which however in consequence of the negligence of young Dossiter, fall into the hands of Percy, and the plotters are brought to open shame. Lord Harweden receives his newly-discovered niece with the utmost cordiality, and with her perfect concurrence, labours to unite her to Percy; who, however, perseveringly refuses their tempting offers of fortune and connexion, on the ground of the blot in his own scutcheon. Circumstances however come to light, which clear up the difficulties occasioned by his unnecessary diffidence. One of the persons tried for the murder of Lord Brandon proves to be the husband of Judy Mallory, returned from transportation; and in the course of the trial, is confronted with witnesses who establish the real identity both of Percy and the pseudo-nobleman. The former is joyfully reinstated in the honours which rightfully belong to him, and the story of course terminates happily with the marriage of the cousins. Such is the plot; a fuller and clearer abstract of which would have encroached on the patience of our readers, and our own prescribed limits. The author's love of bustle and complication, and the conscious facility which he evidently feels in the use of these literary stimulants, appear to us to have led him into a good deal of unnecessary finesse; and involve his readers, if not himself, in perplexities which require almost the perseverance and practised acuteness of an Old Bailey counsel to unravel. The substitutions, transfers, and recovery of the respective children for instance, and the processes by which their identity is ascertained, or said to be ascertained, (for we are not without our doubts upon this subject,) is really difficult reading, and will hardly answer as a breakfast-table lounge, even to those who are disposed to expend trouble on such investigations. It must be owned, indeed, that the curiosity of the reader is strongly excited, and the secret of the denouement

so well kept, as to puzzle us till the last ; and perhaps, this is incompatible with any other style of writing. We cannot see however, what purpose is answered by the unnecessary episode of Miss de Lacy's supposed attachment to Percy, and the mistakes thereby occasioned, except to display ingenuity, and

“ Like Mr. Parker,  
To make things darker,”

which were “ dark enough without.” Independent of which, the attention of the author himself is diverted by such matters from the due management of the more important parts of the story.

The conduct of Judy Mallory when under the alias of Mrs. Wigram, and tenant of the cottage in the hills, is palpably inconsistent with the projects attributed to her ; and it is evident that the identification of the two persons was an after thought in the Author's mind. Generally speaking, however, the incidents and equivoques are conducted well, and the writer seems to jump in his self-imposed trammels with liveliness and ease. The whole scene with mine hostess and the mad doctor, and the incidents of the inn, are one continued farce well kept up.

We can hardly say so much for the more serious adventures, particularly when by their romantic turn they challenge a comparison with the horrors of the Kaim of Dorncleugh, and the dangers of the Halket-head Craigs : or, we may add, the almost equally admirable escape of Mr. Keith and his ward in Reginald Dalton. Compared with such scenes as these, Miss Bellenden's perils on the mountains are rather prolixly and confusedly told, and the language of Percy is much too set and courtly for such a situation. “ Exert your energies.”—“ Embrace with increased force, for a single moment, the branch which passes under your arm.”—“ It is rotten and even now trembles under our weight ; a feather would overwhelm us.”—“ My very voice shakes our tottering foundations.”—“ Cheery, cheery, my fair fellow sufferer.”—Are expressions which contrast to disadvantage with the few short decisive words used by Lovel and his assistants on a similar occasion.

“ The lassie ; the poor sweet lassie,—God guide us, how can she ever win through it ?”

“ I'll climb up the cliff again, there's daylight enough left to see my footing.”

“ Canny now, lads, canny now,—swerve the yard a bit.—Now,—there she sits safe on dry land !”

The scene in the smuggler's den is not without its merit

and interest, but the good natured facility with which the author arranges every thing to meet the wishes of the rescuer and the rescued, reminds us of the accommodating spirit displayed in the old romance of the Fool of Quality, and certainly removes many of our apprehensions for the safety of Percy.

The characters, though not possessing any thing strikingly original, are well marked and discriminated. The father of Percy in particular improves upon us from a peevish valetudinarian into something reminding us of our old friend Munden's best characters, full of whimsical feeling and testy benevolence. Mrs. Rycott may be thought over-strained, but we have known exactly such persons, and the portrait is so true to the life, that we will venture to say that the author has known them too. But surely nothing alive, be it fish, flesh or fowl, can possibly have suggested to him the idea of Sir Hugh and Lady Rodolpha de Lacy, whose obsolete absurdities outdo the stiffest caricature to be found in Richardson.

" 'Coming, coming'—as he heard a voice again at the door; and with his morning jacket half on, rushing past the speaker before he had uttered two sentences, darted down stairs, and, throwing open the door of the drawing room, had nearly overturned Sir Hugh and Lady Rodolpha, who had approached the point, in readiness to receive the report of their fourth ambassador.

" 'I beg ten thousand pardons, Sir Hugh—Lady Rodolpha—but—'

" 'Lady Rodolpha's hand awaits you, Mr. Percy Rycott; we will discuss your apologies at a more convenient moment—Dinner has waited near seven minutes.'

" 'Percy led forward the hostess in all the pomp of Mecklin lap-pets, point ruffles, and damask drapery, that moved without the rumple of a fold, like a Dutch toy, on wheels. He would have made his peace during the journey across a hall that traversed the whole depth of the mansion, and through a suite of papered and bagged apartments which led to the *salon à diner*; but a very short observation of her Ladyship's checked his first attempt.

" 'There were few points,' she remarked, 'in which good Sir Hugh was so particular as punctuality in all engagements.'

" 'Percy said no more; her ladyship on their arrival took her seat at the head of the table, Sir Hugh seated himself at the bottom; Miss Gertrude and Percy *vis à vis* made up the *partie carrée*. Even the chaplain was absent, who, though partaking in the family characteristics, Percy had calculated upon as an occasional diversion in his favour, as he felt little disposed to take a share in any conversation likely to occur.

" 'Good Dr. Patterson is obliged to absent himself on account

of some urgent business at Kendal,' observed Lady Rodolpha, as a sort of implied apology to Percy for Sir Hugh taking upon himself the duty of saying grace.

" ' Indeed ! ' sighed Percy, viewing the formidable array of domestics planted round him, as if presenting a new barrier against escape, which seemed to engage his speculations to the exclusion of every thing else. After a long pause,

" ' Tell Mrs. Knowles,' said Sir Hugh, looking benevolently towards the butler, whilst his eyes watered, and the colour on his cheeks was somewhat heightened, ' that she has been rather too bountiful with her seasoning in the soup.'

" ' Certainly, Sir Hugh, but I had informed Mrs. Knowles, Sir Hugh, that her ladyship, on Tuesday last, thought the vermicelli rather insipid.'

" ' Excellent Roland,' interrupted her ladyship, ' you recollect my most trifling wishes.'

" ' They are our law, my Lady,' and at the signal, all the grey-headed livery-men, bowed in token of their sympathy.

" ' Extremes,' observed Sir Hugh, with a smile, ' are generally pernicious; and so, my good Lady Rodolpha, I have been a martyr in your cause; your Ladyship cannot do less than assuage my torments by a glass of Madeira.'

" ' God forbid ! ' returned the gracious lady, ' that I should ever be the occasion of torment to my ever-indulgent Sir Hugh; but I flatter myself if your present sufferings can be so easily relieved, they have not been *very* excruciating; am I not a saucy creature, Sir Hugh ?'

" ' You are all excellence, and are never more endeared to me than when your ladyship suffers your little playfulness of fancy to animate our happy domestic circle. Good Roland, a glass of old Madeira to your excellent lady.'

" ' You have forgiven good Mrs. Knowles, my best of friends,' said Lady Rodolpha, with one of her most winning smiles, ' for her bountiful extreme.'

" ' Sweetly engaging Lady Rodolpha! had I really cause of offence, your ladyship's happy mode of intercession would make me forget it, in the admiration of a talent so peculiarly your own.'

" ' Kind Sir Hugh! you will make me vain.'

" ' No one has more reason—no one is less likely to become so than Lady Rodolpha de Lacy—'

" ' I declare, Sir Hugh, you make me blush—'

" ' For a naughty world, excellent woman, but never for yourself. Worthy Roland,' turning to the butler,—' tell Mrs. Knowles that her soup is like all she does—she is indeed a most excellent person.'

" ' You are the most charitable—Sir Hugh,' said her ladyship, in a subdued tone of voice.

" ' It is my humble effort to be so; it is the duty of us all to be so; tell her, good Roland, that her soup is admirable—but add, as



from yourself, that perhaps it would suit the taste of Lady Rodolpha and myself better, were it, in future, less highly seasoned.'

" 'I shall, Sir Hugh—what a master!' was added in a half whisper to Mr. Polson, the steward, who stood retired; and was seconded by a bend, as before, from every one of the grey-headed circle in worsted-lace," Vol. I. p. 231.

The conception of the Dossiters, both father and son, does the author great credit. The cautious diplomatic mystery of the father, rendered habitual by the alarming consciousness of his past and present rogueries, is well contrasted with the cool coxcombical finesse of the equally worthless son; and in spite of the thorough villainy of the latter, it is impossible not to admire the calm address with which he fairly bullies and manages the whole knot of legal jesters in chap. 2. vol. ii.

Equally impossible is it not to feel a kindness for Grandison de Lacy, introduced as we are to the secret of his character and absurdities by his own confession; which, without inquiring whether it would be quite natural for such a man to make it even to his friend, we will quote as one of the best specimens of the author's peculiar vein.

" 'Why, lookye, Percy, here stand I, when I parted from you: three years ago, I made my *entré* into these scenes, and passed a season in the gay world at home before I started on my travels. I certainly knew more of what was worth knowing at that time than I do now; and I have unlearnt more than I shall ever redeem. I was blest with youth—of person I say nothing—only that it is certainly not improved. I could boast fortune, rank, and the first connections in the country; but I was diffident, and the men shouldered me; I was modest, and the women laughed at me; I was sober, and the gay world despised me; I refused to play, and I was voted 'a bore'. I had nothing left for it but to go abroad; and not being so intrinsically modest as I was habitually bashful, I flattered myself by the reflection, that no man was a prophet in his own country. But I found the principle the same wherever I went, although manners and habits varied the mode of displaying it. I saw that impudence prevailed universally, and that modest worth must be its own reward, or limit its returns to the patronage of prudes past sinning—or very good sort of men whom nobody knew and nobody cared for. What was to be done, Percy, hey?'

" 'If you ask me seriously,' replied the Tyro, smiling, 'I should have been satisfied with a clear conscience, and gladly have abandoned so heartless a system.'

" 'Aye, aye—that's all mighty well with such moral good sort of fellows as you, who have a stock in hand to satisfy all immediate demands; but what is a man to do, who, like myself, prefers any society to solitude, and who consider myself—that is, myself, *per se*,

the very worst company in the world? He must do as I did when I returned home, having first carefully packed up my modesty, and left it in the keeping of a Parisian prude, who had sinned only to preserve it, as she assured me, where it is to remain 'till called for,' and take out a regular license to practise in the court of fools. It is vain to dissent; you must sail with the stream, or be left on its muddy banks, to stagnate, or be absorbed into the mass. I did not aspire to the highest distinctions of the order. I could neither bear the restraint of stays; nor the regular apprenticeship to pugilism. One might as well return to the schools, as toil at the mastery of the slang dictionary; and as to perfection in the art of indifference, the tread-mill is child's play to the laborious acquisition of it. I have, therefore, satisfied myself with being a coxcomb *au second rang*, or what may be called the Epicurean—which, with ample means and appurtenances to boot, qualifies me to do every thing I like, in the manner I like best. I learned to distinguish wines in Italy, which half the world never heard of, and became an adept in the art *à faire le cuisine* in Paris—not because I really cared for the thing, but because every body talked of it, and I had heard of its value, as an import at home." Vol. II. p. 326.

Last, and certainly not least in our good graces, come the hero and heroine. In the character of Lady Louisa the author has had, we think, complete success, corresponding as it does in warmth of feeling and high spirit, with the circumstances which she shall narrate in her own words.

" 'My first recollections may be traced back to the period of early childhood, when my mind began to develope itself, under the affectionate and tender culture of her whom I had ever called mother, within the walls of a convent in Flanders. Oh! Percy, she was indeed an angelic being: but, alas! she was not my mother, although the veil was not rent from my eyes until she was herself about to be torn from me for ever. Every advantage that could be derived from a highly cultivated mind, and a heart endowed with all the finest feelings of our nature, were mine, under the constant and never-failing superintendence of this exalted woman. I was, Percy, of a froward and haughty disposition, which, but for her happy culture, that scarcely could be called correction, so insensibly, though so surely did it work, would have led to the misery of myself, and of all who might eventually become connected with me. My very failings she converted into benefits; and upon a too proud and daring spirit, which, opposed by injudicious treatment, might have degenerated into all that is ungente and unwomanly, she grafted, through the influence of Christian motives, that independence upon all secondary causes, which has enabled me not only to see my way, but to persevere in it whenever I feel my own suggestions, or those of others, influenced by prejudice or passion, rather than by a sense of duty.'

“ ‘ True true, who could have borne the eternal querulousness of Mrs. Norcliffe, or ——’

“ ‘ Oh! no, Percy, I take no credit for my forbearance in that quarter; Mrs. Norcliffe could never possess the power of influencing even my opinions, much less of trying my principles; but I am not seeking to illustrate the few virtues I may have partially derived from the best of women; but to account to you for my not being what I might have been, under the privations of a worse than orphan state.’

“ ‘ Oh! could thy cruel cruel parents behold thee as I do.’

“ ‘ I was about fifteen, when my benefactress, my preceptress—my more than mother, died; and it was on the evident approach of this long dreaded event, that she communicated to me the mystery which hung round my birth, without being able to dissipate it further than by the conviction on her own mind, that my parents were living, and that they moved in the higher sphere of life. But what satisfaction could this bring to an honourable and sensitive mind, in exchange for the filial affection which I had so long felt and considered due alone to the exemplary and virtuous Mrs. Bellenden; what were to me parents who dared not acknowledge their child; or, in acknowledging, would cover her and themselves with ignominy and disgrace?’

“ ‘ This disclosure, and the loss of my truly maternal friend; were the first tests to which my principles, so earnestly inculcated; and so divinely illustrated in her life and death, were subjected. I have had other trials, they have been less arduous; but enough of this. Vol. II. p. 159.

Percy himself is an ingenuous, high-couraged, and generous boy, whom every one would love in real life; but he is only a boy, and this, we apprehend, is not what the writer intended. Traits which would be admirable in a real person, may be so combined in a fictitious one as to seem misplaced and unnatural, inasmuch as it is less difficult and meritorious to invent than to practise, the conduct which flows from them. Nay, one may even say that the same scruples and self-denial, which sit on Lady Louisa with a dignified and feminine grace, amount subsequently in Percy, to a pitch of Quixotic delicacy which is even indelicate to the lady herself, and naturally places her in a situation inconceivably awkward.

“ ‘ You—you may command me, Loo, in all things, except—’

“ ‘ The only instance in which I would be arbitrary; But attend to me, you have taken a view of your situation, which neither my wishes nor my sympathy can alter.’

“ ‘ For mercy’s sake, do not reproach me, Loo!’

“ ‘ Neither in word, nor in my heart, Percy; but I must have the benefit of the fact; you cannot face the world, you must therefore turn your back upon it. All I ask, all I claim, is to be your

companion and your friend; my uncle loves you as his son, he is anxious to strengthen the tie, by an alliance with his new-found niece.'

" ' Be not too sure of that Loo, he is proud, justly proud of his high descent; and I have not seen him, he has been content to bandy messages with me, he has not, as he was wont, sought me out, since the fatal disclosure of Thursday; he was before staggered by the obscurity, be assured he is now shocked, and disgusted by the infamy of my family!'

" ' Be it so, Percy; still his word is pledged, and his affections unchanged. He might, with his worldly notions, be averse to the publicity of an union, thus formed by his niece and heirress, but he will not refuse to bestow upon us his own abandoned cottage on the hills; and there, in seclusion, if we do not find our own happiness, we must have forgotten what first constituted it, or have drawn strange inferences from the little we have seen of what is called the world.'

" ' Loo, Loo, tempt me not with such a prospect; point not out the cool spring, to the exhausted victim of the desert; hold not up the fruits of paradise to the eyes of a famishing wretch, who has not strength to reach them. I cannot listen, I dare not, fascination is in your voice, heaven in your accent; and the more they breathe their balmy influence upon my distracted soul, the more surely they speak of happiness, which never, never can be mine, without sinking me to the depths of infamy, even lower than my cruel fate has plunged me. Forgive, forgive, blest being; think of my struggles; call me not weak, deem me not feeble or infirm, when I have the resolution to bid adieu to thee, and to happiness, for ever.—And before she was aware of the action, he had snatched up his hat, and flown rather than precipitated himself out of the room and down the stairs." Vol. III. p. 311.

After this, it is but fair perhaps to allow the author to plead his own excuse, at least to shew that he is perfectly aware of the incongruity.

" ' If there be no kind considerate maiden aunt—no father of a family whose daughter has lately had a narrow escape of running away with a strolling player—ready at hand to bestow an eulogium upon Percy's admirable example of self-denial, he must be subjected to a jury, not of his peers, because it would be difficult, if not impossible, to find so many within any reasonable allotted space—but of young ladies under the age of twenty-one—and we may add,—Heaven grant him a safe deliverance." Vol. III. p. 315.

To this last clause we willingly say Amen. If a writer must needs indulge in the marvellous, it is at least pleasant to see the eccentricities of his characters take a generous and disinterested turn; and there is no danger of their having too many imitators. Besides, Percy is a young man bred in the

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mountains, and must stand excused on the plea of ignorance, if he shall appear no adept in the mysteries of that matrimonial policy which is understood to such a nicety by the York-House club at Bath. For our own part, having always loved and esteemed Don Quixote, as a thorough-bred gentleman, we are secretly partial to characters which partake in some measure of his romantic pranks; and among these we must class our friend Percy, protesting however against his being confounded with the dark-haired curly-lipped gentlemen of the Germanized or Byronian school, whose romance takes the shape of enthusiastic selfishness.

At the risk of being considered hypercritics, we must take exception at the language of some parts of the dialogue. We can overlook the omission of the article *le* in one or two places where it was required to make sense in the foreign department, but not the extraordinary manner in which the native dialects of our own country are transposed and misused. Admitting that the Cumberland smugglers might have picked up in the course of their wandering lives a non-descript jargon, compounded of the flippancies of the tailors shop-board and the brutality of the condemned hold, yet why put such broad Scotch phrases as "a stoup extraordinary," and the like, into the mouths of the inhabitants of a London alley? The truth is, that it is more easy to copy the terse easy elegant language of the higher orders, as the author has uniformly done, than to imitate to the life the different shades, and peculiarities of idiom and brogue, which prevail in different districts, and mould each into a natural shape: but this is hardly an excuse for such gross and obvious blunders as the one in question. If the author, however, be a Scotchman, he certainly does not belong to that peculiar school, who professedly draw their inspiration from the punch-bowl, and screen such disgraceful ribaldry as "Visits to the Haram," and such puritanical indecency as "Ann Stavert and Amos Bradley," under the sanction of Buchanan's grave visage. Percy Mallory is as free from the least approach to grosaness, as from the taint of Germanized sentiment, or of that controversial chit-chat and godly gossip, which attract a large and separate class of admirers. It is in short written in a frank, honest, healthy tone of feeling, which does honour to the author's heart; and though it does not undertake the thankless office of laying down a specific moral, higher considerations are never sacrificed to the amusement of the reader; nor is a line to be found which indicates other than sound and rightminded principles.

ART. V. *A Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies.* By Granville Penn, Esq. 8vo. 460 pp. 12s. Ogle and Duncan. 1822.

ART. VI. *A Supplement to the Comparative Estimate of the Mineral and Mosaical Geologies: relating chiefly to the Geological Indications of the Phenomena of the Cave at Kirkdale.* 8vo. 186 pp. 5s. Ogle & Duncan. 1823.

WE have always doubted the expediency of connecting the speculations of science with the truths of revealed religion; and the work now before us has fully justified all our scruples on this head. It is sufficient to observe, as the ground of our opinion, that the Holy Scriptures were not meant to convey to mankind a system of philosophy; and that consequently every attempt to derive from them a species of knowledge which they profess not to contain, will not only be attended with complete failure, but will also, in most instances, call forth the scorn of the sceptic and the regret of the sincere believer. The book of Genesis ought never to be resorted to as a manual either of astronomy or of geology. The objects contemplated by its Inspired Author were much more sacred and important; and accordingly though he was skilled in all the learning of the Egyptians, he uniformly abstained from obtruding upon the attention of those whom he wished to instruct in heavenly things, the crude notions of priests or magicians, however ingenious or however popular.

There is, no doubt, some reason to lament that those who, in modern times, cultivate science with the greatest assiduity, are not always the most ready to engraft upon it pious feeling and moral reflection. They do not identify, as frequently and resolutely as they ought, the laws of nature with the power and wisdom of the Supreme Being; nor point out, in the constitution and events of the material world, those final causes which are so well fitted to raise the mind of the youthful student to the contemplation of the divine attributes. We may ever and anon too detect, in the pursuits of philosophy, certain symptoms of that modified atheism which withdraws the thoughts from all causes but such as are physical and secondary. Nay, the very language which is used in such researches seems to have the same unhappy tendency. There is in the terms of science a species of epicureanism; which is found to interpose a veil between the inquiries of the student, and the operations of the Great First Cause; whilst the spirit of modern investigation contributes to en-

crease this evil, by forbidding him to direct his attention beyond the objects of his senses, or to go in quest of hidden influences and a remote source of causation, which he can never hope to comprehend. "Nature" and the "laws of nature" are described as the only suitable field for the exertion of human talent, and the gratification of an enlightened curiosity: and it cannot be concealed accordingly, that there have been writers in every nation of Europe, who appear not to have elevated their imagination above the mere physical properties in the animal, mineral, or vegetable world, which they had undertaken to enumerate and arrange.

But admitting that there is the fullest ground for the complaint now stated, there may at the same time be very strong reasons for deprecating the remedy which Mr. Granville Penn has attempted to apply. The mineral geology, as he calls it, may not in every instance be sufficiently modest in its pretensions, nor sufficiently guarded in its views: but it is perfectly clear, that the boldness of speculation in which that branch of science has so often indulged, will not be tempered by adducing the authority of an inspired writer, who most unquestionably never attempted to enlighten the minds of men on a subject so completely removed from the main object of his divine commission. There is no such thing in the Bible as a *Mosaical geology*. If the term be not thought too profane to be used in reference to so sacred a subject, we might allow that the first chapter of Genesis contains the outlines of the *Mosaical cosmogony*; but as to geology, properly so called, the writings of the Jewish legislator present not the faintest traces, either in execution or intention.

Mr. Granville Penn, however, sees in the portion of holy scripture now specified, a well connected and most luminous compend of an entire geological system. In a single verse, which has hitherto, indeed, conveyed no such meaning to critic or commentator, this pious author perceives at once, the history of all the phenomena which distinguish the primitive rocks, their dislocations, their disruptions, and highly angular disposition of their strata; as also the geognostic conditions which gave an origin to that very extensive order of stony substances which compose the greater part of the present crust of the earth, under the name of transition, floetz, or sedimentary rocks. It is impossible, we will allow, to call in question the soundness of the motive which has actuated this singular undertaking; still, we cannot refrain from declaring that in perusing this single specimen of *Mosaical geology*, our feelings of religious decorum have been

more rudely assailed than they ever were by the most extravagant hypothesis or the most daring speculations of the French or German schools.

The substance of Mr. G. Penn's notions may be given as follows. He imagines that, when the earth was first formed, on the first day of creation, all the strata of which it was composed were arranged in the greatest regularity; consisting of concentric layers like the coats of an onion. In this state of things there was no place for the water, which is accordingly described as enveloping the whole surface of the globe at a uniform depth, and sending up into the atmosphere a vast cloud of vapours. Two days elapsed before a remedy was discovered or any expedient devised. At length, on the third day, a command was issued that the waters under the heaven should be gathered together unto one place, and that the dry land should appear: and at this early epoch, according to Mr. Granville Penn the first *revolution* recorded in the Mosaical geology was immediately brought to pass. He therefore invites our attention to what he calls the stupendous *mode* in which the sea was formed.

It is self-evident, he observes, that if the surface of a globe were entirely covered with a fluid attached to it only by the law of gravitation, and if the whole of that fluid were to be afterwards collected into *one part only* of that globe, so as to render the remaining part of its concealed surface visible, the aqueous accumulation must take place *below the level of the latter surface*: which effect could only be attained by the congregated waters acquiring that space in *depth* which they had lost in length and breadth. In producing therefore the effect described in the record, the surface upon which the waters rested must have been suddenly deepened, in all that portion of its extent on which they were *to remain*; and to a depth proportionably profound to drain them off from all that other part of the same surface which was to be exposed and made dry. This, he maintains, is an induction from the premises which will allow of no objection.

"But this operation of *deepening* implies both a *disruption* and a *depression* of the solid parts which were to be deepened: and as the operation was immediate at the divine command, so must it have been *violent*. The mineral geology would infer that the word 'appear' as applied to the dry land, denotes that the disclosure of the earth was successive, and had not from the beginning fully and completely taken place. But the word evidently proves that the *disclosure had not taken place at all*, otherwise it would already have appeared.—The mineral geology must keep back its secondary or natural causes from the argument, so long as it is engaged with a period in which the First Cause had not yet committed his work to



this administration.—In the *first act* of creation, the *mineral globe* was produced *at once*, compact, solid, and complete, in all its mineral nature, order and composition.—In causing therefore the violent *disruption and depression* of that part of the solid surface which was to form 'a place' for the reception of the congregated waters; that is a *bed* for the *new sea*; the new laws and agencies of the mineral globe were rendered operative by their Almighty Creator, but by the rule of his own creative plan. The solid 'framework or skeleton' of the globe was therefore burst, fractured, and subverted by those agencies and according to those laws, at the will of the Legislator, in all those parts where *depression* was to produce the *profundity*; and it carried down with it, in apparent confusion, vast and extensive portions of the materials or soils which had been regularly disposed and compacted upon it; leaving other portions partially dislocated, and variously distorted from their primitive positions. So that the order of the materials of the globe, which in the reserved, unaltered, and exposed portion, retained their first positions and arrangement, were broken, displaced, and apparently confounded in the other portion which was to receive within it the accumulated waters."

He next proceeds to a conjecture relative to the *secondary agencies* which were employed in producing this "tremendous primitive revolution of the mineral globe." Among these he enumerates "volcanic expansion and explosion;" by which, says he, a vast portion of the crust of the solid sphere would have become suddenly transformed from its native state into a condition of laceration and apparent ruin. He takes pains to convince us, at the same time, that such a cause was fully equal to the production of such an effect. We know, he thinks proper to remind us, that the admission of water to the subterraneous fires which are constituent within the system of this earth, produces volcanic action as a *physical consequence*; and the *fiat* of God which, by disruption, gave extensive admission for the incumbent waters into the interior of the newly constituted earth, would, he adds, have been followed by volcanic explosion equally extensive, *in consequence of the provision of His own laws*.

"Thus, then was formed that 'ONE PLACE, into which all the waters under the heaven were to be gathered together.' The *primitive mineral formations* were thus early interrupted and disordered in their continuity, even upon the third day of their creation, and therefore anterior to the existence of any organized beings; and the new sides and surfaces of those primitive mineral masses, produced by the breaches which they then sustained, became thenceforth exposed to the continual action of the waters, while the innumerable smaller fragments lay subjected to perpetual trituration in their bed."—"This" he repeats, "was the *first revolution* which the mineral substance of this globe experienced, directed by

the immediate intervention of the Creator; and it will be very material to the sequel of our inquiry that the reader should dwell, with minute contemplation, on the details of the formation, and the consequent condition of the *sea bed* thus constructed, and consisting of the fractured and apparently ruined surface of a portion of the globe."

The event now described, is the basis of Mr. Granville Penn's Mosaical geology. We are, however, favoured with the additional information that the sea, collected into this *vast fractured cavity of the globe's surface*, continued to occupy it, during 1656 years; during which long period of time its waters acted in various modes, *chemical and mechanical*, upon the several soils and fragments which formed its bed; and *marine organic matter*, animal and vegetable, was generated and accumulated in vast abundance. After the expiration of these 1656 years, it pleased God in a *SECOND revolution* to execute his ulterior design, by *repeating* the amazing operation by which he had *exposed the first earth*; and by disruption and depression of that *first earth* below the level of the bed of the *first sea*, to produce a *new bed*, into which the waters descended from their *former bed*, leaving it to become the *theatre of the future generations of mankind*. THIS PRESENT EARTH WAS THAT FORMER BED.

The candid reader will admit that the mineral geology with all the freedom of its assumptions and the daring spirit of its hypothesis has never ventured to insult the common sense of mankind with such absurdities as those of which we have just given the details.

In the first place, the mineralogical geologist has never yet presumed to describe the process of creation, or to mark the boundaries between the direct, immediate operation of the Divine Power and that more ordinary working of Omnipotence which manifests itself through the instrumentality of secondary causes. The creation of the world has never, by any philosophical geognost, been made the subject of scientific investigation, for creation is a term, which, as it expresses an act altogether incomprehensible to the human mind, conveys no meaning, and of course, presents to it no topic for analysis or research. The avowed object of geology is to trace the law according to which the almighty Being has been pleased to operate certain effects, in the structure and arrangement of the various mineral substances which at present compose the outer portion or crust of the earth: and as there is great reason to believe that every part of the surface of our globe has undergone considerable changes since the

epoch of its original formation, it is presumed that the history of those changes, as far as it can be determined, is also a legitimate subject of scientific inquiry.

In the second place, it has never occurred to the mineral geologist that a *revolution*, so violent as to tear in pieces and scatter the frame-work of the globe, could be found necessary to accomplish the plans of Infinite Wisdom, almost in the very moment of creation itself. On the first day, according to Mr. Granville Penn, "the mineral globe was produced *at once*, compact, solid, and complete, in all its *mineral* nature, order, and composition:" whilst on the second day after, in order to get rid of the superfluous waters, it was deemed expedient that the solid barriers of our terraqueous sphere should be "burst, fractured, and subverted, in all those parts where *depression* was to produce the *profundity*, leaving other portions partially dislocated and variously distorted from their primitive positions." By means, in short, of volcanic expansion and explosion; on the third day of creation, "a vast portion of the crust of the solid sphere was transformed from its native state into a condition of *laceration and apparent ruin*."

Is it probable, we beg leave to ask, that either faith or piety will be increased by such a representation of the Divine counsels and procedure? Has the wildest theorist that ever composed an essay on geology, hazarded such a statement as that now given; presuming to teach the reflecting part of mankind that, to answer a particular purpose, which appears not to have been foreseen, it became necessary to rend the globe in pieces two days after it was created! The reveries of Buffon, are philosophical and pious compared to the Mosaical geology of Granville Penn. Hutton's eternal renovations, and Cuvier's numerous debacles, are innocent postulates when weighed in the balance against the sacred cosmogony of this modern dreamer. No serious reader, we think, will tolerate so gross a misapplication of scriptural language as we find in almost every page of his estimate. The Psalmist, the patriarch Job, and the sublimest of the prophets, are all pressed into the service of this mysterious science; and made to express their admiration of a system of things which has no other origin than the perverted ingenuity of a biblical critic and the ignorance of a pretended geologist.

In the third place, we deprecate the attempt which is here made, to found a distinction between the exercise of Divine power in creating the world, and the operation of the same power in perpetuating its existence as well as in directing those events, physical and moral, which compose its history.

The impression which is first produced in the mind of Mr. Penn's reader is, that God made the world by an exertion of his attributes altogether different from that by which he keeps up the succession of animals and plants, and by which he superintends those mineralogical processes to which is owing the actual condition of our globe. Immediately after the act of creation the Almighty is represented as "committing his work to the administration of natural or secondary causes"—a doctrine which has a much greater affinity to the philosophical atheism of Epicurus than to the simple and spiritual theology of the Old Testament. There is, in fact, no real distinction in the exertions of Omnipotence. The difference of *mode* has no other relation than that which applies to our understandings; and the use of the expression *secondary cause*, originates in the mere adaptation of language to the ordinary conceptions of intellect. The power which sustains the earth in its orbit is as boundless as that which at first called it into existence; and the only difference is, that while the latter appears to our imagination in the light of a single act, the former is viewed by the mind as the effect of an unceasing influence, exerted according to a law of which some of the conditions have been ascertained. In strict language however, secondary causes are no causes at all; they are merely the tokens, or the concomitants, or the indications of that uniformity which characterizes the succession of physical events. The Great First Cause is the only source of efficiency; all other causes are the mere fictions of human speech invented for the convenience of reasoning, and used on many occasions for the sole purpose of avoiding a too frequent repetition of the sacred name of the Almighty.

No candid writer, therefore, will make haste to charge with atheism the use of those abstract terms which denote the exercise of the Divine attributes through the medium of physical properties. "Nature," and the "laws of nature," are phrases which are only recommended by their convenience; and were assuredly never meant by any man of a sound mind to supersede the acknowledgment of an intelligent cause in the administration of the material universe. We cannot, therefore, approve all the strictures which Mr. Granville Penn has been pleased to direct against the names of some distinguished authors, who do not pretend to so familiar an acquaintance as he affects to possess, with the operations of Almighty Power, before Divine Wisdom thought proper to "commit the administration of his works to natural or secondary causes."

But returning to the geological views of the Comparative Estimate, we need hardly remind the reader that Mr. G.

Penn avails himself of the *first revolution* in our globe, to account for the position and collocation of the primitive rocks. Most of these, as every one knows, are found inclined at a very high angle to the horizon; and many of those which are the more distinctly stratified are seen to rest almost entirely upon their edges. There are many proofs, too, in the same class of bodies of violent displacement and depressions. Some have been sunk into the earth; and others have obviously been raised from a lower level than that which they at present occupy, by means of a powerful order of agents, of whose nature and origin philosophy has arrived at no certain knowledge. It is very clear, however, that the attempt to account for these facts, by a reference to the events of the third day of creation is equally inconsistent with philosophy and religion. It would not be more extravagant to explain the precession of the equinoctial points, or the varying magnitude of some of the fixed stars, by quoting the description of divine power in the works of the fourth day, when God made two great lights and placed them in the firmament of the heaven. As there is no Mosaical astronomy, so is there no Mosaical geology; and the man who goes to the first chapter of Genesis for the removal of scientific difficulties only depreciates his Bible and wastes his time.

The second *revolution* took place at the flood of Noah; when, according to Mr. Granville Penn, it pleased God to execute *his ulterior design*, by *repeating* the amazing operation by which he had exposed the first earth. This object was effected by the *disruption* and depression of that first earth below the level of the bed of the *first sea*, to produce a new bed, into which the waters descended from their former bed; and in this way the space which was formerly covered by the ocean was fitted to become the habitation of a new race of human beings. Hence, says he, the present earth must necessarily exhibit manifest and universal evidences of the vicissitudes which it has undergone; namely, of the vast apparent ruin occasioned by its first violent disruption and depression; of the presence and operation of the marine fluid during the long interval which succeeded; and of the action and effects of that fluid in its ultimate retreat.

It will not be easy to find in Holy Scripture a warrant for all the conclusions which Mr. G. Penn has thus formed, in relation to the effects of the Noatic deluge. It is indeed asserted, that the world was thereby destroyed, together with the sinful generation who at that period possessed it: but no one, till now, has ever been weak enough to imagine that the destruction mentioned by the apostle was of a *mine-*

*ralogical* nature, and was realized upon the primitive strata which composed the rocky skeleton of the globe. Nor is it very obvious, upon the first examination of the argument adduced by our author, in what sense the surface of the earth could be said to be *destroyed* as to its mineral properties, merely because it was covered by the waters of the sea; whilst there can be no doubt, we presume, that the perdition commemorated by St. Peter, respected only the living creatures, and, more particularly, the children of Adam, whose lives fell a sacrifice to the just indignation of Heaven.

But there are two facts recorded in the Bible which appear decidedly to oppose themselves to the opinion that the bed of the ocean was changed at the flood, and that the land formerly occupied by terrestrial animals was thenceforth given up to the finny tribes. We are told, for example, that the dove, which was sent forth from the ark, found an olive-tree; whence it plucked a leaf to carry back to the patriarch as a proof that the diluvian waters were rapidly subsiding: and we also find that the Assyrian rivers which originally marked the situation of Eden, retained the same geographical relations after the earth had been a second time replenished with inhabitants. Mr. Granville Penn is aware of these objections and meets them in the following manner.

“The vegetation which invested the mineral surface rendered dry by the *second* revolution, cannot be ascribed to any other cause than that which invested with vegetation the mineral surface rendered dry by the *first* revolution.—Had the same earth remained, vegetation could not have ensued by virtue of any known law of what we term nature; for the universal lodgment of the sea upon its surface, for nearly ten months, must, by those laws, have extinguished every principle of germinating life. But it was *not* the same earth; but a *new, brute, marine surface*, in which the seeds of *terrestrial vegetation* had never been sown. It must, therefore, have been called into that vegetation by the same *creative word* which called into vegetation the surface of the *former* earth, when it was first extricated from the waters of the *abyss*.—On the seventeenth day of the twelfth month, we find in this *marine soil* an olive tree in full foliage. This vegetable production cannot, with any assent of reason, be referred to any other cause than the same divine *fiat* which at first commanded, ‘let the earth bring forth the *tree* yielding fruit;’ and which long afterwards caused ‘a gourd to come up in a night.’”

As to the rivers of Eden, he finds that the passage wherein they are described, is a manifest interpolation. Some transcriber of the second chapter of Genesis, wishing to set forth his geographical knowledge had, at an early period after the

Babylonish captivity, appended the illustration in question, in the form of a note; and some other sedulous penman in a later age, ignorant of the distinction between text and commentary, had inserted the marginal additions into the body of the page. There is, says he, an internal critical evidence of an insertion of the 11th, 12th, 13th, and 14th verses, constituting a *parenthesis* interrupting the thread of the narration. It does not, he observes, bear the character of the simple narrative in which it appears; but of a gloss or note of a later age, founded upon the fanciful traditions prevailing with respect to the situation of the ancient *paradise*.—The fluvial description introduced into the four verses cannot, therefore, be regarded, critically, as any part of the Mosaical history; and consequently it can have no weight to affect the strong evidence which has been deduced from that history, and from the sense of the ancient Jewish and Christian churches, of the destruction of the primitive earth by the waters of the deluge.

The mineral geology, we will venture to assert, has nowhere used so much freedom with the sacred record, nor assumed at the expence of the holy text such ample *data* for the foundation of its argument. The pious author, notwithstanding, gives himself due honour for his strict adherence in every part of his theory to the literal statement of Scripture; asseverating, from time to time, that within the limits of his scheme must all speculations be confined which would aspire to the quality of sound geology. Upon this legitimate ground, he exclaims, “those many valuable writers, who have unwisely lent their science to uphold and propagate the vicious doctrine of a chaotic *geogony*, may geologize with full security; and may there concur to promote that true advancement of *natural* philosophy, which Newton holds to be inseparable from a proportionate advancement of the *moral*. They may thus at length succeed in perfecting a true *philosophical geology*; which never can exist, unless the principle of Newton form the foundation, and the *revelation* of Moses the *working plan*. Beyond the limit of this scheme, is the region of shadow and phantasm. What we cannot find within it, is not permitted to the sphere of our real knowledge.”

It affords to Mr. Granville Penn a powerful argument in favour of his theory, that every thing connected with it is done *with a great saving of time*. The “new, brute, mineral earth,” was provided with an ample vegetation, and had olive trees in full foliage, long before the waters were removed from its surface; and the primitive strata, which, according

to the vulgar geology, are thought to be the product of a progressive crystallization, are described by this author as the effect of a single and direct act of creative energy. Does the mineral geology, he demands, form its notions of the Creator by so abject a standard as to imagine that his infinite intelligence created for himself *an interest* or an *amusement of curiosity*, in watching the precipitation and crystallization of the elements of his *muddy spheroid*, because *itself* watches for several hours, with patient and solemn sagacity, the progress of crystallization *in its own phial!* The *vast length of time* which this sinister choice is necessarily obliged to call in for its own defence, could only be requisite to the Creator for *overcoming difficulties*; it therefore chooses to suppose that he created obstructions in matter to resist and retard the perfecting of the work which he designed.

Does not the Mosaical geology, according to the hypothesis of Mr. Granville Penn, represent the all-wise Creator bursting and fracturing, on the third day, the strata which had been formed only two days before, in order to make a bed for the waters which enveloped the globe? The mineral geology, most assuredly, has never yet devised any such expedient, nor subjected the "Infinite Intelligence" to so abject a standard.

Maintaining that the land which had been occupied before the flood by men and other animals, is now covered by the sea, the author finds himself at issue with Professor Buckland, relative to the conclusions which the latter has drawn from the bones discovered in the cave at Kirkdale. His views on this part of the subject are contained in the "Supplement" to his Comparative Estimate; and are, upon the whole, extremely ingenious, and not altogether unworthy of the attention of the mineral geologist.

The main difficulty in the *hyæna-den hypothesis*, as Mr. Granville Penn chuses to designate the speculations of Professor Buckland, arises from the inadmissible nature of the *postulatum* on which it is made to rest; namely, that all the animals whose remains are found in the caves of Germany and England, elephants, rhinoceroses, hippopotamuses, bears, tigers, and hyænas, must have lived, multiplied, and died in these countries. After examining various suppositions which might be employed to account for the existence of such a mass of bones, in a region of the earth where the zoological species to which they must have belonged, are no longer found to be indigenous, Mr. Buckland acknowledges that the only remaining hypothesis which occurs to him is that "they (the animals) were dragged into the cave for food by



the hyænas, who caught their prey in the immediate vicinity of their den; and as they could not have dragged it home from any great distance, it follows that the animals they fed on all lived and died not far from the spot where their remains are found."

Mr. Penn opposes this inference on two grounds; first, because the reasoning which is used in order to support it, is extremely unsatisfactory in itself; and secondly, because it is clearly and avowedly inconsistent with his particular views relative to the Mosaical geology.

On the former of these heads he adduces no fewer than nine objections; one of which is, that it does not appear from natural history, that it is of the nature of hyænas, or of any other beasts of prey, to convey their booty to a *den*, and that always the *same den*, and there to devour or reserve it. A hyæna's den, he maintains, is, as well as a lion's den, a mere fiction of childhood or of fabulous history, and altogether unknown to the traveller and the naturalist. He asserts, too, the extreme improbability that hyænas would engage in the "reflective and tardy" operation of separating pieces from the carcass of a large animal, in order to convey them through a small orifice, either by individual labour, or by acting conjointly with others. Mr. Buckland finds it necessary to suppose, that the hyænas of Yorkshire did regularly dissect elephants and other huge carcasses, and convey them piecemeal into the den, in order to account for the "broken and splintered fragments of the larger animals being found co-extensively with the rest in the *inmost and smallest recesses*." This, however, says our author, does not appear from *natural history*, to be one among the instincts with which the Creator has endowed the ravenous hyæna or any other voracious quadruped. They do not sever their prey into pieces, and reserve it for future feasts.

Mr. Penn farther amuses himself with a review of the small expedients to which the professor is compelled to have recourse, in order to maintain the consistency of his hypothesis. For example, it is somewhat puzzling to observe, that, amidst the numerous relics of the elephant, the rhinoceros, the hippopotamus, the horse, the ox, the deer, the hare, and the rabbit, there should be no skeletons of the hyænas themselves. Mr. Buckland conjectures, that they were occasionally killed and devoured by the stronger individuals of *their own species*, and that both young and old *were always eaten up after natural death*. He imagines, too, that the remains of the last survivors are now missing, because "they rushed out of the den and fled for safety to the hills, on the rise of the diluvial

waters;" and that the sole cause of the perfect state of the bones of an hyæna detected at Lawford, was, that it *was the last individual* of the extirpated race, and therefore *could have had no survivors to devour its bones*. The professor is obliged to admit, at the same time, that "we have no positive evidence that it is the habit of *modern hyænas* to devour the bones of their own species."

But, in the second place, the hyæna hypothesis is in direct contradiction to the principles of the Mosaical geology; and this, says Mr. Granville Penn, constitutes the most weighty and really important objection. It admits not of any doubt in the mind of this pious and indefatigable author, that all the bones found in rocks and caves were first put in motion by the waters of the general deluge; conveyed to the several latitudes where they are now found; and finally sunk to the bottom of the primitive sea; which, according to hypothesis, is now the dry land. The channel of the great deep is supposed to have consisted generally of a thick layer of limestone in a soft or muddy state; into which the bones descended by their specific gravity, and were afterwards encrusted in the calcareous paste, when assuming the consistency of rock. Into those parts of the primitive ocean which are now Germany and England, a great variety of animal remains appears to have been transported; and as these portions of the globe have been recently subjected to the prying inspection of mineral geologists, the wrecks of the former earth have been accidentally brought to light, ascertained, and classified, and finally made the subject of philosophical investigation. This is the substance of Mr. Granville Penn's theory, and on the strength of it,

"He adventures to observe, with that respectful and *reluctant* frankness which an upright mind will not regard as hostile in such a question, that the eminent Professor of Mineralogy concedes too much to the authority of the *phenomena*, and too little to the authority of the *history*; too much to the *numerous revolutions* of Cuvier; and too little to the *binary revolutions*, lucidly indicated and distinctly limited by Moses."

The face of the earth which we now see is the "primitive ruin," as Mr. Granville chuses to describe it, which was effected by the direct agency of Divine power on the third day; and which continued under water 1656 years. The flood, in the time of Noah, according to the same authority, was occasioned by the depression of the old land, and by the irruption of the ocean into the new bed which was thereby formed for its reception; a process in no respect well fitted to explain the deposition of the diluvial remains in the sup-

posed layer of calcareous paste which is understood to have lined the bottom of the original seas. As the channel of the primitive ocean would be entirely emptied by the transference of its waters into this new channel, we are at a loss to perceive how the skeletons of the animals which were destroyed by this event, should be found encrusted in limestone-strata formed at the bottom of that ocean. This is a difficulty which Mr. Penn has not attempted to remove. But, passing over this obvious objection, we suspect that the short period assigned to the Mosaical diluvium, would not be found sufficient for stripping the various tribes of animals of their flesh and skin, and for separating their skeletons into those splintered bones and fragments which meet the eye of the mineralogists in the caves of England and Germany. Besides, as the waters are supposed to have rushed from the present land, which was formerly sea, into the bed of the present sea, which was formerly land, is it not to be presumed, that all the moveable substances would obey the impulse of the current, and be carried into the deep? It is therefore at the bottom of the present sea, and not on the land, that we should expect to find the remains of antediluvian elephants, rhinoceri, and hippopotami.

The Mosaical account of the flood most certainly affords no warrant for the singular views, in regard to it, which Mr. Granville Penn is pleased to entertain. On the smooth surface of the waters, on which the ark floated so many months, we can no doubt easily imagine that the carcasses of animals would also float; and were we told, that when the waters subsided, the remains of those animals were deposited in the mud which, during the continuance of the deluge, had formed at the bottom, we should not find it very hard to yield our credence to any hypothesis founded upon such a statement. But a theory which requires the very improbable accommodation of circumstances which is contained in the following paragraph, shocks our belief, while it excites our ridicule and contempt.

“The tremendous concussions and collisions which the framework of many of such vast congeries of floating bodies must have sustained, from the force and conflicts of the waves dashing them against each other in their long and tempestuous traverse, and from the force likewise of the oceanic vortices which finally precipitated them downwards on their mineral bed, and plunged them promiscuously, thus shattered, within it, will be readily apprehended by contemplating the enormous power exercised by the same terrific agents in crashing and engulfing the stoutest frameworks of floating vessels subjected to their fury; and the skeletons, thus va-

riously and violently dislocated and fractured within their integuments, would have been prepared to separate their parts, when the flesh and the integuments should eventually have perished."

Does the Mosanical record give any countenance to the supposition of such tremendous concussions and collisions, such force and conflict of waves, and such oceanic vortices? And who, before the era of Mr. Granville Penn, ever imagined that the action of a troubled water would dislocate and fracture the bones of animals, still covered with flesh and skin, to such a degree, that when the integuments had decayed, the skeleton would instantly fall asunder. Besides, it has always been used as one of the strongest arguments against the supposition that the bones of Kirkdale and similar caverns have been carried from any distance, that, so far from bearing decided marks of friction, the smallest processes of the joints have not even been rounded off, but appear as entire and unworn as those of bones newly taken out of a grave. There has not, therefore, been any of those tremendous concussions and collisions which the "framework" of the skeletons of antediluvian bodies are imagined to have sustained. Such conflict of waves and oceanic vortices are altogether the creation of Mr. Penn's prolific brain, equally inconsistent with probability and the sacred narrative.

The absence of human bones among those of the inferior animals has been the occasion of various conjectures in the philosophical world. It has been thought probable, for instance, that the convulsion of nature which destroyed those animals, of which the relics are collected in most countries of the world, must have taken place before the human race had extended itself to any great distance from its parent seat. This inquiry, however, creates no difficulty to our author. He is satisfied that the bones of all the men and women who were upon the earth, when Noah entered the ark, are lodged at the bottom of the sea. "There must," says he, "have been an extreme difference in the condition of the two orders of beings, *brute* and *human*, under the circumstances of that tremendous catastrophe." The former, he thinks, would allow themselves to be swept away wherever they happened to be overtaken by the rising waters. Surprised by the sudden subsidence of the land, they must have been taken off by the inundation, and launched upon the surface of the advancing sea. The human population, on the other hand, are supposed to have yielded to the influence of fear, and with one consent retreated from the waters, drawing themselves towards the centre of a circle, which was continually diminishing.

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"Until at length," says Mr. Penn, "assembled in a multitudinous mass in the narrow central interior, they would not have been washed into the waters, and carried away by any *reflux*; because they would not have been absorbed into the *vortex* created by the *conflux* of the two seas meeting from the opposite hemispheres, on the subsidence of the last intervening land; and would thus have been carried downward with violence into the *profundity* of the *new sea*, and there their exuviae must for ever remain uninvestigable by man."

Such views are extremely convenient for a theorist. The whole human race, as if instructed by Mr. G. Penn, collect themselves into a flock, and are buried where they stood. The brutes, on the contrary, to suit his purpose, are carried off one by one, and are deposited at the bottom of the old sea; the rush and assault of which had swept them away. It was the *reflux*, however, we should add, which, in opposition to the current, took them to the very place whence the waters came. But, after all, the brutes were as likely to run to the hills as the men were, and fully better qualified to make good their retreat; for the instinctive fear of death, on their part, would communicate to their limbs a degree of motion not less prompt and unincumbered, than the reflection and terror of man would produce in his limbs. This imagination, therefore, entertained by Mr. Granville Penn, is as gratuitous and groundless as his disruptions and bursting of the primitive rocks, the second day after they were made, to make room for a sea, the existence of which seems not till then to have been contemplated.

This Mosaical geology, therefore, brings no acceptable tribute either to philosophy or to religion. It attempts an union of two things which have nothing in common, and which cannot be associated without sustaining a mutual injury. It claims a divine authority for the most incoherent speculations that ever were obtruded upon the world under the name of science. It loads the inspired record with a tissue of fanciful hypotheses, and goes as far as it can to convert the oracles of faith into the text-book of a very disputable geology. We again declare, however, that the motives of the author appear to us to be not only perfectly pure, but even laudable and benevolent. He wishes well at once to science and to revealed religion; but we are compelled to add, his labours tend most obviously and directly to the disparagement of both.

ART. VII. *The Deformed Transformed. A Drama. By the Right Hon. Lord Byron.* 8vo. 88 pp. 5s. Hunt. 1824.

OF all literary productions the most uninteresting, because the most unnatural, is the *closet drama*. It is unnatural, because a drama not designed for action implies a contradiction; the very meaning of the word being an *acted* poem. For this fashionable literary monstrosity we have principally to thank the vitiated taste in dramatic matters which has long been prevalent among us. Shakspeare, indeed, as it should seem, for very shame, has never entirely been banished our stage; but so great has been the popular addiction to shew and spectacle, that it has produced among ourselves exactly what a similar propensity on the part of the Roman Public produced in the Augustan age; it has deterred dramatists of real ability from risking an appeal to theatrical audiences, before which their literary merit possessed so small, or, perhaps, so disadvantageous an influence on the probabilities of their success. Hence these persons

“ ——— se lectori credere maluit,  
Quam spectatoris fastidia ferre superbi;”

and have formed a new class of poets, whose peculiarities may be imagined to be somewhat analogous to those of such musical composers as, living among a people of disordered ears, should choose to write their music only for the eye.

We do not deny, however, that there are many compositions of great poetical merit to be found in this class of writing; nor do we forget that among those who have sanctioned and cultivated it, is to be found no less a name than that of Milton. But the *Samson Agonistes*, although never designed to be acted, differs essentially from the *closet dramas* of the present day; it is written in a style of *acted* drama, which has become obsolete; and we may, therefore, read it with no less interest than we should one of the Greek tragedies. Nearly the same observations are applicable to the more recent dramatic poems of Milman. The ordinary modern *closet drama*, on the other hand, betrays its object throughout; and to become in the slightest degree agreeable to the reader, it must atone for its want of dramatic excellence, by a more than usual degree of poetical beauty. It is this which compels the mind of a reader to the spells of *Prospero*, and to all the manifold witcheries of the *Midsummer Night's Dream*. But “within that circle none durst walk but he,” who called all these marvels into existence; and even those

dramas, although we think all attempts at producing them on the stage injudicious, were yet written for representation; and, doubtless, derive from this circumstance much of that apparent possibility which would give them an interest independently of their high poetical character. At the present day, however, it is the fashion to write dramas *which are designed not to be acted*, a fact which the writers seem to feel in every passage; the feeling is soon communicated to the reader, who is uninterested in the narrative, and who is accordingly only to be retained by the exertions of the poet.

In this eccentric species of the "*genus vatum*," (and we might most truly add the epithet which Horace has chosen, as far as regards the subject of this article) Lord Byron has long been conspicuous; and though it may seem a paradoxical sentiment, after what we have said respecting the closet dramatist, we can sincerely aver that we hope, as long as he continues to entertain his present opinions, he will not present himself to the public in any other class of poetry.

The "*Deformed Transformed*" possesses, in an eminent degree, the characteristic defects of its species. Aristotle, in his *Treatise on Poetry*, has not failed to class stage effect among the ingredients of the drama—a subordinate ingredient it indeed is; yet it is no less an ingredient. It is the presence of this, which renders a well-acted play on the stage of greater interest than the same in the closet; and it is the complete impossibility of its presence, which has driven the closet dramatist to an artifice wholly unworthy of a poet, whereby he degrades his office to that of the scene painter and property-maker. Instead of being left to collect from the visions of the poet the scene which floated before his raptured eye, the reader is coolly told (to take an instance from the work now under our consideration) in a few parenthetical italics, that "*the guards defend themselves desperately, while the Pontiff escapes by a private passage to the Vatican, and the castle of St. Angelo!!!*" This is surpassing prompter's copies themselves. In the works of the Greek dramatists, *where there are no stage directions*, the reader is as completely, and far more delightfully, informed of his "*whereabout*," than in the most elaborate bye-notices of the most elaborate closet dramas ever written. Within the first few lines of the *Œdipus in Colonus*, Sophocles has given us a beautiful instance of his independence of all such unworthy artifices. The blind Œdipus asks his daughter to describe the place in which they are:—in return to which question she says,

"Πάρος, ραλαίωσ' Οἰδίποδ' ἄργον μιν, οἱ  
 πόλιν στήσων, ὡς ἀπ' ὀρέων, πρόσω·  
 χώρος δ' ὁδ' ἱερὸς, ὡς σάφ' εἰκασαί, βρύων  
 δάφνης, θάλας, ἀμύλας ΠΥΚΝΟΪΤΕΡΟΙΔ'  
 ΕΞΩ ΚΑΤ' ΑΥΤΟΝ ΕΥΤΟΜΟΥΣ ΑΗΑΟΝΕΣ.  
 Οὐ κἄλα κάμψον τῶδ' ἐν' ἀλλοτρε κίτρου·"

Now who does not see that this exquisite passage would be miserably exchanged for [ "*Scene — A grove of laurel, olive-trees, and vines. A low rock in front. The ramparts of Athens in the back-ground. Nightingales singing among the trees!*" ] The works of the best dramatists abound with similar instances. We have selected the preceding, however, as found in an author in whose writings no stage directions are extant. In Shakspeare the case is otherwise. Very cumbrous stage directions accompany his plays, by whatever hand they may have been written. Yet they might, for the most part, be omitted without detriment to the readers of his plays. But where shall we find, in any other dramatic writer, the clearness and beauty of the choruses in Shakspeare's Henry V.? In an acted play, objections may justly be taken to such a method of informing spectators of the plot; but in a mere narrative dialogue, like our closet dramas, such a practice could violate no dramatic illusion; for nothing of this kind can exist in them.

Every one must recollect the incomparable tragedy of the "*Rovers*," in the *Antijacobin*; but the stage regulations and directions to the actors are scarcely given with greater precision in that exquisite burlesque than in this drama by Lord Byron. So complete indeed are they, that, premising our author's advertisement, we shall proceed to give almost the whole narrative (such as it is) in these copious directions.

"This production," says our author, "is founded, partly, on the story of a novel, called '*The Three Brothers*,' published many years ago, from which Mr. G. Lewis's '*Wood Demon*' was also taken; and partly on the '*Faust*' of the great Goethe. The present publication contains the two first parts only, and the opening chorus of the third. The rest may, perhaps, appear hereafter."

The plot, as far as it can be analyzed, since it is not as yet developed, is as follows: Arnold, the deformed person, is disgusted with the insults and unkindnesses heaped upon him by all his acquaintance, and more especially by his mother, who sends him into the woods to work.

"He begins to cut wood; in doing this, he wounds one of his hands. He goes to a spring and stoops to wash his hand: he starts back. He pauses. He places the knife in the ground with the point upwards. As he rushes to throw himself upon the knife,



his eye is suddenly caught by the fountain, which seems in motion. A cloud comes from the fountain. He stands gazing on it; it is dispelled, and a tall black man comes towards him."

Thus far in the very words of the stage direction which we shall presently resume.

Between this "tall black man" and Arnold a conversation ensues, in which the stranger offers him a change of form; "he takes some of Arnold's blood in his hand, and casts it into the fountain" with this invocation, which we quote as a tolerable specimen of the general character of the poetry :

"Shadows of beauty!  
 Shadows of power!  
 Rise to your duty—  
 This is the hour!  
 Walk lovely and pliant  
 From the depth of this fountain.  
 As the cloud-shapen giant  
 Bestrides the Hartz mountain\*.  
 Come as ye were,  
 That our eyes may behold  
 The model in air  
 Of the form I will mould,  
 Bright as the Iris  
 When ether is spanned;—  
 Such *his* desire is, : [*Pointing to ARNOLD.*  
 Such my command!  
 Demons heroic—  
 Demons who wore  
 The form of the Stoic  
 Or Sophist of yore—  
 Or the shape of each Victor,  
 From Macedon's boy  
 To each high Roman's picture,  
 Who breathed to destroy—  
 Shadows of Beauty!  
 Shadows of Power!  
 Up to your duty—  
 This is the hour!" P. 17.

When this is ended, "various phantoms arise from the waters, and pass in succession before the stranger and Arnold." These represent severally, Julius Cæsar, Alcibiades, Socrates, Antony, Demetrius Poliorcetes, and Achilles. Of all these Arnold has his choice; which, at length, settles on

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\* "This is a well-known German superstition—a gigantic shadow produced by reflection on the Broken."

the last. "The stranger" then "takes some earth and moulds it along the turf, and then addresses the phantom of Achilles:"

"Beautiful Shadow  
Of Thetis's boy!  
Who sleeps in the meadow  
Whose grass grows o'er Troy:  
From the red earth, like Adam\*,  
Thy likeness I shape,  
As the Being who made him,  
Whose actions I ape.  
Thou clay, be all glowing,  
Till the rose in his cheek  
Be as fair as, when blowing,  
It wears its first streak!  
Ye violets! I scatter,  
Now turn into eyes!  
And thou sunshiny water,  
Of blood take the guise!  
Let these hyacinth boughs  
Be his long, flowing hair,  
And wave o'er his brows,  
As thou wavest in air!  
Let his heart be this marble  
I tear from the rock!  
But his voice as the warble  
Of birds on yon oak!  
Let his flesh be the purest  
Of mould, in which grew  
The lily-root surest,  
And drank the best dew!  
Let his limbs be the lightest  
Which clay can compound!  
And his aspect the brightest  
On earth to be found!  
Elements, near me,  
Be mingled and stirred,  
Know me, and hear me,  
And leap to my word!  
Sunbeams, awaken  
This earth's animation!  
'Tis done! He hath taken  
His stand in Creation!" P. 29.

"Arnold falls senseless; his soul passes into the shape of Achilles, which rises from the ground; while the phantom has disappeared, part by part, as the figure was formed from the earth."

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\* "Adam means 'red earth,' from which the first man was formed."

The only difficulty now undisposed of, is, what is to become of Arnold's late mortal tabernacle. This, however, is not long an obstacle to our mysterious stranger, whose character is now pretty well understood; he generously offers to immure himself in this unamiable exterior; but in order to effect the metempsychosis, he is obliged to have recourse to another incantation; with the whole of which we think it unnecessary to burden our readers. It begins with the following Hudibrastic lines.

“ Clay! not dead, but *soul-less!*  
 Though no man would choose thee,  
 An immortal *no less*  
 Deigns not to refuse thee,  
 Clay thou art; and unto spirit  
 All clay is of equal merit,  
 Fire! *without* which nought can live;  
 Fire! but in which nought can live,  
 Save the fabled salamander,  
 Or immortal souls which wander,  
 Praying what doth not forgive,  
 Howling for a drop of water,  
 Burning in a quenchless lot:  
 Fire! the only element  
 Where nor fish, beast, bird, nor worm,  
 Save the worm which dieth not,  
 Can preserve a moment's form,  
 But must with thyself be blent:” &c. &c. P. 33.

The spice of impiety with which these lines are seasoned is almost too contemptible for notice; however, it is not out of character. The tall black personage proceeds with his invocation to *fire*, in which, judging from the frigidity of the lines, we were at first surprized that he should have any chance of success; but the phenomenon is accounted for when we find that in obedience to his invocation, “an Ignis-FATUUS flits through the wood, and rests on the brow of the body.” The stranger disappears:—the body rises; and the metamorphosed Arnold and his successor converse upon their future destinations. The former seems not particularly happy to find that his new benefactor has resolved to accompany his fortunes. The mysterious personage, however, tranquillizes him by the information that he will “find him useful on his pilgrimage;” and only desires to know whither Arnold wishes to betake himself. To which the latter replies:

“ Where the world  
 Is thickest, that I may behold it in  
 Its workings.

STRANGER.

That's to say, where there is War  
And Woman in activity. Let's see!  
Spain—Italy—the new Atlantic world—  
Afric with all its Moors. In very truth,  
There is small choice: the whole race are just now  
Tugging as usual at each other's hearts.

ARNOLD.

I have heard great things of Rome.

STRANGER.

A goodly choice—  
And scarce a better to be found on earth,  
Since Sodom was put out. The field is wide too;  
For now the Frank, and Hun, and Spanish Scion  
Of the old Vandals, are at play along  
The sunny shores of the world's garden.

ARNOLD.

How  
Shall we proceed?

STRANGER.

Like gallants, on good coursers.  
What ho! my chargers! Never yet were better,  
Since Phaeton was upset into the Po.  
Our Pages too!

*Enter two Pages, with four coal-black Horses.*

ARNOLD.

A noble sight!

STRANGER.

And of  
A noble breed. Match me in Barbary,  
Or your Kochlani race of Araby  
With these!

ARNOLD.

The mighty steam, which volumes high  
From their proud nostrils, burns the very air;  
And sparks of flame, like dancing fire-flies, wheel  
Around their manes, as common insects swarm  
Round common steeds towards sunset." P. 35.

The latter passage is the only scintillation of poetic fire which we are able to discover in the whole work. Arnold and his companion agree to take the names of Count Arnold and Cæsar; and after the latter has sung the praises of his steed, "they mount their horses and disappear." Our next introduction to the parties is under the walls of Rome, in the army of the Constable Bourbon, who is laying siege to that city. In this scene we will not tire the patience of our

readers by quoting at length,—suffice it to observe that the following is part of the dialogue :

“ ARNOLD.  
 Dog !  
 CÆSAR.  
 Man !  
 ARNOLD.  
 Devil !  
 CÆSAR.  
 Your obedient, humble servant !”

This is intended, too, for a blank verse. The following passages, broken into blank by his Lordship, we propose to our readers to be similarly arranged, if they will undertake the problem.

“ ARNOLD.  
 ——— To-morrow sounds the assault with the first cock-crow.

CÆSAR.  
 Which, if it end with the evening's first nightingale, will be something new in the annals of great sieges : for men must have their prey after long toil.

ARNOLD.  
 The sun goes down as calmly, and, perhaps, more beautifully, than he did on Rome on the day Remus leapt her wall.

CÆSAR.  
 I saw him.

ARNOLD.  
 You !

CÆSAR.  
 Yes, sir. You forget I am or was Spirit, till I took up with your cast shape and a worse name. I'm Cæsar and a hunch-back now. Well ! the first of Cæsars was a bald-head, and loved his laurels better as a wig, (so history says) than as a glory. Thus the world runs on, but we'll be merry still, &c.” P. 43.

This interesting and animated conversation is broken off by the following no less animated “ Song of the Soldiers within.”

“ The Black Bands came over  
 The Alps and their snow,  
 With Bourbon, the Rover,  
 They past the broad Po.  
 We have beaten all foemen,  
 We have captured a king,  
 We have turned back on *no men*,  
 And so let us sing !  
 Here's the Bourbon for ever !  
 Though penniless all,

We'll have one more endeavour  
At yonder old wall.  
With the Bourbon we'll *gather*  
At day-dawn before  
The gates, and *together*  
Or break or climb o'er  
The wall: on the ladder  
As mounts each firm foot,  
Our shout shall grow gladder,  
And death only be mute.  
With the Bourbon we'll mount o'er  
The walls of old Rome,  
And who then shall count o'er  
The spoils of each dome?  
Up! up! with the lily!  
And down with the keys!  
In old Rome, the *Seven-hilly*,  
We'll revel at ease:  
Her streets shall be gory,  
Her Tyber all red,  
And her temples so hoary  
Shall clang with our tread.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the *Bourbon!*  
The Bourbon for aye!  
Of our song bear the *burthen!*  
And fire, fire away!  
With Spain for the *vanguard*,  
Our varied host comes?  
And next to the *Spaniard*  
Beat Germany's drums;  
And Italy's lances  
Are couched at their mother;  
But our leader from *France is*,  
Who warred with his brother.  
Oh, the Bourbon! the Bourbon!  
Sans country or home,  
We'll follow the Bourbon,  
To plunder old Rome." P. 46.

On which Cæsar observes:

"An indifferent song  
For those within the walls, methinks, to hear."

We entirely agree with him, and in this case, we doubt not our readers, who, like the soldiers, have "borne the burden" of this song, will do the same. Shortly after enters, "the Constable Bourbon, *cum suis*, &c. &c. &c." Then takes place "the assault; the army in motion, with ladders to scale the walls; Bourbon, WITH A WHITE SCARF OVER

HIS ARMOUR, foremost." While some "*Spirits in the air*" are singing a "*chorus*," "*Bourbon, Arnold, Cæsar and others, arrive at the foot of the wall. Arnold is about to plant his ladder—Bourbon plants his ladder and begins to mount. A shot strikes him, and Bourbon falls. Bourbon takes Arnold by the hand and rises; but, as he puts his foot on the step, falls again,*" and "*dies. Arnold covers Bourbon's body with a mantle and mounts the ladder; Cæsar follows Arnold; they reach the battlement; Arnold and Cæsar are struck down.*" Cæsar however manages to enter the city; and here Arnold and he encounter the sculptor Cellini, "*who slew the Bourbon from the wall;*" on which piece of information Arnold pithily remarks :

"Aye, did he so?

Then hath he CARVED HIS MONUMENT."

All that takes place after the hero enters the city is not easily understood. There is, however, a lady called Olympia, who is the object of contest between Arnold and several of the soldiers, and who, at last "*dashes herself upon the pavement from the altar.*" Although, to use the newspaper formula, "*her skull is so dreadfully fractured that there is little hope of her recovery*" by ordinary means; it seems probable that, by the kind attentions of Dr. Cæsar, who is at present attending her, she will revive in the third part; unless the doctor himself should prove not quite so immortal as his noble parent, doubtless, supposes him; a contingency which we think, extremely probable. A transformation indeed, must take place in every principle of taste and judgment before any part of a work like the present can possess intrinsically the requisites for immortality.

Although the distinguishing features of this drama are insipidity and unmeaningness, there is one still more serious which calls for unqualified censure. Right feeling and good taste have succeeded eminently in banishing from the stage profane appeals to the Deity. Many persons, however, who most justly condemn this indecent and irreverent practice, deprecate it on any but the right ground. With an inconsistency not easily to be explained, they frequent the theatres, and relish the drama; and yet cannot divest themselves of a certain indistinct notion that a playhouse is a place *non solum*, profane; and that as profane swearing in a church would be a great aggravation and blasphemy; so the introduction of sacred names or ideas on the stage is far more revolting than the same thing would be when done in an *unacted* work of fiction. Now for our own parts, we con-

ceive the stage to be only one vehicle by which intellectual pleasure is afforded to the public; and why it should be a criminal levity to introduce sacred allusions there, while it is held perfectly allowable to deepen the interest of the novel or closet drama with the most lavish and solemn introductions of the holy name, we do not understand. We hold the stage no more unhallowed than the fire-side; nor do we believe that sacred names and sacred things, when seasonably alluded to, are more profaned by the pen of Shakspeare, the lips of an actor, and the ears of a theatrical audience, than when recited by a father or a brother to a family party. We are the more anxious to insist on this point, because the practice has become prevalent with authors, the tendency of whose writings would otherwise be moral and religious; and we are desirous to destroy a feeling respecting the stage, the extension of which would contribute in a great degree towards producing the very evil which it imagines. Lord Byron's speculative blasphemy is never so well attired as not to be either disgusting or contemptible, and it is often both; neither his occasional power can render it injurious, nor the authority of his example popular. But he has, we fear, been instrumental in sanctioning and promoting a practice, which, in a greater or lesser degree, disgraces almost all our modern works of imagination; and the present work, without a single point of redemption, is liberally imbued with these offensive expressions. It has been remarked that Satan, in the *Paradise Regained*, has exchanged all the terrible yet admirable attributes of the

" Chief of many throned powers,  
Who led the embattled seraphim to war;"

for the low artifices and meddling stratagems of a plebeian demon. It has been supposed that this was not without design on the part of Milton, who wished thereby to inculcate the debasement which a long continuance in sin could effect in the sublimest intelligences. If we know Lord Byron, he will not disdain a comparison with a being of the stamp of the Satan of *Paradise Lost*; but we must continue the parallel: his Lordship has been so long conversant in his writings with obscenity, blasphemy, and immorality, that his "soul gets clotted with contagion," and the reader who compares the hero of his Cain with the Cæsar of his last production, cannot but exclaim "How art thou fallen, O Lucifer!" When Lord Byron first fell, he assailed our minds with the deformities, but still sometimes with the sublimities of hell; these, however, are now discarded, and the admi-



ration which fascinated our reluctant gaze on the impure spirit, is no more: he appears in his natural malignity and deformity. If he cannot raise himself to the poetical heaven whence he has been so deplorably exiled, it is to be hoped that he will still remain in the "lowest deep," in which his present production leaves him, rather than again occupy his former bad eminence.

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**ART. VIII.** *The Hecuba of Euripides, literally translated into English Prose from the Text of Porson; with the Greek Order, English Accentuation, and Metres; to which are added, numerous Explanatory Notes, for the Use of Students.* By T. C. Edwards, M.A. *Author of the First Principles of Algebra, and several other much-approved Works.* 8vo. 86 pp. 8s. Key. 1822.

*Ditto Medea, ditto Phœnissæ, ditto &c. &c.*

A MORE effectual method could hardly be devised, for impeding the progress of classical learning, than that of furnishing the student with *literal* translations, in the vernacular tongue, of those authors of antiquity who are usually read in schools. The mischief which it does, is of a two-fold kind. It makes the work of construing completely mechanical; the process of investigation, analysis, and combination, which ought to go on in the scholar's mind, is ready done to his hand; so that there is no exertion of intellect: nothing but a bare exercise of memory. The consequence of this is, that there is little or no accession made to general knowledge. A boy learns by rote the order and meaning of the words in a particular passage; but it is by rote only: he does not *make it out* for himself; and, therefore, if the same construction be proposed to him in *another* passage, without the same aid, he will be as much at a loss as if he had never seen it before. This is one evil. The other mischief which this plan is calculated to produce, is the utter destruction of taste. Scarcely in any instance can a *literal* translation be a *good* translation. The very expression of *idiom*, implies something in one language which is peculiar to it, and cannot be expressed by the same arrangement or set of words in another. A literal translation, therefore, as it must preserve the idioms of the original language, cannot itself be idiomatic; that is, it must be incorrect and inelegant. The use of such a translation

then is a sure way to ruin a boy's taste, and to spoil his English, without teaching him Greek or Latin correctly. A student, imbued with the spirit of antiquity, attaches no ridiculous idea to the phrase *ἑκνήμιδες Ἀχαιοί*, but what school-boy has not laughed at the *bene ocreati Achivi*, "the well-booted Grecians" of Clarke's Homer?

Our principal objection, however, to this plan, is this; that it spares the scholar all that trouble and research which we conceive are absolutely required, to fix in his mind any thing like exact knowledge. Who will deny, that the degree of accuracy, with which an ancient author is understood, is in proportion to the pains and carefulness with which he is read.

The best plan of all, in reading Greek, is to take author by author; to note down in each all the words and phrases which occasion difficulty; to compare them together; and to arrive at an exact philological knowledge, by a careful collation of each author with himself and with others. The next best method is, to read an author with the aid of a good lexicon, which furnishes a copious and well-selected body of examples. The *next* is, to refer occasionally to a *good* Latin translation or paraphrase; the very worst of all, to use a literal English version. It was by pursuing the first of these methods, that the great restorers of Greek literature attained to an extent of erudition which has been hardly known to late times. Joseph Scaliger, we know, made himself master of Greek, without either grammar or lexicon. He was *one* of those giants upon the earth; Buddæus, H. Stephens, Victorius, Leopardus, Casaubon, are a few more names which may be cited in confirmation of what we advance\*.

It is by having access to the last of these sources of knowledge, or rather, of ignorance, that a boy is enabled to pass through a public school, and to acquit himself decently in the task of construing Greek and Latin, without acquiring any real knowledge of those languages. The same evil results from the abominable practice of a tutor's construing his pupil's lessons to him.

Mr. Edwards then has the singular merit of having adopted and proposed to the world with considerable pretension and confidence, the very worst plan that could have been devised for the interests of sound learning. He has also the additional merit; and, in this case, we really think it is a merit—of having executed his task very ill. He informs us, that "ten years have rolled away since he had the pleasure of filling the mathematical desk of Dr. Burney's school." If he

had filled it with his classical lucubrations, and then had lost the key, the world could have borne the loss. He further states, that "the vicissitudes of fortune, since he left Greenwich, have placed him in a variety of attitudes, not always agreeable, nor always useful." That any of Mr. Edwards's attitudes should have been disagreeable, we much regret: that they have not always been useful, his literal translations testify. He is pleased to specify the exact attitude in which they were undertaken; for he tells us, that he is "at last sitten down to lucubrate on the scenic compositions of the Greeks." In his Dedication, of the *Phoenissæ* to a Mr. Clayfield, he celebrates that gentleman's "numerous acts of disinterested friendship to his (Mr. Edwards's) nephew, both before and after his (Mr. Clayfield's) memorable ascent in the Balloon, in company with Mr. Sadler:" and he asks, in a tone of genuine pathos, "what were David's feelings and mine, in common with many thousands of your fellow-citizens, when we heard you had fallen into the sea?" He then enumerates his pursuits, while resident at Bristol, with a degree of enthusiasm, which makes us believe that he was born for greater things than literal translations of Greek plays;

"There, with the telescope directed to the heavens, was I often surveying the stupendous fabric of the universe, and ascendingly penetrating beyond the limits of the world visible to the naked eye, myriads of miles into boundless space sown thick with orbs of astonishing magnitude and grandeur: and often, by the help of the microscope, descending into the bottomless depth of atoms, was I poring on the tenuity of matter, and examining the structure of animalcula countless in number, and small beyond the utmost power of man's conception."

This is not less philosophically than beautifully expressed. It was reserved for Mr. Edwards to examine with the eye objects too small for the mind to conceive. We now proceed to consider his competency for the task which he has undertaken.

Every schoolboy knows that in the Greek initial diphthongs, the breathing, and the accent, if there be one, are always placed over the second vowel; as αἴμα, οὐρίς. Mr. Edwards, in the Greek text of the *Hecuba*, prints αἴμα, αῦ, ἴν, &c. but in the *Phoenissæ*, he writes, as he tells us, "with more, and, he ventures to think, perfect correctness, αἴμα, αῦ, ἴν." This is absurd enough: but what follows is still more ludicrous. Porson has written, *more attico*, in his edition of Euripides, αἴτός, κλάω, &c. for αἰτός, κλάω, &c. and says, in his Preface to the *Hecuba*, (which Mr. Edwards never read,) "Ἀσὶ,

Piersono jubente, Brunokio non nolente, semper sine diphthongo scripsi, idem facturus in αἶτος, κλάω, et κάω." If Mr. Edwards's "mathematical desk" had been within earshot of the upper class at Greenwich, he would have heard those words over and over again. He writes as follows of the typographical errors in Porson's text: "with blemishes of this sort his Phoenissæ likewise abounds. When he edited κλαίων' Hec. 828. *I did not think him serious*, and therefore I had no hesitation in restoring κλαίων'." Yet in ver. 212. Mr. Edwards prints κλάω. In his Preface to the *Medea*, he says, that "in many instances, where the enclitics σέ, σοῦ, σοί, and the like are emphatic, Porson has retained the accent on them, as, for instance, οὐ σέ, ὡς σοῦ, &c. where *I* have given ὅ σέ, ὅ σοῦ, &c." Is Mr. Edwards then really so ignorant of the subject on which he pretends to ast the critic, as not to know that no emphatic word *can* lose its accent? He is very unmerciful upon preceding critics, for having suffered so many typographical faults to remain in their text of the Greek plays; but he should remember, that they did not enjoy the inestimable advantage of two such coadjutors as those to whom he "acknowledges himself greatly indebted for the uncommon accuracy with which his Greek text is printed; viz. Mr. M'Creery, and his reader, Mr. Grob."

Come we now to prosody. The last syllable of the neuter plural φίλια in *Med.* 137. ἐπὶ μὴ φίλια κέκρανται, we are told, "is lengthened by poetic licence." Ver. 78, of the *Hecuba*, is an anapaestic dimeter, "Ὁς μόνος οἶκον ἄγκυρ' ἄτ' ἐμῶν. Upon which Mr. Edwards remarks, "if the middle syllable of ἄγκυρα be preferably short, I wonder why ἄγκυρά τ' ἔτ' ἐμῶν, or ἄγκυρά θ' ἄτ' ἐμῶν has never been proposed." Mr. Edwards clearly does not know that the middle syllable of ἄγκυρα is always long; and that, if it were short, the last syllable would be long; it must be either ἄγκυρᾶ or ἄγκυρᾱ.

On ver. 82, he observes, "ἄλλ' most likely by digamma ῥῆξ!" Here we have a digamma in Attic poetry, and prefixed to an aspirate word!

In ver. 192, we find μάνυσόν μοι, μάνυσόν μοι, μάτερ, marked thus, — — — | — — — } — — — | — — —. Mr. E. evidently takes it for an anapaestic dimeter, and yet he says in the note, that μάνυσον is for μάνυσον; not knowing that α for η cannot be short, nor that the future in ὕσω has the υ long. For such a mistake as this, a fourth form boy ought to be punished. In ver. 448, πρὸς οἶκον κτηθεῖς is marked thus, — — — — —. In ver. 479, the feminine δαῖλα for δαῖλη is marked — —. In ver. 642, καὶ ἐμῶν is made a cretic foot. In ver. 895, the

E e

first syllable in Ἑλλάνων is marked short. Mr. Edwards imagines, that there must be an exact correspondence of syllables between the verses of the strophe and antistrophe; and therefore because he finds in the antistrophe (Med. 421.) Μοῦσαι δὲ παλαιγενέων, and in the strophe, Ἄνω ποταμῶν ἱερῶν, he marks ἄνω as a spondee. These are only a few specimens of his metrical skill: which, great as it is, is surpassed by his elegance as a translator.

The following samples will exhibit, in a very clear point of view, the advantages which students in Greek may expect to derive from the use of Mr. Edwards's versions towards forming a correct taste, and obtaining a just notion of the beauties of the Greek drama. He has endeavoured, he says, "to be as literal as he could, without being tasteless." The hyphens which occur in the following extracts are Mr. Edwards's own. Our classical readers will recollect the opening of the Hecuba, which literally rendered, would be this.—*I have quitted the secret recess of the dead, and the gates of darkness, where Hades dwells, apart from the [other] gods, and am come hither, Polydorus, son of Hecuba the daughter of Cisseus, and of Priam for a father, who, when a danger of falling by the Grecian force came upon the city of the Phrygians, being alarmed, sent me away secretly out of the Trojan territory, to the house of Polymester, a Thracian connected with him by the ties of hospitality, who cultivates the fertile Chersonesian plain, ruling with his lance a people delighting in horsemanship.*

Now let us hear Mr. Edwards; "*I come, having left the retreat of the dead, and the portals of darkness, where Pluto has his habitation apart from the gods, being Polydore, son of Cisseus's daughter Hecuba, and of father Priam; who, when danger menaced the city of the Phrygians, fearing it might fall by the Grecian spear, secretly sent me from the Trojan realm to the house of Polymester, his Thracian relative, who cultivates the choicest peninsular district, ruling with his lance an equestrian people.*" Thus in the first nine lines there are no less than seven mistranslations; *κευθμῶνα* a retreat, *γεγώς* joined with Πολύδαρος, Πριάμου τε πατρός, and of father Priam, *κίνδυνος ἔσχε*, danger menaced, *δεῖσας* coupled with *δορί* περὶ Ἑλληνικῷ, *ζένος* a relative, *χερσοννησίαν* peninsular.

Ver. 30. Νῦν δ' ὕπὲρ μητρὸς φίλης Ἐκάβης αἰώσω, but now I hover above my mother Hecuba. Every reader of the Hecuba knows that the scene lies at the tent-door of Hecuba, and that the ghost of Polydorus appears before it, probably hovering in the air. Mr. Edwards's version is this; *But*

*at this moment I am hastening upon my dear mother Hecuba.* Ver. 65. *καὶ γὰρ σκολιῶ σκίπτων χερὸς Διερεϊδομένα, and I, leaning on the staff of thy hand.* She calls her attendant's arm a staff, but because a real staff is strait, she adds the epithet *σκολιῶ, curved.* Mr. E. translates it thus, *and I, propping my hand on the tottering staff.* In ver. 166, of the *Œdipus Rex*, *ἤνυσαν ἐκτοπρίαν φλόγα πῆματος, literally, ye effectually drove out of the country the flame of calamity, he renders ye quenched the noxious flame of wo; taking ἐκτοπρίαν with φλόγα, instead of construing it with ἤνυσαν τε. Every page presents instances of equal inaccuracy. Now for elegance—"literal, without being tasteless."*

Hecub. 1071. "Hoy! Ho! Halloo! Spear-brandishing, nobly-armed, well-horsed, Mars-inspired nation of Thrace!"

Ver. 1138. "Others, examining my Thracian spear, rendered me destitute of the duplex weapon." A watch, we presume.

Ver. 1154. "And I, bouncing-up like a wild-beast, pursue the slaughter-stained hounds, searching, as a huntsman, every corner,—dashing—smashing."

Ver. 705. "Infamous! beyond-a-name! extra-miraculous!"

Ver. 258. "Now really bringing-forward what diabolical-plot have-they-carried the ballot of death against this maiden?" "This-wench has indeed done him no harm."

Ver. 168. "O wretched fool, push-on for me, push-on for the aged woman, to this tent. Ho! child, Ho! daughter of the most afflicted mother, come-out, come-out of the marquee!"

Phoeniss. 1174. "But him Periclymenus, son of the ocean-god, checked whilst-yet-he-raged, by hurling at his skull a clump-of-marble, enough-to-fill-a-waggon, a coping-stone from the battlements; and dashed-in-pieces his yellow head."

Ver. 1369. "Raise ye, raise ye the howl-of-lamentations, and the white-palmed verberations of your hands against your heads!"

At ver. 1453. *καπιθεὶς ὑγρὰν χεῖρα, is translated with equal accuracy and elegance, "stretching forth his lax-clammy hand."*

Ver. 1546. "[She knocks at the Palace Gate, and calls loudly] Hey! ho! hoy! Hey! ho! hoy." Shortly afterwards poor old Œdipus most pathetically exclaims, "Hey-a-day me! my sufferings!"

In the *Œdipus Rex* 18, *ιερεῖς, the priests, are termed by Mr. Edwards "ecclesiastics."* We wonder he did not say "clergymen." In 83. *πολυστεφῆς παγκάρπου δάφνης, is ren-*

dered "liberally-crowned as to his head, with the every-hue-berried laurel."

Ver. 715. We have "a trifurcate carriage-road," and "a brat of a boy."

At ver. 803, where *Œdipus* describes himself as having met an elderly gentleman in his travelling chariot, he says, that he "smote the *postilion*;" upon which the old gentleman, very naturally, watching his opportunity, "did hit him two raps on the crown of the head;" whereupon *Œdipus* "instantly struck him with a cudgel." A regular Irish row.

In the same scene is given the following stage description, which is not a translation, but an original thought of Mr. Edwards. *Œdipus loquitur*, "*Am I not vile? Am I not entire am I not entire pollution?* [Scratching his head and ruminating] *although I must decamp,*" &c.

Mr. Edwards remarks, with a proper mixture of diffidence and conscious power, "my success is far from equal to my wishes: yet with several passages *I am not displeased.*" One of these passages is in the *Phœnissæ*, 337.

"But the old man in the palace, of-sight-bereft, preserving a tear-fraught regret for the unanimous-measure of the brothers, their separation in the family, has madly-rushed indeed with the sword upon murderself-inflicted—and with the noose over the beams-of-the-house," &c.

By this time, we imagine, our readers are of opinion, that Mr. Edwards's plan for Macadamizing the Greek drama, by breaking down all the hard idiomatic granite into smaller English "clumps," (to use his own term) is not likely to prove more successful than the attempt of his prototype in St. James's Square: students, we apprehend, will still prefer rumbling and rattling over the fine sonorous phraseology of the tragedians, to grinding their ignoble way through this translator's comminuted dirt. Upon the whole, however, we may remark, that as the plan itself is of the worst description, it was desirable, for example's sake, that it should be executed in the worst manner: this praise Mr. Edwards deserves; *habeat secum*.

We hope that nothing we have said will serve to damp his noble ardour, under the influence of which he pledges himself "to wade with unabated diligence through *the whole* of the Greek drama." Good news this for "Mr. M'Creery, and his reader Mr. Grob!"

ART. IX. *Memoirs of Captain Rock, the Celebrated Irish Chieftain, with some Account of his Ancestors. Written by Himself.* 12mo. 376 pp. 9s. Longman & Co. 1824.

ART. X. *Researches in the South of Ireland, Illustrative of the Scenery, Architectural Remains, and the Manners and Superstitions of the Peasantry. With an Appendix, containing a Private Narrative of the Rebellion of 1798. By T. Crofton Croker.* 4to. 394 pp. 2l. 2s. Murray. 1824.

ART. XI. *Miscellaneous Observations on J. K. L's Letter to the Marquess Wellesley; on Tracts and Topics, by E. Barton; and on the Letter to Mr. Abercrombie, by ——. By S. N.* 8vo. 84 pp. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1824.

ART. XII. *The Case of the Church of Ireland, stated, in a Second Letter, respectfully Addressed to his Excellency the Marquess Wellesley, and in Reply to the Charges of J. K. L.* 8vo. 86 pp. Rivingtons. 1824.

ART. XIII. *Reflections on the Lieutenancy of the Marquess Wellesley, in a Letter to a Friend.* 8vo. 114 pp. 8s. Murray. 1824.

REPORT ascribes the first of these works to Mr. Moore, and there are parts of which it does not seem improbable that he should be the writer. Here and there we recognise *Thomas Little*. *Thomas Brown the younger* occasionally exhibits himself, and the poems which Mr. Moore has published without the protection of an *alias*, contribute their share to the *Memoirs of Captain Rock*. The Captain himself may be compared to the 'Veiled Prophet' of "*Lalla Rook*," amiable and captivating as long as he wears a mask, but dreadful to look upon when his countenance is visible. Many of the Captain's best sayings, have been said before in the "*Irish Melodies*," which Mr. Moore has an undoubted right to turn into prose, and make as dull and as tame as he pleases. The whole story is neither better or worse than a second volume of "*Fables for the Holy Alliance*," the contracting parties being Prince Hohenlohe, Dr. Doyle, and Mr. O'Connell; and the characters of Metternich and Nesselrode being enacted by Mr. Thomas Moore. Captain Rock has not borrowed from the "*Loves of the Angels*," because his tale is one of hatred rather than affection, and the beings of whom he has



occasion to sing are not of the angelic class. But "Tom Cribb's Memorial to Congress," that rival of Pierce Egan and *The Morning Herald*, is not more satirical, more libellous, or more laughable, than several chapters of the work before us.

That Mr. Moore therefore may have lent a hand to the getting up of these Memoirs we can easily believe. That he is editor and annotator is at least highly probable. But with our present opinion of him, and it is by no means a flattering opinion, we cannot suspect him of having written the principal portion of this volume. Its self-contradictions and inconsistencies, its savage malevolence, disgraceful ignorance and wilful falsehoods, are too well suited to the personage into whose mouth the tale is put, to leave any room for attributing them to a more reputable character. The knowledge of English and Irish history, the knowledge of law, religion, politics, and human nature, are precisely of that description which Captain Rock might be supposed to possess. There is no ground for suspecting that like Childe Harold or Cain, Captain Rock is the poetical child of a parent whose sentiments he speaks. The story is precisely that of a leader of rebel banditti, bred at a hedge-school, accustomed through life to plunder, kill, and burn, and at last transported to Botany Bay under the salutary provisions of the Insurrection Act. We proceed to point out the Captain's egregious blunders, and shall notice the ornamental additions of Mr. Moore as they occur.

The preface is borrowed from a recent debate in the House of Commons, in which Dr. Lushington refused to join his party in their opposition to the grant for building New Churches, and amused the House with an account of the Home-Missionary Society. This story *Moorified*, and the praises of smuggled whiskey "that has never seen the face of a gauger," are the principal passages in the Introduction. The history opens with the melody, "Rich and rare were the gems she wore," written in choice prose, and said to be descriptive of events which occurred in the reign of *Brian Boromhe*. We are treated also with some fair jokes against Irish antiquaries and alphabet-makers, and an appeal in behalf of the gentry to money-lending Jews, on the score of consanguinity. Thus far the lively editor has every thing his own way. In Chapter II. the real Captain appears upon the stage, and commences his series of blushing falsehoods in the following terms.

"In the year 1180, and for some centuries after, if a man was caught in Ireland with his upper lip unshaven, he was held to be

no true Englishman, and might be plundered without ceremony, or killed at a very trifling expense.

"In the year 1798, under the government of Lords Camden and Castlereagh, if a man was caught in Dublin who had no queue, he was held, in the same manner, to be no true Englishman, and might be whipped *ad libitum*, by any loyal gentleman who had one.

"This shows, at least, how steadily the rulers of Ireland have persevered in their ancient maxims of policy, and what importance may be given to mustachios and tails by a government that will but for six hundred years set seriously about it. In the former period, of course the whiskers of the Rock Family flourished,—persecution being to whiskers more nutritive than the best Macassar oil; and, in the latter period, Crops, as we all know, became so formidable as to require not only an army of twenty or thirty thousand men, but all Lord Cornwallis's good sense and humanity, to put them down again." P. 10.

This is a fair average specimen of the style in which Captain Rock indites his Memoirs. A scrap of the olden story is transcribed from his common-place book; a character or circumstance in modern days, is accommodated with the help of a little falsification, to the ancient tale, and then Mr. Moore is called in to say something smart upon the occasion.

The first of many smart things against tithes, serves to introduce an eulogy upon the learned and right reverend Prelate Bishop Doyle, whose "Vindication of the Irish Catholics," is pronounced "the most striking display of clerical talent and courage that has appeared among the Catholics since the days of O'Leary." Happy Bishop Doyle. He had been previously damned to everlasting fame by the praises of the Radical Orators in Dublin assembled. Now his most *striking* courage is proclaimed, and his alliance courted by Captain Rock!!

In the third chapter the auto-biographer promises us a short review of some of the reigns that preceded the Reformation; and having pointed out a strong resemblance between Edward I. and Mr. Goulburn, and made some severe but just strictures upon the Lord Lieutenants in Spenser's time; he proceeds to describe the Reformation in a style which casts Bishop Doyle into the shade. Henry VIII. is sketched with some spirit by Mr. Moore; but he too quickly drops the pen, and leaves the indignant Captain to deplore the "plundered shrine," and "crozier insultingly committed to the flames," as atrocities of which unhappy Ireland was the only witness. A writer who can offend so gravely against history and truth, may perhaps be excused for believing on the authority of the "able Catholic Divine," Dr. Lingard, that at the era of the

Reformation "the spirit of persecution was equally busy on both sides; Cranmer was the author of that Penal Code against Heresy, under which himself and others were so cruelly sacrificed afterwards;" and that "the balance in favour of Protestant tolerance is by no means considerable enough to be looked back to with pride." Dr. Lingard is a specious and partial historian, and we shall take an early opportunity of exhibiting him in his real colours. But he is not to be confounded with the author of these Memoirs. For the assertion respecting Cranmer\* the Doctor appears to be answerable, and the foundation upon which it rests is of a very sandy quality. The first and the last of these three novel pieces of history, are the sheer invention of Captain Rock.

That gallant Rebel is not much at home in the history of Queen Elizabeth, and expresses great dissatisfaction at the tranquillity which her administration produced. That tranquillity lasted till the breaking out of the great Rebellion, a fact for which neither the Captain nor his editor is able satisfactorily to account; but as their joint surprise has found a vent in verse, we shall take the opportunity of introducing it to the attention of our readers.

" 'RUPES sonant carmina.'—VIRGIL.

"Where art thou, Genius of Riot?

Where is thy yell of defiance?

Why are the Sheas and O'Shaughnessies quiet?

And whither have fled the O'Rourkes and O'Briens?

Up from thy slumber, O'Branigan!

Rouse the Mac Shanes and O'Haggarties!

Courage, Sir Corney O'Toole!—be a man again—

Never let Heffernan say 'what a braggart 'tis!'

Oh! when rebellion's so feasible,

Where is the kern would be slinking off?

CON OF THE BATTLES! what makes you so peaceable!

NIAL, THE GRAND! what the dev'l are you thinking of?" P. 72.

The Rebellion of 1641 is of course an exact prototype of 1798, and "the prompter's book and stage directions are still at hand in the archives of Dublin Castle, whenever an able Orange Manager shall be found to preside over a renewal of the spectacle." Of the perplexing circumstances in which

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\* The simple truth is, that Cranmer considered burning a proper punishment for heresy. This was the fault of the age, in which he lived. He inflicted that punishment upon offenders in more instances than one. This is a foul stain upon his personal character. That he had the persecuting spirit of a Gardener and Bonner, is the opinion of Messieurs Lingard and Rock, and there is no other proof of the fact.

Charles the First was placed, while exposed both to Puritans and Catholics, Captain Rock does not appear to be aware; but he shows a decided partiality for Cromwell's mode of ruining the country, and the relationship that exists between a rebel and an usurper accounts satisfactorily for the preference. In pursuance of the system of comparisons which we have already pointed out, Oliver is represented as a prototype of the Duke of Wellington, and if the Duke is aware of the estimation in which Oliver is held, he will not complain of the compliment.

"Such was Cromwell's way of settling the affairs of Ireland—and if a nation is to be ruined, this method is, perhaps, as good as any. It is, at least, more humane than the slow lingering process of exclusion, disappointment, and degradation, by which their hearts are worn out under more specious forms of tyranny: and that talent of despatch which Moliere attributes to one of his physicians, is no ordinary merit in a practitioner like Cromwell:—'C'est un homme expéditif, expéditif, qui aime à dépêcher ses maladies, et quand on a à mourir, cela se fait avec lui le plus vite du monde.' A certain military Duke, who complains that Ireland is but half-conquered, would, no doubt, upon an emergency, try his hand in the same line of practice, and like that 'stern hero,' Mirrillo, in the Dispensary,

"While others meanly take whole months to slay,  
Despatch the grateful patient in a day." P. 97.

Such is the impartiality and patriotism of Captain Rock. He likens the greatest Hero of whom Ireland can boast, to the tyrant under whom she suffered her most grievous spoiliations; and it is not until these spoiliations were confirmed by the crown, an event which unhappily occurred in the feeble reign of Charles II. that their enormity is perceived and proclaimed. Then indeed the indignation of the Captain knows no bounds. The King's confirmation of the Usurper's acts becomes "a deed without a name," and the historian has subsequently (P. 113.) the modesty to tell us, by means of a process for which a name might easily be found, that *the Restoration* despoiled the natives of seven millions eight hundred thousand acres of land. He might as well have said that General Monk cut off the head of Charles I.

The fact seems to be, that our illustrious auto-biographer is but indifferently satisfied with the historical account of the century which preceded the repeal of the Penal Laws. The Rebellion, and the Revolution, were severe visitations upon Ireland; but the hardest blows came from hands on which the Captain is unwilling to discover a stain. The anti-papery laws were of Whig fabrication, and the Whig Aristocracy

of England continue to this hour in possession of estates that were forfeited under Cromwell and William. Nor is this the only rub; the system of persecution and penalty which grew up under Ireton and Somers, was demolished by George III. and Mr. Pitt. When the Whigs lost their places the Penal Laws lost their rigour; and when Toryism was triumphant the entire code was repealed; like every thing else that is not done by a rebel or a cut-throat, this repeal is condemned by Captain Rock, and the temper in which it is mentioned deserves to be noticed.

"If I am asked what became of my ancestors during this still and stagnant interval, I feel somewhat at a loss how to answer—being aware that in acknowledging them to have been as quiet and well-behaved, as an American bear in his winter quarters, I give a triumph to those sages, both of Church and State, who consider Penal Laws to be the only true sedatives of the Rock spirit.

"But I will even go farther, and grant that the Penal system, as then organized, was most eminently calculated to ensure tranquillity; and that a people in the state described by Swift, must have been as tame and harmless as the petrified population of that City described in the fables of the East.

"There are but two ways, in short, of keeping down the Rock family; either by restoring the Penal code to its full, original perfection, or by abolishing, in spirit as well as in deed, all the odious remains of it. The former of these modes our rulers *cannot* adopt, and the latter, I know, they *will not*. Thus secured by the strength of the people from *one* remedy, and guaranteed by the eternal folly of our Government against the *other*, what have I to fear for the permanence and prosperity of our race? May I not rather hope, that, like our namesakes, the *Romans*, we shall be hailed throughout all time,

"Romanos, rerum dominos, gentemque togatam.

"Law, peace, and justice at our feet shall fall,  
And *the white-shirted\* race* be lords o'er all!" P. 128.

Such is the opinion of Captain Rock. It is intended to be statesmanlike and profound; it is in reality childish and absurd. He admits that the Irish not long ago were "tame as stones," and because they have not all at once become "gentle as sucking doves" government is convicted of eternal folly! If this unfortunate exile had not been an exile of Erin, he must have perceived the gross blunders of which he has been guilty. Ireland will never be tranquil until Captain Rock is commander in Chief, and Tommy

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\* "The costume adopted by the White-boys, Shanavests, and other Rock associations."

Moore is Lord Lieutenant!! Such is the proposition which these Memoirs are designed to establish; to prove it our attention should have been invariably directed to the turbulent times of Elizabeth, and we should have been assured upon the honour of a rebel and a gentleman, that all other times resembled them. This would have made a producible case, it would have represented Ireland as an example of perpetual motion, and might induce us to put a stop to the phenomenon. But Captain Rock is no philosopher: he mistakes an epigram for an argument, and is witty when it behoved him to be wise. By reminding us of the total change which has taken place in Ireland within these forty years, he points to the real source of the present disturbances; and procures an acquittal for the Government he is so anxious to condemn. The troubles which have followed the repeal of the Penal Laws, are attributable to the persons by whom those laws were enacted. Circumstances have contributed to keep up the effervescence, and Dr. Doyle and Captain Rock are endeavouring to prevent its termination; but the soldier is less wary than his holy ally, and he furnishes us with an antidote to his mischievous lucubrations, by pointing to the cause of the misery which he affects to deplore. Ireland is suffering under the effect, not the remnant of Whig persecution. And when we are told that ministers have produced her misery, or that Roman Catholic Emancipation is indispensable to her tranquillity, we may reply that the well-informed and impartial Captain Rock has traced her calamities to a very different source.

Upon the famous resolution respecting agistment tithe, the Captain makes several facetious observations. We quote them here for the amusement of our readers, and the comment will follow in due time.

“It cannot be doubted, that these Reverend gentlemen, and the Rocks, must, from the first, have come frequently into collision with each other; but, in the reign of George II., the Parliament interfered between them, and, with the usual object of such interpositions—to plunder both.

“The Tithe of Agistment, the least objectionable of any, as falling upon that class of occupiers which could best afford to pay it, was, nevertheless, considered by these Honourable land proprietors (who were of Falstaff’s opinion, that ‘base is the slave that pays,’) a burthen not fit for gentlemen to bear. They accordingly abolished it\*—at the same time assuring the Clergy, whom they

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\* For a full account of the proceedings on the Agistment Tithe at this period, see Mr. William Monck Mason’s laborious and valuable ‘History of St. Patrick’s Cathedral.’ Mr. Mason’s notices of the Life and Writings of Swift are full of

thus despoiled of their most profitable tithe, that it was all for the 'Protestant Interest' they did so; and handing them over for their support to the 'tillers of the land,' and to those wretched cottiers—the very poorest of poverty's children—upon whom the burthen of the Protestant establishment has, ever since, principally lain.

"The consequences of this Vote to me and my family, and the increased sphere of activity which it has opened to us, may be judged from the events of the last sixty years.

"Inde (fide majus) gleba capere moveri :  
 . . . crescitque seges olivacea virorum.

OVID.

"Then first the Men of Glebes awak'd to strife,  
 And pike-arm'd Crops sprung every where to life." P. 192.

Captain Rock has now arrived at the era of his own birth, but delays entering upon the history of his life and adventures until he has made some passing remarks upon the history of his father; that worthy old gentleman made his *debut* in insurrection as a *Leveller* of the fences with which landlords had iniquitously encumbered the commons of the Emerald Isle; and he subsequently lent his powerful aid to the *Oak-boys* and *Hearts of Steel*, "who took up arms on account of various acts of oppression on the estate of an absentee nobleman, like those by which the agent of Lord Courtenay lately drove the county of Limerick into revolt." We notice these circumstances for reasons which will appear in the sequel.

The second chapter of the Captain's personal history is devoted to the subject of education; and after a gross caricature of what in itself is sufficiently bad, viz. the state of various charity schools up to the time of the Union, and an assertion, after the Captain's peculiar manner, that the abuses continue to the present day, we are treated with the following characteristic summary.

"From all this, it will be seen, that if the poor of Ireland had only the Government and the Clergy to trust to for education, their ignorance would have been as complete as even a philosopher like Mr. Banks could require—and the reader of the foregoing statements will, I have no doubt, agree with me, that never did Church and State, those inseparable companions (so aptly compared to the twins of Heraclitus, that wept and laughed, waked and slept, and performed all the functions of life together), exhibit in any other instance such a perfect co-operation and sympathy, as in this one,

new and interesting matter, and his enthusiasm for the memory of that great man (though sometimes carried a little too far) is highly honourable to his feelings as an Irishman."

uniform, and consistent task of strengthening the interests of the Rock family in Ireland, by benighting, begging, and brutalizing the Irish people, under every reign, and in every possible way, that their joint Excellencies, Reverences, and Graces could devise." P. 176.

Such sweeping condemnation relieves us from the task of examining into the particulars. Every body knows that such charges, as far as they refer to the present times, are false. The Captain may quote and praise Mr. O'Driscoll, as Mr. O'Driscoll had previously quoted and praised Mr. Moore. He may chuckle over old abuses in the Charter Schools, and feel extremely shocked at the embezzlement which was detected in 1796. But here he ought to stop. His readers cannot swallow the unconscionable doses of *Blarney*\* which are administered in this portion of the Memoirs. He takes leave of the subject (p. 187) by declaring "that the *faculty* of reading and writing is quite as much diffused among the Irish as among the English peasantry."

Chapter IV. professes to give "The Captain's opinion on Tithe matters—Testimonies in favour of Tithes from the Old Testament—From the Heathens—From the Gospel—From the Fathers—Civil Right to Tithes." And the reader will not be surprised to hear that the Captain is inimical to English as well as Irish tithe. The farago of foolery in which this hostility is displayed must be attributed, we apprehend, to the Editor. The scraps of classical learning, and the threadbare rags of church history and Saxon antiquities smack of a more learned hand than Captain Rock's. But the blunders are so gross, and the ignorance so laughable, that we are loth to consider the chapter as a contribution from the Irish Melodist. Take the following precious sample.

"In fact, till the time of Henry VIII. there was no effective statute law, to enforce the payment of Tithes in England. The Church had, it is true, for centuries before, brought into play the whole battery of decrees, canons and curses, for the purpose of establishing a right to these dues; but the people had never, either by themselves or their representatives, consented to such an encroachment on their property†. The exaction of Tithes, therefore,

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\* "The military and historic recollections connected with Blarney are doubtless of sufficient importance to give an interest to the place; but to a curious superstition it is perhaps more indebted for celebrity. A stone in the highest part of the castle wall is pointed out to visitors, which is supposed to give to whoever kisses it the peculiar privilege of deviating from veracity with unblushing complaisance whenever it may be convenient—hence the well-known phrase of '*Blarney*.'" Croker's *Researches*, p. 395.

† "See 'Reply to Archdeacon Cox on the subject of Tithe Commutation by John Bennett, Esq. M. P.'—a pamphlet, which shows how easily an intelligent



under the authority of Papal decrees, was in no respect different from the rest of those pious robberies, which his Holiness, the Pope, was in the habit of committing on all the high-ways of Europe: It is singular enough, too, that Reformed England should now be almost the only country in the world, where this truly Papal impost is still retained, 'Apud Anglos (says Gessner) hodie disputatur adhuc an Decimæ sint res juris divini. Nostri Principes in Germaniâ sunt sapientiores; illi abrogarunt eas.'

"To the Acts, therefore, of the 27th and 32nd years of Henry VIII. the Clergy can alone refer for legal right to Tithes—and to all the sacredness which the Laws of Henry VIII. can confer on their claims, they are fully entitled." P. 206.

This is admirable. Our biographer quotes Selden, and Montague, and Milton; discourses familiarly of Offa and Ethelwolf; appeals to Canons, Decrees, and Bulls; scoffs at "vain pretension to learning," and yet has never heard of the common law of England, but supposes that every legal right must rest upon an Act of Parliament for its support!! If John Benett, Esq., M.P. has had the courage to put his name to such nonsense as this, he ought to be appointed Attorney General to Captain Rock.

The political state of Ireland during the early part of the last reign is explained at great length, and in a style somewhat *Hyperborean*, as the witty author himself terms it. The sketch falls infinitely short of Mr. Croker's pamphlet on the "Past and Present State of Ireland;" and those who have perused the squibs of the age of Grattan and Flood will lament over the degeneracy of modern times. As the author in this portion of his volume ceases to be entertaining, it was to be expected that he would turn instructive. And so in truth he does. His tirade against the mal-administration of his country during the thirty years which preceded the Union, teaches us the necessity of that measure, a measure which Captain Rock may be allowed to denounce, for it will ultimately be the death of him and his.

In Chapter VIII. the author returns to his wit, and employs it most manfully in abusing the Church. But the argument, as heretofore, lags lazily behind. The burden of the song is the rapid decrease of Protestants in Ireland; so rapid that the inquirer after them may receive nearly the same reply as the inspecting officer, who, on asking, "Where is the Donegal light troop?" was answered by a solitary voice, "Here I am, your honour." This is very alarming, but is it true, is it proved? We have the evidence of the veracious

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country-gentleman may foil even an Archdeacon at his own weapons, and assert the supremacy of good sense over the vain pretensions of learning."

Captain Rock in support of his own affirmation, and what more can incredulity itself require? For our own parts, we should have felt bound to admit a fact so respectably established, had not the Captain himself convinced us that the point was at least uncertain. He furnishes us in a note (p. 264), with the statement of a Roman Catholic bishop, from which it appears that nothing can be positively ascertained on the subject, *because government will not permit the necessary population returns to be made out*. Thus, for about the twentieth time, eagerness to finish a new web, causes him to brush down the last he had spun, and, if we find him again "at his dirty work," we may be certain, that in an hour or two he will destroy it for us himself.

The chapter on the corruption which prevailed in Ireland before the Union, is more to the purpose than the generality of the volume. It points out a real grievance under which that country had long laboured, and admits, with Captain Rock's usual felicity, that the government which he writes to vilify, is actively employed in suppressing it.

"Those were the glorious days of Protestant jobbing—for, let it not be forgot that to this privileged class alone, the robbery of the public has been always specially intrusted—then was, indeed, the Golden Age of the Ascendancy, when jobs and abuses flourished in unchecked luxuriance; when salary disowned all connection with duty, and when Boards of Custom, Boards of Excise, &c. were merely foundations for the support of a certain number of loyal and Protestant gentlemen, who would have considered it a case of 'calling out,' to be asked what services they performed for their pay. Ovid has described such an age of gold exactly.

‘Pœna metusque aberant: nec verba minacia fixo

Ære legebantur: nec supplex turba timebat

Judicis ora sui; sed erant sine vindice tuti.

"Or thus, in English, for such of my family as Latin may not suit.

‘How tranquil then the loyal Placeman's breast,

Ere rude *Inquiry* broke his golden rest,

Or cold Commissioners consign'd to fame,

In rude Reports, the much-wrong'd Jobber's name—

Ere Orange Squires were seen, with rueful faces,

Round Frankland Lewis, crying, Spare our places;

And Loyalty might yet her votaries solace

With funds, uncheck'd by honesty or Wallace!" P. 290.

We have not yet mentioned half the inconsistencies of this strange jumble. In an early portion of it (p. 27,) the writer declares, "That the spirit of the penal code did not wait to be evoked by religious rancour, but was as active and viru-

lent when both parties were Papists, as it has been since." And, by way of commentary upon this declaration, we are assured, through three hundred pages, that it is the establishment of the Protestant religion which constitutes the great curse of Ireland. At page 4, we are told, that the present Chief Justice of Ireland administers the laws upon all occasions with perfect impartiality; and afterwards it appears, that there is no such thing as justice in that ill-used land. The Clergy are severely censured for neglecting the charity schools, though, according to the author's principles, their interference could only do harm\*. The tithe courts are destructive, and the non-agistment resolution infamous; yet is the commutation bill condemned, because it upsets that resolution; and the relief afforded by a corn-rent is hardly worth mentioning! In the same spirit of uniform consistency, the rise of the disturbances is attributed, as we have formerly seen, to the landlords; and yet it is to the clergy that Captain Rock is indebted for his consequence. Wearied with exposing these nauseous absurdities, we hasten to bid the Captain farewell, even at the risk of leaving our task unfinished. But the following specimen will suffice to shew the nature of what remains behind. It is asserted, (p. 319,) that Mr. Goulburn has fixed as a standard for the composition of tithe "*the average of the most high-priced years*," and that he has "virtually restored the agistment tithe to the clergy." The authors who have ventured upon such *truisms* as these, may be respectable men out of print; but supposing them to establish a claim to one of these assertions apiece, it will be impossible to doubt that they have both kissed the stone at Blarney.

We trust, for the credit of the lyre, that Mr. Moore is not the writer of the work before us. He can gain no credit by the performance. Its wit is not so good as he has produced before, and its spirit is infinitely worse than that of his most offensive libels. He is a very good hand at a song, but in politics and its kindred sciences he preaches without having received a call. Skirmishing among the light troops is his appropriate place. Seriousness makes him stupid, and he argues only to blunder and contradict himself. If he must take a part in inflaming the wounds of his country, let him do it, not by a stab, but by a scratch. While Hume is the solemn counsellor of a crusade against the Church, Brougham the infuriated tribune who stirs the people to the attempt,

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\* Mr. O'Driscoll candidly avows this opinion in his "mixture of sound sense, rich fancy, philosophic views, poetic feeling," and sundry other ingredients which Captain Rock has not time to particularize.

and Nugent and Wilson "the great gods of war," Mr. Moore, if he has any regard to his reputation, should content himself with writing their melodies. Let him give us additional stanzas to "*Croppies lie down*," or a parody on *Lillibullero*. A song against tithes, to the tune of Donnybrook Fair, would redound to his lasting fame; but Catullus cannot play Catiline, and we hope that Mr. Moore has been more honourably employed than in endeavouring to perpetuate the miseries of his country; shewing cause why the animosities of Irishmen should not cease; raking up every story, true or false, by which Ireland can be alienated from Great Britain, and goading her into madness and crime. Captain Rock and his Memoirs have no other object.

It is high time that we should notice the other works under review. The first, Mr. Crofton Croker's "*Researches in the South of Ireland*," is a performance of considerable merit and interest; and while we are fresh from the malevolence and fury of Captain Rock, its moderation is conspicuous and pleasing: the only fault is in the plan. A tour sprinkled over with antiquarian researches, is the worst possible vehicle for travelling through a country. It jolts us more than the car in which Mr. Croker suffered such unutterable things. And when we arrive at our journey's end, a confused recollection of round towers, O'Moores, pretty landscapes, and siegès, is all that we have earned by the day's journey.

Mr. Crofton Croker appears to be possessed of ample materials for a work which is much wanted—an account of the actual condition of the Irish peasantry. He declines meddling with politics, and this is no slight qualification for the task. He is fond of the people whom he describes, and knows them intimately; and those parts of his work which are devoted to this subject, are sufficient of themselves to establish its value. Take, for instance, his general remarks upon the character of his countrymen, and his description of a country schoolmaster.

"The present Irish character is a compound of strange and apparent inconsistencies, where vices and virtues are so unhappily blended, that it is difficult to distinguish or separate them. Hasty in forming opinions and projects, tardy in carrying them into effect, they are often relinquished before they have arrived at maturity, and are abandoned for others as vague and indefinite. An Irishman is the sport of his feelings; with passions the most violent and sensitive, he is alternately the child of despondency or of levity; his joy or his grief has no medium: he loves or he hates, and hurried away by the ardent stream of a heated fancy, naturally enthusias-

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tic, he is guilty of a thousand absurdities. These extremes of temperament Giraldus Cambrensis has correctly depicted when he says, 'When they (the Irish) be bad, you shall no where meet with worse; if they be good, you can hardly find better.' With a mind inexhaustible in expedient to defeat difficulties, and act as a substitute for the conveniences of life which poverty denies, the peasant is lively in intellect, ardent in disposition, and robust in frame; nor does he readily despond under disaster, or yield to obstruction; but moves forward in his rugged course with elevated crest and a warm heart; with a love of combat and of inebriation, he is fond of excitement and amusement of any nature.

"The virtues of patience, of prudence, and industry, seldom are included in the composition of an Irishman: he projects gigantic schemes, but wants perseverance to realise any work of magnitude: his conceptions are grand and vivid, but his execution is feeble and indolent: he is witty and imprudent, and will dissipate the hard earnings of to-day, regardless of to-morrow; an appeal made to his heart is seldom unsuccessful, and he is generous with an uninquiring and profuse liberality." P. 12.

"In Munster, the village schoolmaster forms a peculiar character; and, next to the lord of the manor, the parson, and the priest, he is the most important personage in the parish. His 'academic grove' is a long thatched house, generally the largest in the place; surrendered, when necessary, for the waking of a dead body, or the celebration of mass whilst the chapel is undergoing repairs; and on Sundays, when not otherwise engaged, it is used as a jig or dancing-house." P. 326.

"In an evening assembly of village statesmen he holds the most distinguished place, from his historical information, pompous eloquence, and classical erudition. His principles verge very closely indeed on the broadest republicanism; he delivers warm descriptions of the Grecian and Roman commonwealths; the ardent spirit of freedom and general equality of rights in former days; and then comes down to his own country, which is always the ultimate political subject of discussion. He praises the Milesians, curses 'the betrayer Dermot,' abuses 'the Saxon strangers,' lauds Brien Boru; utters one sweeping invective against the Danes, Henry VIII., Elizabeth, Cromwell 'the Bloody,' William 'of the Boyne,' and Anne; he denies the legality of the criminal code; deprecates and disclaims the Union; dwells with enthusiasm on the memories of Curran, Grattan, 'Lord Edward,' and young Emmet; insists on Catholic emancipation; attacks the *Peelers*, horse and foot; protests against tithes, and threatens a separation of the United Kingdoms! These are his principles, which he pronounces with a freedom proportioned to the patriotic feelings of his auditory; before congenial spirits he talks downright treason; in the presence of a yeomanry sergeant, an excise officer, or parson's clerk, he reasons on legitimate liberty; he is an enemy to royalty and English domination. Nor do these political sentiments confine themselves to the

limits of mere declamation: he is frequently the promoter of insurrectional tumults; he plans the nocturnal operations of the disaffected; writes their threatening proclamations, studiously misspelled and pompously signed, Captain Moonlight, Lieutenant Firebrand, Major Hasher, Colonel Dreadnought, and General Rock, *night* Errant and Grand Commander of the Order of the Shamrock Election." P. 328.

There are many other passages which we should extract with pleasure, if our limits did not interpose. The *Journal of a Lady in the South of Ireland*, during the Rebellion in 1798, abounds with thrilling incidents, and exhibits at once the vices, and the virtues, and the ignorance of the peasantry.

We have no desire to continue or revive the feelings which the recollection of that rebellion must excite. But as the Captain, who may be presumed to have figured in it, describes the rebels as objects of commiseration only, material errors may be avoided by perusing the narrative published by Mr. Croker.

It is time, however, to proceed to the remaining articles upon our list, and we do so with additional pleasure, because they present views of the government, and prospects of Ireland very different from that of Captain Rock. We have made our readers acquainted with the value of the Captain's speculations, by some remarks upon the authenticity of his facts, the validity of his reasoning, and the general consistency of his narrative and opinions. There is another road to the same goal; and we shall endeavour, with the assistance of the pamphlets before us, to travel along it with all practicable dispatch.

Much uncertainty has been felt for several years respecting the system upon which ministers designed to govern Ireland. They have been accused of having a system yet to seek, and they have not condescended to prove the contrary. The fact seems to be, that they would have defeated their own plan by proclaiming and vindicating it; and that they have consented to sit down under a load of obloquy, rather than defend themselves at the expense of Ireland. They have resolved, unless we are much mistaken, to leave the constitution of Ireland as they found it. But at the same time they are not satisfied with the spirit in which that constitution has been administered, and they are busy in reforming every branch of the government, without intending to overturn a single existing establishment. By reflecting upon such parts of the plot as begin at last to emerge from obscurity, we have convinced ourselves that this is the drift of ministerial policy, and the conviction has been productive of heart-felt pleasure.

Whatever may be urged to the contrary by Captain Rock and his banditti, the best founded complaint of Ireland is that she has been neglected. We are not speaking of Henry II. Queen Elizabeth, or King William, but during the age of living men, Government has neglected its Irish dominions. There has been a little meddling and dabbling from time to time, but ordinarily the Sister Island has been left to herself,—the worst person in the world under whose care she can be placed. When things went very wrong, England interfered. But as soon as the vessel righted and got into deep water, the pilot came off, and she was left to her own crew. The Union was calculated to put an end to this system; but its effects were retarded by a war which strained every sinew, and engrossed every thought. The King's visit derived its greatest importance from being a pledge that this neglect should cease. It was a virtual promise to do justice to all Irishmen—to treat them all kindly—to preserve to each his rights, and prevent each from supposing that there were no rights but his own. Our approbation of the system now pursued towards Ireland arises from a conviction that this plan is still pursued. Mr. Grant was simple enough to suppose that he could tranquillize, and perhaps *methodize* Ireland, merely by patronising Roman Catholics and Dissenters, affronting bishops, looking cold upon clergymen, assuring the Cabinet that every thing was quiet, and going quietly to sleep, as a proof of it. Lord Wellesley at the outset of his administration became unpopular among the Orangemen without deserving it, and afforded them an *ex post facto* excuse for their violence, by magnifying a play-house riot into a plot, and imagining that it was high treason to pelt his Excellency with oranges. But with these trifling exceptions, the tendency of which has been counteracted by the Cabinet and the Senate, there are now more symptoms of improvement in the government of Ireland than could have been discovered at any preceding period.

The system of Confiscation and Forfeiture established by the Penal Laws, was calculated to render Roman Catholics of property discontented. The effect which might have been expected in theory, actually occurred in fact. Down to the repeal of those iniquitous statutes, and for a few years subsequent to it, rebellion was fomented and headed by men of education, birth, and fortune. Since the Union the gentry, with the exception of an unfortunate friend of Mr. Moore's, whose "memory is green in the souls" of the readers of his *Melodies*, have in no instance been accused of disloyalty—but the peasantry who had followed them into the path of se-

dition, have not hitherto followed them out of it. Is this a matter of wonder? Is it surprising that the commonalty should require twenty or thirty years to recover from the effects of a stimulus to which they had been exposed for two or three centuries. At present nobody stimulates them to rob, burn, kill, rebel, and get hanged, except the bigoted papist and radical—the disciples of Doctor Doyle and Captain Rock, Government is doing its utmost to remove their grievances; and as the Popish gentry have become loyal, since the repeal of the Penal Laws, we trust that the Popish peasantry will imitate their example, as soon as the law is impartially and vigorously executed, rents reduced to what the tenantry can pay without ruin, tithes levied upon the landholder rather than the cottager and the beggar; the magistracy, the excise, and the police, all placed upon a better footing; and employment provided for an overflowing population. This is the system pointed out by nature and circumstances; and although it may not suit the taste of the Whiteboy or the Jesuit, this is the system upon which Lord Wellesley appears to act. It is very easy to say, “emancipate the Papists,” “ennoble the degraded,” “enfranchise the enslaved,” &c. &c. But nations are not such mere machines as radicals and democrats imagine. The people can only be improved by degrees. And if the Roman Catholics at this moment possess by law, privileges of which they are deprived in practice, it will not be a necessary consequence of increased legal concessions, that they should enjoy increased actual comfort. What was given them in the last reign, was given in a hurry, without much generosity on the part of the donors, and with no exuberant gratitude on the part of the receivers. The aim of the present administration is to remedy both defects. Until that remedy has been provided, it would be folly and madness to repeat the experiment of concession. As soon as that remedy operates, we shall be convinced that no farther concession is required.

For our own parts we can easily reconcile, because we actually feel a determination to grant the Roman Catholic no more, and with an anxious desire that he may enjoy what he already possesses. And the great fallacy by which the Catholic claims have been rendered formidable in Parliament, is by confounding the laws with the administration of them; and describing every one who supports the former, as an enemy to the improvement of the latter. *Orangemen* may either be intent on resisting the farther progress of Popery, in which case they are entitled to support and praise, or they may conspire to monopolize profit and honour, oppress and



trample upon the poor, pack juries, bribe sheriffs, and throw glass bottles at Lord Lieutenants; in which case nobody on this side of the water will justify their conduct. Captain Rock, and his biographer, overlook these distinctions; but happily it is understood by his Majesty's Ministers, and on the steadiness with which it is kept in sight, the success of their Irish administration will depend. A Cabinet which contains some zealous supporters of the Catholic claims, is probably better calculated for the difficult task of impartiality, than if it felt no fear except for the Protestant Church. A Cabinet, whose attachment to the Protestant Church is unquestionable, may succeed in softening, and ultimately removing those prejudices which the Orangemen of Ireland would never surrender upon compulsion. The reform recommended by Dr. Doyle, and his panegyrist Captain Rock, would either cause the rich and poor to change places, and Protestant landlords and clergymen make way for Roman Catholic successors, or it would lead to a civil war, in which England would be compelled to throw herself into the lighter scale. The reform, which has not been announced or recommended, but is silently carrying into practice by Government, will convince the Irish that there are purer pleasures than tyrannizing over a peasant, or cutting a landlord's throat; will convince the advocate of Catholic claims that he may shower down blessings into the lap of Papists, without irritating, endangering, or alienating the Protestants; will convince the staunchest friends to the Church of England and Ireland, that to remove real grievances is the shortest method of preventing clamour respecting those that are imaginary, and that to grant a full enjoyment of privileges already conceded, is the only effectual method of resisting farther concession. What is termed a divided Cabinet, is adapted to such purposes as these. And in the confident hope that such purposes may be effected, we pray for the continuance of the present government in Ireland.

"The Reflections on the Lieutenancy of the Marquess Wellesley" do not precisely avow the sentiments which we have expressed, but they lead to something very like them.

"I admit that mighty promises accompanied the arrival of Lord Wellesley. What might not be expected? What was he not to do? The *fortunam Priami cantabo* was but tame, compared to the exordium of his scarce yet Excellency's administration. The sword which our Sovereign had committed to his hand seemed to be mistaken, by many, for harlequin's magic blade; which, in the twinkling of an eye, was to change the entire of the Irish scene. I heartily felt this, and thought it exceedingly absurd. But perhaps it was

less unmeaning, than insidious. Those who feared that a benign spirit of impartiality and conciliation, a steady course of temperate and *practical* reform, might mar the schemes, and even detach the partisans of revolution, were averse from the establishment of a government of this description. Nor were those less inimical, on the other hand, who desired that faction should continue to domineer; and that, standing on long prescription, inveterate abuse should keep its ground, and sturdily resist the first approaches of correction. Of the one, and of the other of these parties, it was the game, to circulate expectations which could never be realized; in order to stigmatize as failure what must speedily ensue, and bring discredit on that system of gradual improvement, which was equally unpropitious to the views of both.

"Accordingly, by one author, we were reminded, about twelve months ago, that 'Lord Wellesley's appointment was hailed by the general applause of the Empire.'—What was this statement intended to accomplish? By translating it into Latin, we may perhaps detect its meaning.

*Quid dignum tanto feret hic promissor hiatu?*

It was meant to sow, in extravagant hope, the seed of silly disappointment. *Reflections*, p. 1.

There is much more to the same purpose, and if *Harg. O'Brien*, as this writer styles himself, inclines too much to the Catholic cause, he supports it upon all occasions with talent and temper. The Tithe-bill, the Constables bill, and the other measures of Lord Wellesley's administration are defended with great spirit, and their immediate results are thus stated.

"I believe the situation of the country, at the period of Lord Wellesley's arrival, to have been frightful; and that the more the matter is investigated, the more fully will those who search it concur in this opinion. His efforts I take to have been prompt, judicious, laborious, unremitted. I believe he has obtained, in their success, the just reward of his exertions; and that this success has at the least been as complete as the nature of the case warranted any reasonable man in expecting. Without being too sanguine, I believe we might indulge a hope (I apprehend that persons competent to form a judgment have indulged it) that tranquillity will, at no distant period, be restored.

"Within the last eight months, in the counties of Limerick and Clare, I believe there have not been more than about seventy convictions; and that above twenty of the cases were held entitled to a pardon. Of the above seventy, nearly half the number was composed of two knots of culprits, tried for but two offences. Thus the number of convicts would be but a fallacious criterion of the extent of crime; and we may view the case as one, in which sub-

stantially there were about forty convictions, and in which not more than about twenty were held fit objects for transportation.

"Again, the transgression, of which these two small bands (making between them about thirty persons) were accused, was of a nature less involving criminality on their part, than giving occasion for asserting a salutary principle; and establishing a preventive example, *in terrorem*.

"Their offence was assembling at the wake of one who was not a relation; and it was felt that these meetings were within the spirit, as well as letter of the statute; which such assemblies, if connived at, might at once violate and evade.

"The number of the persons *tried* in those eight months was considerable. It somewhat exceeded three hundred.

"But on this it is to be observed, that the quantity of offence is to be measured, not by the number of the trials, but by that of the convictions; or perhaps of the still smaller class of cases, in which it has been found right that the law should take its course.

"The number of the trials demonstrates something widely different, viz. on the one hand the laudable vigilance and activity of the police; on the other hand, the inadvertency, ignorance, or want of caution, under which innocent persons have neglected the warning given by the proclamation; or been betrayed into other transgressions of a novel and coercive statute, which subjects to the risk of punishment, acts which are not *mala in se*.

"It seems pertinent here to add, that some of the cases tried were of an amphibious nature; viz. tumultuous assemblages by day; transactions bordering upon ordinary riot; and which though very wisely and justly brought, under their circumstances, within the act, are far from furnishing the same evidence of insurrectionary spirit, which occurrences of a more unequivocal character would supply.

"Even the newspapers are authority, on which we may pronounce that disturbance is in the wane. For if atrocities were still perpetrating, we should find them noticed there; and as to the quantity (independently of the quality) of offence, I believe a comparison of the convictions, within correspondent periods of 1822 and 1823, (if entered on, subject to the explanation which I have given,) would lead to the conclusion that disturbance is decreasing."—*Reflections*, P. 101.

The Observations of S. N. and the second letter of *Declan* are in some measure to be considered as answers to Dr. Doyle, and as a general vindication of the Established Church. In the former capacity they most completely effect their purpose, and having placed the *striking* controversialist, as Captain Rock calls him, pretty much *hors de combat*, they proceed to consider the objections of less bigotted adversaries.

S. N. has previously shewn that Tithes are not the

principal or primary cause of Irish disturbances. He now proves that those who exclaimed against them most loudly, are the last to avail themselves of the provisions of the Composition Bill.

“ The conduct of the Clergy with respect to the two bills which have successively passed, the one for leasing their tithes for a term of years, and the other for compounding for them, has been in perfect conformity to the principles here laid down.—Their effort to give effect to the first was general, perhaps I might say universal, at least it was so in Munster. It has not even been pretended that the terms upon which they offered to agree were unreasonable, nor will any be so hardy as to deny that the ill success of that bill is to be imputed to the laity. The tithe composition bill of the last year afforded to the Clergy another opportunity of showing by what spirit they were actuated. As soon as it had passed, they in every quarter came forward to offer to their parishioners the choice of adopting it, though its provisions were such, that they ran the risk, with great probability against them, of being reduced in three years to two-thirds of the income which in the preceding seven they had received; for such was the proportion which the average price of corn bore in the autumn of 1823, compared with the rate at which it was to be valued against them by the commissioners under the bill.

“ The bill had originally been compulsory. They deemed their property and that of the Church to be attacked, and they resolutely united in opposition to it. The compulsory clause was dropped, and they not only relinquished their opposition, but came forward promptly to give effect to the bill. Nor let it be said that in doing so, they were influenced by interest. If the tithe owner's interest was promoted by the composition, how has it happened that so few of the lay impropriators have taken advantage of its provisions? If *as a reply*, it be asked, how can the opposition which the Clergy have met with, in their attempts to carry the composition into effect, be accounted for, except by supposing it to bear hard upon their parishioners? the answer is not difficult: the special vestries were composed, for the greater part, of the class of men whose payment for tithes would be augmented, while those who would have been rated at lower sums than they formerly paid, were excluded from them: and to this is to be added the influence of a report which was industriously circulated, that tithes were to be entirely abolished.”—*Miscellaneous Observations*, &c. p. 18.

“ The mode of payment is next brought into view, and it is observed, that the valuator is an annoyance perhaps of annual recurrence.

“ Certainly the making bargains annually is an annoyance, but it is not necessarily connected with the tithe system. The clergyman could always have leased his tithes during incumbency, and it is his interest so to do, if secured in the payment a fair valuation,

which the landlords can in all cases easily arrange. The Leasing Bill enables the clergyman to set a twenty-one years' lease. Why has it not been acted upon? I lived in Munster when that act was passed, and I know that the Clergy proposed, very generally, to give leases under it, but their proposals were not accepted, though they would have been content with very moderate terms indeed. When men make an objection, and yet refuse to co-operate in removing it, they show that it had only been a pretence to conceal a project which they did not wish to avow. The general failure of the Tithe Leasing Bill—the very limited success of the Commutation Bill in those parts of Ireland where the clamour against tithes was greatest, must prove that the object of those who declaimed most vehemently against proctors and tithe viewers, and the oppression of the poor by tithes, was, in reality, to wrest from the Clergy their property, not to change the mode of levying it.”—*Miscellaneous Observations, &c.* P. 24.

We are sorry to find from these pamphlets that Mr. Abercrombie, the Duke of Devonshire's principal Agent, is suspected of being hostile to the provisions of the Composition Bill. His Grace advocated the general with zeal, and did not object to the details of the plan. The generality of Irish landholders resident in this country, express their approbation of that part of the measure which charges them with the agistment tithe. We hope there is no intention to confine their approbation to this side of the channel, and allow their agents to counteract a scheme which they assume no trifling credit for supporting. Why does not Mr. Home move for a return of the number of lay-impropriators who have compounded tithes under the Act of last Session?

*Declan's* Second Letter will maintain and increase the high character which he obtained by his first. The Church of Ireland may be assaulted on every side; but she can never be destroyed if she has many such defenders as this: and we believe that the number of them has increased, and is increasing, and runs no immediate risk of being diminished. There is a spirit of candour and decent boldness in the opening passage which runs through the whole pamphlet.

“When it was declared by Lord Liverpool, that the affairs of the Church of Ireland were a fit subject for inquiry, the declaration was received by some with much triumph, by others with much alarm. I never could discover a just foundation for either. Every thing in Ireland is a fit subject for inquiry. After having lain for ages, formless and void, in a chaos of civil war—after having sojourned, for more than another century, in the darkness and disorder of a colonial government—Ireland has just emerged into the light of the British system. Little is yet known of its peculiar circumstances; and, of that little, the greater part is anomalous.

It were preposterous to judge of a country, thus situated, by any supposed analogy to the other members of the Union. The only sure mode of providing for its welfare is to reject, at once, all tentative and *a priori* legislation—to assume nothing—to believe nothing—but to auspicate every measure by full and impartial scrutiny.

“I rejoice therefore, when I hear of new boards and committees for the examination of Irish affairs. Amidst the distractions of war, there was no time for such things; but now, a wise and benevolent Government cannot employ more profitably the good leisure it possesses. A thorough knowledge of the country being once obtained, the acts of our local administration will settle down into that continuative good order, which is, perhaps, the most precious among the blessings of England. Our people will have their hereditary rights, our ministers their hereditary policy; and every new measure will be a liberal analogy from the past, and a safe precedent for the future. Thus, while governors change, the course of government will remain unaltered; and the system once established, will secure to us those advantages, of which we now have an omen, and a foretaste, in the public virtues of Your Excellency.

“There is no fear of inquiry, my Lord, on the part of the Clergy. They have never, it is true, condescended to recrimination. From the first aggression of the Irish Commons to the present day, they have never given excitement or direction to popular clamor, and have been sparing even of measures of defence. Their adversaries, unacquainted with moderation in themselves, and unprepared for it in others, have wondered at, and sometimes misrepresented, their forbearance; yet, still they have forborne. But they are ready—they are desirous—to meet investigation. Confident as they are, of the justice of their cause, they are no less assured that a British senate is above the reach of sinister influences; and they appeal cheerfully to that high tribunal, which can hear all parties, and decide without fearing any. Should they be proved usurpers or extortioners, they will submit without a murmur to the just severity of their judges: but if it shall appear that they have been suffering wrong for a century, they ask no redress for past grievances, they seek only to be protected for the future.” *Case of the Church of Ireland*, p. 1.

Dr. Doyle's Argument against Tithes, is proved just as applicable, or strictly speaking, much more applicable to the rents of absentee proprietors; and the great Duke lately mentioned, together with Lords Lansdown, Darnley, &c. would do well to attend to *Declan's* timely warning.

“But had it been the pleasure of J. K. L. or the policy of his party, to make a grievance of the absentees, what a plausible theme he might have had for his eloquence. His reasonings against the Church—when he does reason—in almost every line

suggest the absentees; to such an extent, indeed, is this the case, that they might seem to have taken their present direction from some typographical mistake. The following passage is, perhaps, the best in his argument—I have made no change in it, except by the substitution of the words ‘landlord’ and ‘absentee’, for the words ‘pastor,’ and ‘Protestant Clergy.’ ‘It is in vain to tell us, my Lord, that they are our Landlords, such assertions may dupe the English; and a pamphlet which speaks of the intercourse between the landlord and his people may appear plausible to those who are unacquainted with the state of Ireland. It may also attain the object for which it has been said or written; but we know there is no such intercourse existing. The laws which suppose it—the laws which designate and contemplate the absentees as the landlords of the Irish people, are all, my Lord, founded in fiction, and such laws can never tend to the public good. No; laws to be just and equitable, must be founded on the immutable relations of things, or on those matters, whether causes or effects, which really exist. To seek to create relations by enacting laws, is to oppose the course of nature. To found laws on relations which do not exist, is the very extreme of error in legislation, and such laws, though written on parchment, can never have a moral existence.’ *Case of the Church of Ireland*, p. 12.

The assistance of which government stands in need; and the quarter whence they may expect to receive it, is very fully considered.

“I look upon Ireland, my Lord, as a new country; as one in which, now for the first time, a Government is about to be formed upon permanent principles. In the science of Government, as in that of nature, such principles can be founded only on inductive knowledge; and, in both cases alike, the inductive process contains in it a process of exclusion. As experience advances, hypothesis after hypothesis is gradually thrown out, until at length there remains but one for the basis of a system. Now I consider the history of Ireland to be useful, chiefly as a record of those exclusions; the memory of the past presents nothing to be imitated, and every thing has been excluded but the Church. Before the Union, the great object of England was to retain this island: henceforward the object will be, to make the retention of it a blessing to both. Ireland is no longer a colony: it never was, and it never can be a State. It is *legally* a member of the great British family; but it is not so, *morally*. To educate our people up to the capacity of enjoying, and contributing to, the happiness of this union, will now be the aim of a wise and benevolent Government. What class of persons is the Executive to have recourse to, as the means of effecting a change so desirable?” *Case of the Church of Ireland*, p. 26.

Were the system, thus ably sketched, followed up by all parties, the “*Memoirs of Captain Rock*” would never reach

a second volume. We have only to regret, that the writer of such advice should think it expedient to conceal his name. —He ought to be generally known, that he may be generally esteemed and praised.

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THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
FOR MAY, 1824.

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ART. I. *The Book of the Church, by Robert Southey, Esq.  
LL.D. In Two Volumes. 8vo. 1l. 4s. Murray. 1824.*

A POPULAR history of the Church has long been a desideratum in English literature, and Mr. Southey, to whom his country was already so much indebted, has increased his claim upon our gratitude by publishing one. The anxiety with which it was looked for and the eagerness with which it has been read, may be reckoned among the favourable symptoms of the state of the public mind. They bid us hope that the dense ignorance respecting ecclesiastical affairs which has prevailed during the last Century, will at no distant period be dissipated. They prove that even the mob of readers and thinkers are not satisfied with that information upon the subject of the Church, which they may reap from the debates and the newspapers. And Mr. Southey seems destined to conduct his countrymen into a storehouse of knowledge and of wisdom, from which they have been hitherto excluded.

It is not difficult to account for this prevailing ignorance. The omissions of our general historians, the length and tediousness of our ecclesiastical writers, have rendered the knowledge of Church history a rare acquisition. Politicians have been intent upon more pressing business; and when the discussion of Church affairs proves inevitable, the orators are too nearly upon a level to discover each others blunders. The well educated English gentleman studies the laws and constitution of the realm—but confines his enquiries into the religious establishment within very narrow limits. He knows that the Saxons were converted by St. Augustin, that Dunsstan was the great Monk, and Thomas a Becket the great Prelate, that Henry VIII. was and was not “Defender of the Faith,” that Queen Mary burned Archbishop Cranmer, and King William passed the Toleration Act. But of the effects which Christianity produced at its different stages or under its different forms he knows little or nothing. When called upon to defend the Church of England, against those who would reduce every thing to the democratic standard of

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America, he is incapable of doing justice to her cause. And the frequency with which such demands are now made, and the inadequate and unsatisfactory answers which they receive, may be regarded as proofs that Mr. Southey's book was wanted—and that it will tend to promote that great cause to which he has devoted so much talent and time.

The plan of the work is decidedly good; and the execution of it, with a few inconsiderable exceptions, is worthy of the biographer of Nelson. Desirous of stimulating curiosity, rather than satiating it, Mr. Southey avoids that prolix narrative, and lengthed detail, which are so delightful to the student of antiquity, and so insupportable to the general reader. The learning of Collier, the wit of Fuller, and the pathos of Fox, have not sufficed to fix the public attention upon their massy volumes. And it would be difficult to bring their works within a moderate compass, except by squeezing out the flesh and blood, and retaining no more than a lifeless skeleton. Mr. Southey therefore has laboured rather to catch the spirit, and portray the general air and semblance, than to give a minutely finished picture. He sketches manners, courts, and systems, with a bold and rapid pencil. He teaches us a valuable lesson—of which not the least valuable part is that there remains much more to learn. And if readers do not rise from the perusal of his book with a profound or professional knowledge of its subject, at least they will have obtained a distinct view of the Church, of its services, and its merits; and they will be enabled to prosecute their enquiries in any particular direction, with diminished trouble, and greater probability of success.

The Church history of England naturally divides itself into five portions. The planting of Christianity among the Saxons, and the gradual establishment of Monks, bring us down to the era of the Norman Conquest. From the Conquest to the accession of Henry VIII. we have ample opportunities of observing the fruits of Romish Supremacy, its art, its encroachments, its tyranny, and its corruption. The sixteenth and seventeenth centuries exhibit the struggles and ultimately the triumphs of the Church in her long contest with the Pope and the Puritans. Mr. Southey has not failed to furnish valuable information on each of these heads; but as it is impossible to follow him through them all, we shall confine our attention to those parts of the subject which are not likely to come again under our notice. The Reformation, by far the most interesting portion of our Ecclesiastical History, has been placed by Mr. Lingard in so deceitful a light, that we shall say little on that subject, until we have an opportu-

nity of exposing his monstrous errors. The first planting of Christianity, its early state, and the corruptions which were gradually introduced into it, would furnish materials for a much longer article than our limits will admit. And, when we remember that the reigns of the James's and Charles's, are also submitted to our consideration, we must endeavour to compress the observations which occur to us into the smallest possible compass.

On the subject of the original Britons, their faith, their manners, and their laws, Mr. Southey has added little to the general stock of information. It is a popular story, and has been often well told. Not so the history of the Anglo-Saxon Church. That Church is little known beyond the limits of antiquarian research, and the abridgment of Bede and his successors, which has been furnished by Mr. Southey, is a valuable accession to our domestic literature. We extract the comment upon that interesting story. It is alike remarkable for its eloquence and its truth; and in days when some deny that Christianity is a blessing, and others act as if it might be extended by any means, the application of these passages will be evident to every reader.

“ The missionaries therefore appeared with a character of superiority, their claim to which was not to be disputed. They spake as men having authority. They appealed to their books for the history of the faith which they taught: and for the truth of its great doctrines they appealed to that inward evidence which the heart of man bears in the sense of its own frailties, and infirmities, and wants. They offered an universal instead of a local religion, a clear and coherent system instead of a mass of unconnected fancies; an assured and unquestionable faith for vague and unsettled nations, which had neither foundation nor support. The errors and fables with which Romish Christianity was debased, in no degree impeded its effect: gross as they were, it is even probable that they rendered it more acceptable to a rude and ignorant people. . . . a people standing as much in need of rites and ceremonies, of tangible forms, and a visible dispensation, as the Jews themselves when the law was promulgated. The missionaries also possessed in themselves a strength beyond what they derived from their cause, and from the adventitious circumstances that favoured them. They were the prime spirits of the age, trained in the most perfect school of discipline, steady in purpose, politic in contrivance, little scrupulous concerning the measures which they employed, because they were persuaded that any measures were justifiable if they conducted to bring about the good end which was their aim. This principle led to abominable consequences among their successors, but they themselves had no sinister views; they were men of the loftiest minds and ennobled by the highest and holiest motives; their sole

object in life was to increase the number of the blessed, and extend the kingdom of their Saviour, by communicating to their fellow-creatures the appointed means of salvation ; and elevated as they were above all worldly hopes and fears, they were ready to lay down their lives in the performance of this duty, sure by that sacrifice of obtaining crowns in heaven, and altars upon earth, as their reward." Vol. I. p. 52.

"The seed had not fallen among thorns, nor upon a hard and sterile soil ; and though some tares were sown with it, the harvests, nevertheless, were for a while abundant. Wherever Christianity has been preached among heathen or barbarous nations, women and old men have been the readiest believers ; the former because their importance in society and their happiness are so materially promoted by its domestic institutions ; . . . the latter, because needing its hopes and consolations, and desiring to pass their latter days in tranquillity, they feel the value of a religion which was announced with Peace on Earth, and which, while its kingdom is delayed, imparts to the mind of every individual by whom it is faithfully received, that peace which passeth all understanding. All ranks received the new religion with enthusiasm. Many Kings, weary of the cares and dangers of royalty, or struck with remorse for the crimes by which they had acquired or abused their rank, abdicated their thrones, and retired into monasteries to pass the remainder of their days in tranquillity or in penance. Widowed Queens were thankful to find a like asylum. The daughters of royal or noble houses, preferring the hopes of a better world to the precarious enjoyments of this, found in the convent comforts and security, which in those turbulent ages were hardly to be obtained elsewhere ; and youths of royal blood, whose enterprising tempers might otherwise have contributed to the misery of their own neighbouring states, embraced a religious life, and went forth as missionaries to convert and civilize the barbarians of Germany and of the North. To the servile part of the community the Gospel was indeed tidings of great joy : frequently they were emancipated, either in the first fervour of their owner's conversion, or as an act of atonement and meritorious charity at death. The people in the north of England are described as going out in joyful procession to meet the itinerant priest when they knew of his approach, bending to receive his blessing, and crowding to hear his instructions. The churches were frequented ; he who preached at a cross in the open air never wanted an attentive congregation ; and the zeal of the clergy, for as yet they were neither corrupted by wealth, nor tainted by ambition, was rewarded by general respect and love.

"They well deserved their popularity. Wherever monasteries were founded marshes were drained, or woods cleared, and wastes brought into cultivation ; the means of subsistence were increased by improved agriculture, and by improved horticulture new comforts were added to life. The humblest as well as the highest pursuits were followed in these great and most beneficial establish-

ments. While part of the members were studying the most inscrutable points of Theology, and indulging themselves in logical subtleties of psychological research which foster the presumption of the human mind, instead of convincing it of its weakness, . . . others were employed in teaching babes and children the rudiments of useful knowledge; others as copyists, limners, carvers, workers in wood, and in stone, and in metal, and in trades and manufactures of every kind, which the community required." Vol. I. p. 60.

The story of St. Dunstan is worked up with Mr. Southey's usual skill; but we cannot admit the justice of the charges against that celebrated man. Looking merely to the later accounts of his life and miracles, Mr. Southey and his predecessors, Hume and Fox, are justified in representing Dunstan as a cruel, ambitious, hypocritical cheat. But an attentive perusal and comparison of the earliest authentic narratives have convinced us, that Dunstan's faults have been grossly exaggerated, and his merits materially under-rated.

We are compelled also to dissent from Mr. Southey, in a question of much more importance than the character of an individual monk, namely, the character and merits of monkery itself. The opinion of Mr. Southey on this subject is entitled to great weight, and we fear he is not willing to change it. But, for our own parts, we are confident, that half the corruptions of Popery may be traced up to that unauthorized addition to the Church of Christ; and that a large portion of the remainder may be as certainly attributed to those founders and reformers of the monastic rule, for whom Mr. Southey entertains so remarkable a partiality. We have no disposition to depreciate their services; but the good which they effected, and they effected much, is a poor return for the immense mischief which they occasioned. The consequences of their system are still visible in the Church of England, and it is easier to deplore their extent and their existence, than to devise a practicable plan for their removal.

The seventh, eighth, and ninth chapters contain an account of the victories gained by Rome over the liberties of the Church of England. Becket, of course, occupies a conspicuous place in the narrative, and furnishes, upon the whole, the most splendid portion of these volumes. We doubt the expediency of devoting so large a portion of the work to events which are comparatively well known. But, as a specimen of the style in which Mr. Southey would write the history of his country, every page of the life of Becket is valuable. He appears to us to pass too lightly over one feature of the times, the regularity with which the Pope and



the Norman princes played into each other's hand, and contributed, the one to make the Kings of England absolute, and the others the Bishop of Rome supreme. The breach of this alliance, for which we have to thank Henry VIII., was the dawn both of ecclesiastical and civil freedom. And instead of attributing the submission, penance, and pilgrimage of Henry II. to the remorse of a superstitious conscience, we believe it to have been an artful reconciliation with the priesthood, the object of which was, to rule more securely by their means.

The chapter on the Papal system begins by admitting the good deeds of a power which Mr. Southey certainly does not love.

"The corruptions, doctrinal and practical, of the Roman Church were, in these ages, at their height. They are studiously kept out of view by the writers who still maintain the infallibility of that Church; and in truth, that a system in all things so unlike the religion of the Gospel, and so opposite to its spirit, should have been palmed upon the world, and established as Christianity, would be incredible, if the proofs were not undeniable and abundant.

"The indignation, which these corruptions ought properly to excite, should not however, prevent us from perceiving that the Papal power, raised and supported as it was wholly by opinion, must originally have possessed, or promised, some peculiar and manifest advantages to those who acknowledged its authority. If it had not been adapted to the condition of Europe, it could not have existed. Though in itself an enormous abuse, it was the remedy for some great evils, the palliative of others. We have but to look at the Abyssinians, and the Oriental Christians, to see what Europe would have become without the Papacy. With all its errors, its corruptions, and its crimes, it was, morally and intellectually, the conservative power of Christendom. Politically, too, it was the saviour of Europe; for, in all human probability, the west, like the east, must have been overrun by Mahommedanism, and sunk in irremediable degradation, through the pernicious institutions which have everywhere accompanied it, if, in that great crisis of the world, the Roman Church had not roused the nations to an united and prodigious effort, commensurate with the danger.

"In the frightful state of society which prevailed during the dark ages, the Church every where exerted a controlling and remedial influence. Every place of worship was an asylum, which was always respected by the law, and generally even by lawless violence. It is recorded, as one of the peculiar miseries of Stephen's miserable reign, that during those long troubles, the soldiers learned to disregard the right of sanctuary. Like many other parts of the Romish system, this right had prevailed in the heathen world, though it was not ascribed to every temple. It led, as it had done under the Roman empire, to abuses which became intolerable; but it origi-

nated in a humane and pious purpose, not only screening offenders from laws, the severity of which amounted to injustice, but, in cases of private wrong, affording time for passion to abate, and for the desire of vengeance to be appeased. The cities of refuge were not more needed, under the Mosaic dispensation, than such asylums in ages when the administration of justice was either detestably inhuman, or so lax, that it allowed free scope to individual resentment. They have therefore generally been found wherever there are the first rudiments of civil and religious order. The church-yards also were privileged places, whither the poor people conveyed their goods for security. The protection which the ecclesiastical power extended in such cases, kept up in the people, who so often stood in need of it, a feeling of reverence and attachment to the Church. They felt that religion had a power on earth, and that it was always exercised for their benefit.

"The civil power was in those ages so inefficient for the preservation of public tranquillity, that when a country was at peace with all its neighbours, it was liable to be disturbed by private wars, individuals taking upon themselves the right of deciding their own quarrels, and avenging their own wrongs. Where there existed no deadly feud, pretexts were easily made by turbulent and rapacious men, for engaging in such contests, and they were not scrupulous whom they seized and imprisoned, for the purpose of extorting a ransom. No law, therefore, was ever more thankfully received, than when the Council of Clermont enacted, that, from sunset on Wednesday to sunrise on Monday, in every week, the truce of God should be observed, on pain of excommunication. Well might the inoffensive and peaceable part of the community (always the great, but in evil times the inert, and therefore the suffering part) regard, with grateful devotion, a power under whose protection they slept four nights of the week in peace, when otherwise they would have been in peril every hour. The same power by which individuals were thus benefited, was not unfrequently exercised in great national concerns; if the monarch were endangered or oppressed either by a foreign enemy, or by a combination of his Barons, here was an authority to which he could resort for an effectual interposition in his behalf; and the same shield was extended over the vassals, when they called upon the Pope to defend them against a wrongful exertion of the sovereign power.

"Wherever an hierarchal government, like that of the Lamas, or the Dairis of Japan, has existed, it would probably be found, could its history be traced, to have been thus called for by the general interest. Such a government Hildebrand would have founded. Christendom, if his plans had been accomplished, would have become a federal body, the Kings and Princes of which should have bound themselves to obey the Vicar of Christ, not only as their spiritual, but their temporal lord; and their disputes, instead of being decided by the sword, were to have been referred to a Council of Prelates annually assembled at Rome. Unhappily, the

personal character of this extraordinary man counteracted the pacific part of his schemes ; and he became the firebrand of Europe, instead of the peace-maker. If, indeed, the Papal chair could always have been occupied by such men as S. Carlo Borromeo, or Fenelon, and the ranks of the hierarchy throughout all Christian kingdoms always have been filled, as they ought to have been, by subjects chosen for their wisdom and piety, such a scheme would have produced as much benefit to the world as has ever been imagined in Utopian romance, and more than it has ever yet enjoyed under any of its revolutions. But to suppose this possible, is to pre-suppose the prevalence of Christian principles to an extent which would render any such government unnecessary, . . . for the kingdom of Heaven would then be commenced on earth." Vol. I. p. 283.

These candid admissions are followed by a strict enquiry into the general doctrines of Popery, and no sparing condemnation of its manifold errors. Wickliff is treated with due honour, and the wild opinions of his followers are carefully separated from the genuine lessons of the father of Reformation : a distinction which the adversary is prone to overlook. The reigns of Henry VIII. and his son abound in descriptions of interesting occurrences and striking characters ; and we select the account of the "Majestic Lord" himself, as a fair specimen of the manner in which this portion of the work is executed. The remarks seem rather too favourable, but perhaps they keep the just mean between the partial exculpation of Burnet, and the unmeasured abuse of Lingard.

"In this temper Henry VIII. departed, little expecting how odious many of his actions would appear to posterity, and perhaps not reckoning the worst of them among the things of which he repented. It is more remarkable that so many revolting acts of caprice and cruelty did not deprive him of the affection of his subjects, but that he retained his popularity to the last. This could not have been, had he been the mere monster, which, upon a cursory view of his history, he must needs appear to every young and ingenuous mind. Large allowances are to be made for an age, wherein the frequency of atrocious punishments had hardened the public character, and rendered all men (the very few excepted, who seem to be so constituted, that no circumstances can corrupt them) unfeeling to a degree, which happily we, in these days, are hardly capable of conceiving. Much must also be allowed for his situation. The person, whose moral nature is not injured by the possession of absolute power, must be even more elevated above his fellow-creatures in wisdom and in virtue, than in authority ; and that Henry was, in fact, as absolute as any of the Cæsars, he knew, and none of his subjects would have disputed. If his heart had been

open to any compunctious visitings, the ready assent with which the intimation of his will, in its worst purposes, was received by obsequious counsellors and servile parliaments, would have repressed them. Whatever was his pleasure, they pronounced to be just and lawful. When he sent a minister or a wife to the scaffold, with as little compassion as he would have shown in ordering a dog to be drowned, he felt no weight upon his conscience, because the murder was performed with all the legality which could be given it by Acts of Parliament, formalities of law, and courts of justice!

"The qualities which endeared him to his subjects were, probably, his lavish liberality, and that affability in his better moods which, in the great, has always the semblance, and frequently something of the reality, of goodness. He never raised any man to rank and power, who was not worthy of elevation for his attainments and capacity, whatever he might be in other respects. To be in Henry's service, and more especially to be in his confidence, was a sure proof of ability; and thus it was, that though he had some wicked counsellors, he never had a weak one. Wolsey discovered no weakness, till his master's favour encouraged him to aspire at the Papacy, and then indeed ambition blinded him. He was the munificent patron of literature and the arts; and it is to the example which he set, of giving his daughters as well as his son a learned education, that England is indebted for the women and the men of the Elizabethan age.

"With regard to the Church of England, its foundations rest upon the rock of Scripture, not upon the character of the King by whom they were laid. This, however, must be affirmed in justice to Henry, that mixed as the motives were which first induced him to disclaim the Pope's authority, in all the subsequent measures he acted sincerely, knowing the importance of the work in which he had engaged, and prosecuting it sedulously and conscientiously, even when most erroneous. That religion should have had so little influence upon his moral conduct will not appear strange, if we consider what the religion was wherein he was trained up; nor if we look at the generality of men even now, under circumstances immeasurably more fortunate than those in which he was placed. Undeniable proofs remain of the learning, ability, and diligence, with which he applied himself to the great business of weeding out superstition, and yet preserving what he believed to be the essentials of Christianity untouched. This praise (and it is no light one) is his due: and it is our part to be thankful to that all-ruling Providence, which rendered even his passions and his vices subservient to this important end." Vol. II. p. 102.

For the reason already stated, we pass rapidly over the times of Edward and Elizabeth, assuring our readers, that the melancholy history of the martyrdoms was never told with greater effect, than on the present occasion; and confidently defying all the Jesuits upon earth to deface the impression

which a perusal of it will make on every unprejudiced understanding.

More space might have been advantageously devoted to the reign of Queen Elizabeth; and the pages that are occupied with the Danish mythology and Thomas a Becket, should be exchanged, in some future edition, for a more detailed account of the period from which our Church dates its establishment. Mr. Southey is half inclined to vindicate the Court of High Commission. If he had taken as careful a view of the destruction of the ecclesiastical courts, as he has taken of the Pope and the Puritans, he would have perceived that there never was a more injurious measure, than this exaltation of the royal prerogative at the expence of the lawful authority of the Church. Her Majesty was justified in controlling the spiritual judge. But the effect, if not the intention of her system was to silence him. We are suffering, and must continue to suffer, from that unstatesmanlike conduct which destroyed the influence of the ordinary magistrate, and threw the reins into the hands of an unconstitutional court, which for a season used the scourge with reprehensible violence, and shortly was compelled to throw it aside for ever. The Court of High Commission was a pernicious infringement upon the ancient customs of the Church. The precedents upon which it was formed were only to be found at Rome; and by assuming a power which the Popes had usurped, and claiming it as an integral part of their inheritance, our princes mistook the national interest and their own.

The ecclesiastical history of the Great Rebellion is told with much spirit, especially the parts which relate to Sir Thomas Dering and Archbishop Laud. The former began with attempting to reform the Church, and lived to mourn over its ruins. The latter had some share in provoking his own fate, for his conduct was too violent for a popular government; and both he and Strafford mistook the character of their amiable but imprudent master. Yet the merit and abilities of Laud were of the highest class, and his faults have been exaggerated beyond the common lot of greatness. Mr. Southey's account of his trial and death will open the eyes of many to whom the truth has not been presented before, and who wanted curiosity or inclination to seek it in less entertaining volumes. We extract a few of the more striking passages.

“The strength with which he defended himself, was felt and acknowledged even by many of the members; but truth and eloquence were as little regarded in those calamitous days as law, justice and humanity, and without hearing counsel in his behalf,

the Commons voted him guilty of high treason. There was yet honour enough among the few Lords who adhered to the parliament through all its courses, to hesitate at passing a bill so flagrantly iniquitous; but the Earl of Pembroke, one of the meanest wretches that ever brought infamy upon an old and honourable name for the sake of currying favour with a ruling faction, called the Primate rascal and villain, and told the Lords that if they demurred, the citizens would come down and call for justice, as they had done in Strafford's case. Mr. Stroud also, who came up with a message from the Commons to quicken the Upper House, let fall the same threat. And when they voted that all papers relating to the trial should be laid before them, the Commons, to intimidate them, prepared an ordinance to displace them from all command in the army, and by their old agents procured a petition to be got up for the punishment of delinquents, and for bringing the Lords to vote and sit with the Commons, to the end that public business might be more quickly despatched. At length when only fourteen Lords were present, they voted him guilty of endeavouring to subvert the laws and the protestant religion, and of being an enemy to Parliaments; but left it for the judges to pronounce whether this were treason; and the judges to their lasting honour, unanimously declared that nothing which was charged against the Archbishop, was treason, by any known and established law of the land. In the face of this determination, the Commons persisted in their murderous purpose; the Peers, who shrunk from a more active participation in the crime, shrunk from their duty also, absenting themselves from the House, and six were found thorough-paced enough to concur in the sentence of condemnation." Vol. II. p. 437.

"Thus he began his dying address, in that state of calm, but deepest feeling, when the mind seeks for fancies and types and dim similitudes, and extracts from them consolation and strength. What he said was delivered with a grave composure, so that 'he appeared,' says Sir Philip Warwick, 'to make his own funeral sermon with less passion, than he had in former times made the like for a friend.' The hope which he had expressed at his last awful parting with Strafford, was now nobly justified; it was not possible for man, in those fearful circumstances, to have given proof of a serener courage, or of a more constant and well-founded faith. Nor did he let pass the opportunity of giving the people such admonition as the time permitted. 'I know,' said he, 'my God whom I serve is as able to deliver me from this Sea of Blood, as he was to deliver the Three Children from the furnace; and (I humbly thank my Saviour for it!) my resolution is now as theirs was then: they would *not worship the image the king had set up*, nor will I the imaginations which the people are setting up: nor will I forsake the temple and the truth of God, to follow the bleating of Jeroboam's calves in Dan and Bethel. And as for this people, they are at this day miserably misled, (God of his

this was all they could do! They removed from him the sight of calumnies, which would have been to him tenfold more grievous than death; and they afforded him an opportunity of displaying at his trial and on the scaffold, as in a public theatre, a presence of mind, a strength of intellect, a calm and composed temper, an heroic and saintly magnanimity, which he never could have been known to possess, if he had not thus been put to the proof. Had they contented themselves with stripping him of his rank and fortune, and letting him go to the grave a poor and broken-hearted old man, their calumnies might then have proved so effectual, that he would have been more noted now for his infirmities, than for his great and eminent virtues. But they tried him in the burning fiery furnace of affliction, and then his sterling worth was assayed and proved. And the martyrdom of Cranmer is not more inexplicably disgraceful to the Roman Catholic, than that of Laud to the Puritan persecutors.

"He was buried according to the rites and ceremonies of the Church of England; a circumstance which afforded a deep, but mournful consolation to those who revered and loved him. It seemed to them as if the venerable establishment itself over which he had presided, and for defending which he had died a martyr, were buried with him: for on the same day that six infamous peers past the ordinance of attainder against him, they past an act also, by which the Liturgy was suppressed, and a Directory for public worship set forth in its stead." Vol. II. p. 449.

We have indulged ourselves with transcribing this long passage, in hopes that it may contribute to do eventual, although tardy justice to the memory of Archbishop Laud. He is still spoken of, both by Radicals and Puritans, as an object of detestation and contempt. Such opinions will be confined within the limits of their converging supporters, as soon as the facts of the case are generally understood.

The restoration of the Church establishment in 1660, and the intrigues by which its unity was broken, form a very important chapter. The arts of Baxter and his adherents were never more completely exposed; and there is a condensation of materials in this part of the work, which deserves much praise. The Ecclesiastical history of the Revolution is also extremely well told, and enables Mr. Southey to conclude his book with an air of honest exultation.

"From the time of the Revolution the Church of England has partaken of the stability and security of the State. Here therefore I terminate this compendious, but faithful, view of its rise, progress, and political struggles. It has rescued us, first from heathenism, then from papal idolatry and superstition; it has saved us from temporal as well as spiritual despotism. We owe to it our moral and intellectual character as a nation; much of our private hap-

happiness, much of our public strength. Whatever should weaken it, would in the same degree injure the common weal; whatever should overthrow it, would in sure and immediate consequence bring down the goodly fabric of that Constitution, whereof it is a constituent and necessary part. If the friends of the Constitution understand this as clearly as its enemies, and act upon it as consistently and as actively, then will the Church and State be safe, and with them the liberty and the prosperity of our country." Vol. II, p. 528.

For this eloquent result of his inquiries, and for the careful steps by which he arrived at it, Mr. Southey must again accept our sincere thanks. We trust that he will not be satisfied with reprinting his interesting volumes, but will bestow a little additional trouble on what must have already cost so much, and remove the small number of blemishes which friends or even enemies may point out.—The omission of authorities and references is one of the greatest; and if the work is too general to admit of tracing every fact to its source, which we are inclined to think the case, the Preface might inform us what writers are principally followed. We do not think the better of a controversial historian for encumbering his margin with hosts of unreachable references; but a list of the authors from whom a history is abridged, not only conveys valuable information to the reader, and enables him to increase his acquaintance with the times of which it treats, but is necessary to the permanent reputation and value of the work itself.

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ART. II. *Journal of a Second Voyage for the Discovery of a North-West Passage from the Atlantic to the Pacific: performed in the Years 1821, 22, 23, in his Majesty's Ships Pury and Hecla, under the Orders of Captain William Edward Parry, R. N., F. R. S., and Commander of the Expedition.* 4to. 572 pp. 4l. 14s. 6d. Murray. 1824.

ART. III. *The Private Journal of Captain G. F. Lyon, of H. M. S. Hecla, during the recent Voyage of Discovery under Captain Parry.* 8vo. 468. pp. 16s. Murray. 1824.

THE intense interest excited by Captain Parry's first adventurous voyage, is by no means likely to be diminished by the details which he has now presented to the public of his second, equally bold and (in all but one respect) most satisfactory attempt to discover a north-west passage. We have always considered the bare question as to the actual existence of any such passage or not, as one of very minor importance; and we have been ready to meet the *cui bono* interrogatories of self-complacent utility-mongers, as to the object of these



expeditions, on much wider and more extensive grounds. Every step by which geographical knowledge is enlarged, redounds to the honour, not only of the immediate individual by whom it is gained, but of the country by which he is sent forth ; and if the name of Columbus, from other causes, be connected with the disgrace of Spain, those of De Gama, of Drake, and of Cook, will ever be reputed among the choicest national possessions of Portugal and of England. The greatest naval power which the world has ever beheld, is only fittingly and decorously employed in resolving intricate maritime problems, and in devoting her unprecedented resources to unravel difficulties which must eternally defy all but those who can hope to be placed (and where are they to be looked for?) in enjoyment of similar means. In us it would be a dereliction of duty to be indifferent to any accession, however small, which it is within our power to add to the history of the globe on which we live. It is for the benefit of mankind at large, and for the advantage of generations yet unborn, that the ships of England walk the ocean almost unconfined, and have the wings of the wind made subservient to their command. The opportunities and advantages which the bounty of Providence has so unsparingly bestowed upon us, bring with them in this, as in all other cases, a proportionate responsibility ; and if we neglect to apply them to their intended purpose and their utmost limit, we are unworthy of a gift which we abuse, and most assuredly will not be permitted to retain it.

Such we rejoice to say has not been, and is not likely to be the case. The peevish objections of those to whom a ready commercial return, or a direct tangible payment are the sole objects of intellect have been disregarded, as they deserved to be, by the great majority of our countrymen ; and the heroic exertions of our Seamen have met their full tribute of gratitude from the general voice, and have been most promptly and liberally seconded by the executive Government. While we now write, the same undaunted and skilful commanders, whose works we are about to review, are again entering on similar trials to those the narrative of which we shall present to our readers ; and are once more preparing to exhibit those characteristics of cool and fearless courage, of cheerful self-devotion, of patient endurance, and of persevering sagacity, which hitherto have conducted and supported them through a series of unparalleled dangers and privations, and which we have strong hopes will ultimately guide them to the complete accomplishment of their great object.

To enter into the details of former voyages to the Arctic

regions is scarcely necessary here; for it would be difficult to suppose that any of our readers are unacquainted with the slow advances in discovery made from the attempt of Martin Frobisher in the time of Queen Elizabeth to the recent failure of Captain Ross. The first voyage of Captain Parry demonstrated the impossibility of a passage directly westward through Baffin's Bay, and added to our Charts with a rapidity which had been little anticipated, knowledge of a considerable line of coast. The disappointment in the primary object of the expedition determined its projectors to adopt a different course in their subsequent operations; and it was resolved that another trial should be made through Hudson's Straits; beyond which *Fox's Farthest* in lat.  $66^{\circ} 50'$  on the Eastern Coast, and *Repulse Bay* in  $66^{\circ} 30'$  on the Western, had so effectually presented their ill-omened names as a barrier to all future adventurers, that for more than seventy years no effort had been made to pass them.

For this purpose his Majesty's ships the *Fury* and *Hecla*, vessels of a similar class, the former measuring 377 tons burden, and the latter having already encountered the first expedition, were commissioned at the close of 1820. Captain Parry, as commander of the voyage, was appointed to the first named ship; Captain George Francis Lyon, whose spirit of enterprise had been previously shown in the deserts of Africa, to the second. The officers who accompanied the former attempt volunteered their services for the second, and great part of the crew consisted of the very same men. An Astronomer and Chaplain, the Rev. George Fisher, was annexed, and the *Fury* was soon manned with a crew of sixty men (of all classes) the *Hecla* with fifty-eight. Little difference was made in the equipment of the ships from that which had already proved so well adapted to the peculiarity of service. A few minor alterations gave additional stability to the frame of the vessels; and most especial care was taken that in every respect, all the appointments of each ship should be precise duplicates of each other; an arrangement permitted by their exact similarity of size; so that in point of fact, the stores of each, from the improbability of both sustaining losses in the same articles, might be considered as doubled. A complete lining of cork was applied all round the ships sides, and an apparatus was also adjusted for conveying warm air by pipes to each separate habitable apartment. In the victualling department supplies of preserved meat at the rate of two pounds a man per week, and concentrated soups at a quart per week, were laid in for three years. The spirits were furnished, to increase the room

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for stowage, at 35 per cent above proof; the vinegar was in like manner reduced to a seventh of its ordinary bulk; and kiln dried flour being substituted for biscuit occupied one third only of the same space. Various other similar arrangements were entered into; a number of valuable philosophical instruments were provided; and during the voyage over the Atlantic, part of this lading was consigned to a Transport, in order to prevent the possibility of risque before entering upon the margin of the ice.

Captain Parry's official instructions enjoined him, by bearing up the shores of Hudson Bay to the North of Wager River, to lay hold of that coast which he should feel assured conviction was part of the Continent of America. Along this he was to stretch to the north, examining every bend and inlet which seemed to afford hope of a Western passage; so that the discovery of a communication between the Atlantic and Pacific was his main object, and the ascertaining the Northern boundary of the American Continent his second. In the last, as we shall perceive by and by, he has fully succeeded. A general outline of the comparatively minor subjects which were to occupy his attention was sketched by the Board of Admiralty; and with a sound and liberal discretion, and a most honorable reliance upon his skill, all points upon which doubts might be supposed to arise were committed to the decision of his judgment on the moment.

The two volumes now before us must in no wise be considered as rival works; nor be viewed with any jealous aspect. They are completely distinct in their nature and object. Captain Parry's is the grave, authentic, and official narrative of maritime operations, which he was instructed to arrange by command of the Lords of the Admiralty, and to publish under the sanction of their authority. Captain Lyon's, on the other hand, is a private journal put together for the amusement of his friends, and committed to the press only because Captain Parry and Mr. Barrow had enough liberal feeling and good taste to perceive how much the public would be losers if it were suppressed. The first would have been defective if it had not embraced a variety of topics, which are not perhaps of the highest interest to general readers; the second would have been redundant if it had not excluded every thing which will not amuse every body. One is a very majestic quarto, fit for morning study by gentlemen, for serious reference, and for a stable abode on the shelves of the library; the other is a snug and companionable octavo, which may be taken in hand by the fire side after dinner—may be read by all the ladies in the family, and in the end, if bound in morocco, may occupy a distinguished post

on the feminine hanging shelves above stairs. Both (and it is the only thing about them which we regret) are published by Murray; and therefore are only to be obtained at the respective immoderate prices of four guineas and a half, and sixteen shillings. In our subsequent *apperçu* we shall borrow our materials from each indiscriminately, as best suits our purpose.

On the 8th of May 1821, the *Fury*, *Hecla*, and *Nautilus* Transport stood out from the Little Nore. After entering Davis's Strait it was on the evening of the 14th June that the first iceberg was seen; the altitude of one was 258 feet above the surface of the sea, the weather was most lovely, and Captain Lyon gives the following vivid description of his feelings.

"In the forenoon of the 16th an ice-berg was seen a-head. To one who, like myself was a stranger to these climes, I need scarcely apologize for mentioning the novel beauty of the evening of this day. At a quarter past ten the sun set: the sky over-head was of the purest azure, here and there sprinkled with light silvery clouds of the most fantastic forms. At about mid-heaven, in the western sky, a range of purple clouds, edged with vivid gold, formed a delightful contrast with the softened crimson of the setting sun. In opposition to this glowing scene, the eastern heavens were filled with heavy clouds of a brilliant whiteness, and cold appearance, backed by a clear blue sky. The calm sea exhibited, in a softened degree, the beauties above it, and its surface was occasionally ruffled by the rapid motions of large shoals of porpoises; attended by multitudes of birds. The ships lay motionless together, and their bells alone broke the universal stillness. This delightful evening far excelled, in my opinion, any Italian sun set; but the presence of two large ice-bergs reminded us but too well that we were in a far different climate." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 3.

Off Savage Islands they received their first visit from the Eskimaux. A loud *Hā haā*, resounded from all quarters; and was repeated as an encouragement by the sailors. Three hours of shouts, yells, and laughter succeeded, and there was no backwardness either in courting or in bestowing acquaintance. The impression on Captain Lyon's mind was not very favourable: on the whole, not much better than that left on honest John Davis (whose words he quotes) two centuries and a half before. "The people," says that plain spoken seaman, "are of good stature, well proportioned; with small slender hands and feet, broad visages, small eyes, wide mouths, the most part unbearded, great lips, and close teethed: they are much given to bleed, and therefore stop

their noses with deer's hair or that of an Elan. They are very simple in their conversation, but marvellously given to thieving, especially of iron; they did eat all their meat raw." The lapse of two hundred and fifty years has made no difference in the physiognomy, the conversation, or the diet of these tribes; but in the present day they are somewhat less given to thieving, and instead of stopping their noses when they bleed, they scrape the blood with their fingers into their mouths, and lick it up as a dainty. But more of these anon; at present we must continue the voyage.

On the 2d of August the expedition began to enter upon a course hitherto unexplored. At the Eastern extremity of Southampton Island is a channel to which Captain Middleton who was unable to penetrate it, gave the name of the *Frozen Strait* in 1742. A controversy, which as yet was undetermined, had arisen at the time as to the existence of this Strait, and the decision of the point was of material consequence to Captain Parry. The distance to Repulse Bay, the spot which he was anxious to gain, if there really was such a passage, scarcely exceeded 50 leagues; whereas to go round the southern extremity of Southampton Island would lead him at least 170. Captain Parry relied upon the statement of Middleton, and notwithstanding the dangers of the passage, succeeded in establishing the veracity of that much injured seaman. The ice was close packed and extensive, and the ships were frequently beset, so that their progress was extremely slow; at length they entered a superb bay, on the northern coast of Southampton Island, free from ice, ten miles in depth, and about four in width, to which they gave the name of the *Duke of York*, as it was first discovered on his Royal Highness's birth-day. Having ascertained that this was in truth no more than a bay, they proceeded once more northward, and regaining the Frozen Strait, were involved in floes, hummocks, islets, rocks, and fogs, till without knowing it, on the 21st of August they found themselves in Repulse Bay, and were able to verify another part of Middleton's narrative; namely, that that Bay and the northern part of *Sir Thomas Rowe's Welcome*, were filled by a rapid tide flowing into it from the eastward through the Frozen Strait.

Repulse Bay was accurately examined, both by parties on land who fixed the latitude at  $66^{\circ} 30' 58''$  and the longitude at  $86^{\circ} 30' 20''$ ; and by one in boats which rowed close in shore all round it, and determined, without a shadow of doubt, the continuity of land: so that any hopes as to the possibility of a passage this way, were dissipated for ever.

All sail now was made to the eastward to retrace the Frozen Strait on its northern coast. The land as it was neared appeared broken, and so fair a promise of an opening was afforded, that Captain Lyon was instructed to explore the adjoining shore. He was provisioned for four days, and accompanied by a midshipman and by two seamen from each ship. During his absence the ships rode out with great difficulty: heavy masses of ice perpetually drifted past and occasionally struck them, so that the *Fury* lost her anchor. The report of the land party on its return seemed favourable to the attempt of this passage, although the narrowness of the channel, the entire ignorance of soundings, the strength of the tides, and the quantity of ice with which the sea was loaded, all contributed to render the undertaking most hazardous. On one occasion the *Fury* drifted with the tide between an island (Passage Island) and a rock, where the utmost breadth did not exceed 240 yards; no exertion of the crew could guide the vessel, and it was the natural direction of the stream only, which kept it in mid channel. After a most laborious struggle, the wind which had got round to the northward on the 2d of September, in spite of an enormous floe to which the ships were attached, drove them back very nearly to the station which they had occupied a month before. The sea however had been left comparatively open by this gale, and once again they had a run to the northward. The coast as they advanced was minutely examined, and more than once sanguine hopes were entertained that what in the end proved only to be inlets, would present the desired passage. The largest of these was distinguished by the name of *Captain Lyon*; the next in importance received their titles from Messrs. *Gore*, *Ross*, and *Hoppner*. Some more natives were seen on the shore, and no less than 200 leagues of coast were accurately laid down.

But the time which had been unavoidably lost in the early part of the season, (if indeed it be just to call that lost which was necessarily consumed in obtaining information upon which every future step depended) was not to be recovered; and with the approach of October it was too plain that Winter was rapidly approaching also. Rough gales were frequent, the rain froze as it fell, the thermometer at night was as low as 20°, and young ice was observed forming on the shores. Before the lapse of another week the mercury had fallen to zero, and it became imperatively necessary to fix upon some spot in which the ships could be permanently secured for the Winter. Forcing their way through the

young ice, or sludge, which Captain Parry describes as resembling lemon ice, they brought the ships to a good anchorage in nine fathoms, in a small open bay, on an island (which they named *Winter Island*) off that part of the continent which began to tread northward. A canal of about 300 yards was sawed through to move them into the most desirable places; and before night the crew already walked on board, the ice formed solidly round, and their operations were terminated for the season.

All necessary precautions were now taken for the defence of the ships, the preservation of the stores, and the health and comfort of the men. The warming stove was lighted, and succeeded so completely, that when the mean temperature of the atmosphere was but a few degrees above zero, the thermometer stood at 72° in the cabin, at 46 feet from the air vessel. On the lower deck throughout the winter it kept up an uniform and comfortable temperature, and its consumption never exceeded four pecks of coals a day. Musical parties were held on stated evenings, alternately in each Commander's cabin. The theatrical entertainments, which had been found so useful in dispelling *ennui* during the former voyage, were eagerly renewed; more perhaps to the delight of the audience than that of the actors, for the mercury was not higher than 16° in the green room; coffee placed on a table about six inches above a stove froze in the cups; and Captain Lyon, while dressed in the height of *dandyism* as Dick Dowlass, in the Heir at Law, went through the last scene with two fingers frost-bitten. The theatre was opened once a fortnight, and fully answered its purpose. Captain Lyon notes the following characteristic occurrence during the representation of the Poor Gentleman.

“We were much amused during the exhibition of this play by a burst of true English feeling. In the scene where Lieut. Worthington and Corporal Foss recount in so animated a manner their former achievements, advancing at the same time, and huzzaing for ‘Old England;’ the whole audience, with one accord, rose, and gave three of the heartiest cheers I ever heard. They then sat down, and the play continued uninterrupted.” *Lyon's Journal*, p. 96.

Schools were also instituted at the special request of the sailors, and by mid winter there was not a man on board either ship, who could not read and write. Sixteen well penned copies were shewn up on Christmas day to Captain Lyon, with proportionate pride, by those who two months before scarcely knew their letters. The observatory was

erected on shore; divine service was regularly performed to both crews on board the *Fury*; and the year 1821 was brought to an end in excellent health and cheerfulness. Captain Parry's own words are the best proof of the buoyant contentedness by which all hearts were animated, and we quote them as a singular proof of that empire which well regulated minds can exercise over themselves, and as an honorable testimony of the general spirit which appears to have swayed both officers and men.

"With our time thus occupied, and comforts so abundant, and the prospect to sea-ward so enlivening, it would indeed have been our own faults had we felt any thing but enjoyment in our present state, and the most lively hopes and expectations for the future."

On the morning of the 1st of February, a fresh party of Eskimaux appeared. They consisted of twenty-one men, two very old women, and two children, all unarmed; and peaceably and silently saluting the strange comers by stroking their breasts. An interchange of barter was soon established, and the sailors accepted an invitation to their huts, which stood about two miles distant. These were occupied by six families, sixty-four in number altogether, and constructed entirely of snow.

"The entrance to the dwellings was by a hole about a yard in diameter, which led through a low-arched passage of sufficient breadth for two to pass in a stooping posture, and about 16 feet in length; another hole then presented itself, and led through a similarly shaped but shorter passage, having at its termination a round opening, about two feet across. Up this hole we crept one step, and found ourselves in a dome about seven feet in height, and as many in diameter, from whence the three dwelling-places, with arched roofs, were entered. It must be observed that this is the description of a large hut, the smaller ones, containing one or two families, having the domes somewhat differently arranged.

"Each dwelling might be averaged at 14 or 16 feet in diameter by 6 or 7 in height, but as snow alone was used in their construction, and was always at hand, it might be supposed that there was no particular size, that being of course at the option of the builder. The laying of the arch was performed in such a manner as would have satisfied the most regular artist, the key-piece on the top being a large square slab. The blocks of snow used in the buildings were from four to six inches in thickness, and about a couple of feet in length, carefully pared with a large knife. Where two families occupied a dome, a seat was raised on either side, two feet in height. These raised places were used as beds, and covered in the first place with whalebone, sprigs of andromeda, or pieces of seals' skin, over these were spread deer pelts and deer skin clothes,



which had a very warm appearance. The pelts were used as blankets, and many of them had ornamental fringes of leather sewed round their edges.

"Each dwelling place was illumined by a broad piece of transparent fresh water ice, of about two feet in diameter, which formed part of the roof, and was placed over the door. These windows gave a most pleasing light, free from glare, and something like that which is thrown through ground glass. We soon learned that the building of a house was but the work of an hour or two, and that a couple of men, one to cut the slabs and the other to lay them, were labourers sufficient.

"For the support of the lamps and cooking apparatus, a mound of snow is erected for each family; and when the master has two wives, or a mother, both have an independent place, one at each end of the bench." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 115.

Great part of the interest of Captain Lyon's book arises from his close observation of these savages, and the numerous anecdotes which he has related of them. He eat, drank, and slept, and lived whole days in their huts, and completed his naturalization by submitting to the *kakeen*, or tattooing, which was performed by the hand of his *amāma*, or adopted mother.

"Having furnished her with a fine needle, she tore with her teeth a thread off a deer's sinew, and thus prepared the sewing apparatus: she then, without a possibility of darkening her hands beyond their standard colour, passed her fingers under the bottom of the stone pot, from whence she collected a quantity of soot; with this, together with a little oil, and much saliva, she soon made a good mixture, and taking a small piece of whalebone well blackened, she then drew a variety of figures about my arm, differing, as I easily saw, from those with which she herself was marked; and calling her housemates, they all enjoyed a good laugh at the figures, which perhaps conveyed some meaning I could not fathom.

"I had, however, only determined on a few stitches, so that her trouble was in some measure thrown away. She commenced her work by blackening the thread with soot, and taking a pretty deep but short stitch in my skin, carefully pressing her thumb on the wound as the thread passed through it, and beginning each stitch at the place where the last had ceased. My flesh being tough, she got on but slowly, and having broken one needle in trying to force it through, I thought fit, when she had completed forty stitches, or about two inches, to allow her to desist: then rubbing the part with oil, in order to staunch a little blood which appeared, she finished the operation. I could now form an idea of the price paid by the Eskimaux females for their embellishments, which for a time occasion a slight inflammation and some degree of pain. The colour which the *kakeen* assumes when the skin heals, is of the same light blue as we see on the marked arms of seamen." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 121.

Of all human beings, these Eskimaux are, probably, the most filthy in their habits. Every thing is deposited in their mouths, either for pleasure or convenience; and this receptacle (which nature has made adequately large) is used as occasion may require, as a cheap substitute for the performance of all those offices for which we Europeans according to our supererogatory division of labour, employ brooms, dusters, snuffers, housewives, purses, or pocket-handkerchiefs. Every digestible substance is eaten by them dressed or raw indifferently; nor even the Budini, or Adymachidæ were more pertinacious *ptheirotragists*\*; the last named people indeed, we are told, used their teeth only in retaliation for bites previously inflicted, not from gastraphilism: but the Eskimaux enjoy, as a delicacy, that which the less luxurious Africans devoured from revenge. Of their alternate gluttony and inanition, the most extraordinary proofs were given during this intercourse. In six days, twenty-five grown persons and six small children, consumed and wasted every part of two walruses, weighing little short of twenty hundred-weight. One of Captain Lyon's most familiar friends visited him one morning on his way from the Fury. His face was covered with crumbs and oil, and he requested permission to sleep an hour or two, in order to recover himself. On awaking, his first cry was *tā-mōo-ā* (food,) and on this being refused he applied to one of the midshipmen, who gave him enough to make a second sleep necessary. His eyes were scarcely opened when he renewed his cry, and, finding it unavailing, he returned to the Fury, where, with better luck, he continued eating during the remainder of the day. Our readers may, perhaps, have some curiosity to see the particulars of an Eskimaux *carte*, even though we may anticipate a little in point of time. Of the following two bills of fare, the first was easily despatched by a lad, scarcely full grown, in twenty hours, eight of which were passed in sleep. The second in nineteen, from which the same deductions must be made.—The performances took place during the second winter of the Expedition.

Toolooak, Solids.	lbs.	oz.
Sea-horse hard frozen.....	4	4
Ditto, boiled .....	4	4
Bread and Bread-dust .....	1	12
Total,	10	4

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\* Herod. II. 108—160.

*North-West Passage.**Ditto, Liquids.*

Rich Gravy Soup .....	1 pint & a quarter
Raw Spirits.....	3 wine glasses
Strong Grog .....	1 tumbler
Water .....	1 gallon, 1 pint

*Kāngārā, Solids. lbs. oz.*

Bread dust and train-oil .....	1	10
Boiled walrus .....	7	1
Seal and bread .....	1	0
Two candles .....	0	3
Bread and butter .....	0	1

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Total, 9 15

*Ditto, Liquids.*

Rich Walrus Soup.....	2 quarts
Water, more than .....	4 quarts

The above articles were weighed before they were given.

Such however was their improvidence, that after exhausting in one day, a mass of provisions which would have supported them without stint for more than seven, they frequently knew not where to turn for a second meal, and must inevitably have perished but for the bounty of the ships. In the absence of the men on hunting excursions, the wretched women and children, who are wholly dependent upon them, were more than once found without either food or fuel, with extinguished lamps, and perhaps gnawing in despair some remnant of offal seal-skin, with the hair yet on it. The capture of game under such circumstances, was necessarily a source of heart-felt exultation. The women hurried to the doors and the children to the beach, with shouts of tumultuous joy, to meet the men dragging in their prize; and some little future hero, bolder or more hungry than the rest, was often seen clinging to a dead seal or walrus, upon whose back he had thrown himself that he might ride home in triumph. Captain Parry shall describe the remainder of the operation.

“ After distributing a number of presents in the first four huts, I found on entering the last, that Pootoolook had been successful in bringing in a seal, over which two elderly women were standing, armed with large knives, their hands and faces besmeared with blood, and delight and exultation depicted on their countenances. They had just performed the first operation of dividing the animal into two parts, and thus laying open the intestines. These being taken out, and all the blood carefully baled up and put into the

*ootkooseek*, or cooking-pot, over the fire, they separated the head and flippers from the carcass and then divided the ribs. All the loose scraps were put into the pot for immediate use, except such as the two butchers now and then crammed into their own mouths, or distributed to the numerous and eager by-standers for still more immediate consumption. Of these morsels the children came in for no small share, every little urchin that could find its way to the slaughter-house, running eagerly in, and between the legs of the men and women, presenting its mouth for a large lump of raw flesh, just as an English child of the same age might do for a piece of sugar-candy. - Every now and then also a dog would make his way towards the reeking carcass, and when in the act of seizing upon some delicate part, was sent off yelping by a heavy blow with the handles of the knives. When all the flesh is disposed of, for a portion of which each of the women from the other huts usually brings her *ootkooseek*, the blubber still remains attached to the skin, from which it is separated the last; and the business being now completed, the two parts of the hide are rolled up and laid by, together with the store of flesh and blubber. During the dissection of their seals, they have a curious custom of sticking a thin filament of skin, or of some part of the intestines, upon the foreheads of the boys, who are themselves extremely fond of it, it being intended, as Iligliuk afterwards informed me, to make them fortunate seal-catchers." *Parry's Journal*, p. 178.

The chase, when existence depends upon it, is likely to be followed with no small alacrity; and an Eskimaux no doubt would scarcely credit that a Leicestershire Squire did not always eat his own foxes. Seals work their way like moles, under the ice, and open small apertures through which they rise. The perseverance of the hunters in watching them is most extraordinary.

"If, however, a man has any reason to suppose that a seal is at work beneath, he immediately attaches himself to the place, and seldom leaves it till he has succeeded in killing the animal. For this purpose, he first builds a snow wall about four feet in height, to shelter him from the wind, and seating himself under the lee of it, deposits his spear, lines, and other implements upon several little forked sticks inserted into the snow, in order to prevent the smallest noise being made in moving them when wanted. But the most curious precaution to the same effect consists in tying his own knees together, with a thong, so securely as to prevent any rustling of his clothes which might otherwise alarm the animal. In this situation, a man will sit quietly sometimes for hours together, attentively listening to any noise made by the seal, and sometimes using the *keip-kuttuk*, an instrument hereafter described, in order to ascertain whether the animal is still at work below. When he supposes the hole to be nearly completed, he cautiously lifts his spear, to which the line has been previously attached, and as soon

as the blowing of the seal is distinctly heard, and the ice consequently very thin, he drives it into him with the force of both arms, and then cuts away with his *pannu* the remaining crust of ice, to enable him to repeat the wounds and get him out. The *neitiek* is the only seal killed in this manner and, being the smallest, is held, while struggling, either simply by hand, or by putting the line round a spear with the point stuck in the ice. For the *oguke*, the line is passed round the man's leg or arm; and for a walrus round his body, his feet being at the same time firmly set against a hummock of ice, in which position these people can from habit hold against a very heavy strain. Boys of fourteen or fifteen years of age consider themselves equal to the killing of a *neitiek*, but it requires a full-grown person to master either of the larger animals." *Parry's Journal*, p. 172.

The plate of the Eskimaux watching a seal-hole, by which this description is illustrated, conveys a most adequate picture of the "abomination of desolation" which it is intended to exhibit.

Among the native women, one was soon distinguished by her superiority to the rest. Ilig-li-ak, the wife of Okô-tôok, first manifested a very accurate ear for music: she was delighted with a hand-organ, and could not easily be persuaded that a musical snuff-box, which was soon afterwards shewn to her, could be any other than the child of the larger instrument. She was early looked up to for her greater cleanliness and her neat housewifery; but it is not likely that at the time in which, perhaps, from mere wantonness, she was applied to for geographical information, her talents and her knowledge were in any degree justly estimated. With a view of ascertaining whether the Eskimaux knew any thing of the land to the northward, a rude outline of the neighbouring coast was sketched on a large sheet of paper, and she was requested to continue the chart. She understood the request immediately, and with a pencil traced various indentations of the coast, together with several islands, on one of which, Amît-yôok, at the distance of sixteen days journey, she said that she herself was born. Her first sketch filled twelve sheets, and afterwards, when she had acquired the art of boxing the compass, and was asked to reduce her chart to *mikkee*, or small, to the surprise and delight of the by-standers, she brought the continent strait round to the westward, and afterwards to S.S.W. so as to come within three days journey of Repulse Bay. This delineation reminded Captain Parry of some observations which had been made at the head of Lyon Inlet, in the preceding autumn. Himself, from the summit of a hill, had noticed a brightness in the western sky,

strongly resembling ice-blink; and from still higher ground, much water, with islands and capes, had been seen by other officers in the same direction. As the closest examination had determined that Lyon Inlet was land-locked, and that there was no passage of any kind thereabouts, no idea was then entertained that this water was the sea, and it was set down as one of the numberless lakes by which the country was intersected.

"The sum of our information was, that an extensive sea existed to the northward, and was open in the summer; and that in this sea were several islands, on which the Eskimaux resided, either as fixed settlements, or for a time during their journeys along the coast, which were performed chiefly over the ice before the sea opened. The two principal islands were called Amīt-yōōk and Ig-lōo-ltk, and were the birth-places of the greater part of our winter acquaintance. We acquired by degrees other information, which I shall hereafter state. I may here mention, that Repulse Bay is the place distinguished by the name of Aÿ-wēe-lik, and is also a settlement of importance." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 160.

A land journey northward was projected in the spring; and about the middle of March, the weather appearing somewhat milder, Captain Lyon obtained permission to go out for a single day, in order to ascertain on the ice the breadth of the channel which separated Winter Island from the main land. From the moment of his departure, the thermometer fell rapidly, and the wind increased. At midnight the mercury had reached  $-32^{\circ}$ , and a hard gale blew from the north-west. On the whole, it was one of the most inclement nights which the expedition encountered. In the morning, the thermometer rose to  $-20^{\circ}$ , and at this point it continued stationary during the day. The most lively fears were entertained for the absentees. To send in quest of them was useless, for the snow drift soon obliterated every track, and any second party would only be soon exposed to a calamity similar to that which it was dreaded had overwhelmed the first. It was one P.M. before Captain Lyon returned; and his own words will shew, how little at one time this return was to be expected.

"At seven A.M., on the 15th, we proceeded towards the hills to the northward of our winter quarters. A strong wind arose soon after our starting, and blew directly in our faces, bringing thick clouds of drift snow with it. On ascending the sloping ground we found the sledge too much for us, and it was with great difficulty dragged through the soft snow in which we waded knee deep. The wind had now increased to a heavy gale, our utmost view was

bounded to twenty yards, and every time of resting to take breath we all received severe frost bites. The sun having risen above the thickest part of the drift snow enabled us to steer a direct northerly course, for we expected in that direction to arrive at a small bay, which had been observed by Captain Parry and myself on our first arrival. At ten we were confirmed in our conjecture by descending suddenly and arriving at a quantity of grounded ice, directed by which we made our way round the head of the bay, and arrived on the side of a small hill a little after eleven. The extreme severity of the weather determined me on pitching our tent, and waiting until, in better weather, we could from the rising ground command a view of our future route.

"When the tent had been pitched an hour, and our party were all smoking to promote warmth, the temperature at our feet was  $1^{\circ}$  below zero, and over our head amongst the smoke  $+ 7^{\circ}$ ; in the outer air it was  $- 5^{\circ}$ , which although of itself sufficiently cold was rendered doubly piercing by the strength of the wind. John Lee was soon seized with a fit of shivering and severe pains in the loins, to check which we put him into his blanket and covered him with clothes which could ill be spared. A deep hole being dug in the snow a fire was made with the greatest difficulty, and we were made comfortable for a time by a warm mess of soup. I afterwards found that it would be possible by extending our excavation to make a cavern in which we might pass the night, for it would have been next to impossible to continue in the tent. Some of the men were therefore set to work, and had thus so good an opportunity of warming themselves, that our only shovel was lent from one to the other as a particular favour. At two P.M. the outer air was  $- 15^{\circ}$ , and zero was the temperature of the tent, when Arnold's pocket chronometer stopped from the effects of the cold. By four P.M. the cavern was finished and of sufficient size to contain us all in a sitting posture. After taking some hot soup, Lee was removed to the warmest place we could select and, making a fire, we managed by its smoke, which had no vent, to raise the temperature to  $+ 20^{\circ}$ , while outside it had fallen to  $- 25^{\circ}$ . We now cleaned our clothes as well as possible from the thick coating of snow drift, and closing the entrance of the cave with blocks of snow, we crept into our blanket bags, and huddled close together to endeavour to procure a little sleep. Our small dwelling had a very close feel, which was perhaps not a little augmented by the reflection that a spade alone could liberate us again after a night's drift of snow: and our roof being two feet thick, and not of the most secure description, there was no small probability of its breaking down on us, in which case confined as we were in our bags, and lying almost upon each other, we should have but little chance of extricating ourselves.

"At daylight on the 16th we found the temperature at  $+ 26^{\circ}$  until we dug out the entrance, when it fell to  $+ 15^{\circ}$ , while outside it was  $- 25^{\circ}$ . We again lighted our fire and, after sitting two hours in such thick black smoke that we could not see our feet,

succeeded in making some tea, which answered a double purpose, as it served to thaw some meat which was frozen in the canisters. At nine A.M. the gale was unabated, and the drift as severe as ever. The tent was half buried in the snow, and I set all hands to work at digging out the sledge, but it was so deeply sunk that our efforts were unsuccessful, and in the attempt our faces and extremities were most painfully frost-bitten. With all these difficulties before us, Mr. Palmer and myself consulted together as to whether it would be most prudent to endeavour to pass another night in our present precarious situation, or while we were yet able to walk make an attempt to reach the ships, which we supposed were about six miles from us. We could not see a yard of our way, yet to remain appeared worse than to go forward, which last plan was decided on. At thirty minutes past nine, having placed all our luggage in the tent, and erected a small flag over it, we set out, carrying a few pounds of bread, a little rum, and a spade. The wind being now in our backs, we walked very briskly, and having an occasional glimpse of a very faint sun through the drift, managed to steer a tolerable course. James Carr having loitered a little behind us was suddenly missed, and by the most fortunate chance we saw him running across our path in search of us; for had he been ten yards further off he might have been lost. After walking several miles we came to grounded ice, and saw the tracks of Eskimaux men and dogs, but these were so confused that we knew not which marks to follow.

“ Not knowing on which side of the ships we had arrived, we feared to go to the southward or eastward, and accordingly went as nearly west as possible, in which direction we again crossed tracks. We now wandered amongst the heavy hummocks of ice without knowing which track to pursue, and suffering from cold, fatigue, and anxiety, were soon completely bewildered. Several of our party began to exhibit symptoms of that horrid kind of insensibility which is the prelude to sleep. They all professed extreme willingness to do what they were told in order to keep in exercise, but none obeyed; on the contrary they reeled about like drunken men. The faces of several were severely frost-bitten, and some had for a considerable time lost sensation in their fingers and toes; yet they made not the slightest exertion to rub the parts affected, and discontinued their general custom of warming each other on observing a discolouration of the skin. We continued for some time to employ them in building a snow-wall, ostensibly as a shelter from the wind, but in reality to give them exercise, for standing still must have proved fatal to men in our circumstances. My attention was particularly directed to Serjeant Spackman, who having been repeatedly warned that his nose was frozen had paid no attention to it, owing to the state of stupefaction into which he had fallen. The frost-bite had now extended over one side of his face, which was frozen as hard as a mask, the eye-lids were stiff, and one corner of the upper lip so drawn up as to expose the teeth and



gums. My hands being still warm, I was enabled to restore the circulation, after which I used all my endeavours to keep him in motion, but he complained sadly of giddiness and dimness of sight, and was so weak as to be unable to walk of himself. His case was indeed so alarming, that I expected every moment he would lie down never to rise again. Our prospect now became every moment more gloomy, and it was but too evident that four of our party could not survive another hour. Mr. Palmer, however, endeavoured with myself to cheer the people, but it was a faint attempt as we had not a single hope to give them. We had less reason to fear immediate danger to ourselves, in consequence of having fur coats instead of woollen ones. Every piece of ice, or even small rock or stone, was now taken for the ships; and we had great difficulty in preventing the men from running to the different objects which attracted them, and losing themselves in the drift. In this state, while Mr. Palmer was running round us to warm himself, he suddenly pitched on a new beaten track; and as exercise was indispensable, we determined on following it wherever it might lead us. Having taken the serjeant under my coat he recovered a little and we moved onwards, when, only those who have been in a similar state of distress can imagine our joy at finding the path led to the ships, at which we arrived in about ten minutes.

"John Lee had two of his fingers so badly frost-bitten as to lose a good deal of the flesh of the upper ends, and we were for many days in fear he would be obliged to have them amputated. Carr, who had been the most hardy while in the air, fainted twice on coming below; and all had severe frost-bites in different parts of the body, which recovered after the loss of skin usual in those cases." *Parry's Journal*, p. 190.

On the 8th of May, Captain Lyon attempted a second land journey. The party was out till the 21st, enduring hardships but little inferior to those which they had before encountered. On one occasion, in a heavy snow-drift, they remained sixty-eight hours on the same wretched spot, under cover of a tent eleven feet by six, and five feet high. Within this narrow space, were huddled ten persons, the snow perpetually thawing and dripping upon them as it fell. By this journey they succeeded in ascertaining the course, which it would be advisable for the ships to run, whenever their expected release took place, without the necessity of examining bays and inlets: and they returned on board without more serious injury, than resulted from foot-foudering and snow blindness.

No change in the ice however, was observable in their winter quarters. The Eskimaux from time to time had broken up and returned again, with a most capricious uncertainty, but most of them had now taken leave. June arrived,

and Captain Parry, anxious to avoid any longer delay, determined to cut a canal through which the ships might get into open water, by sawing through the ice. The track marked out was 60 feet in width next the ships, 197 at the extremity, and 2058 feet in length; a second cut between 50 and 60 feet wide, and 350 in length, connected the two ships. The average thickness of the ice was between 3 and 4 feet, but in some places it amounted to 12. Nothing could exceed the alacrity with which this arduous undertaking was executed. The men worked daily, from six in the morning till eight in the evening, with no intermission but for meals; the singing at each saw was continual, and a person with closed eyes, might have fancied himself at some country merry-making. In one week the four lateral cuts were completed, but each block was now to be cut diagonally, before it could be removed, and while this operation was proceeding, the lateral cuts adhered again in several places, partly by frost, and partly by pressure. In fifteen days the canal was finished, when the joint operation of the wind and tide, effectually closed it, and at the same time opened another, which appeared to require but little additional labour to become navigable. While the men were employed in rendering it so, the wind and tide again opened the artificial outlet, and nothing more was wanting, but a breeze from the north or west, to burst their bondage.

It was on the 2nd of July, that they made sail from Winter Island having been frozen in 267 days. At every step which they advanced, the heavy ice came down upon them with increased fury, and the tide ran more impetuously. The *Hecla* at one time, was carried on board the *Fury*, broke her best bower anchor, and cut her own waist-boat nearly in two.

"On the morning of the 4th, the pressure was so heavy as to break us adrift from three hawsers; we, however, were able to get secure again. Casting off in the forenoon, we towed with all the boats for a short time until the ice again began to set in on us. As the *Fury* followed close astern, we could not get fast, and to avoid again being carried down on her, we were obliged to let the ice take us where it would. The same stream which hampered us, left the *Fury* in clear water, and she got fast. During the remainder of this day and night, and until the evening of the 5th, we made constant but fruitless attempts to get to the land floe, and in one instance four or five of our men were each on separate pieces of ice, parted from us in the endeavour to run out a hawser. A heavy pressure closing the loose ice unexpectedly gave them a road on board again; and, but for this circumstance, we must have seen

them carried away by the stream to certain destruction. When at length we were secured, the Fury was twelve or fourteen miles N. E. of us." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 216.

At noon, on the 7th, by dint of towing and warping all the preceding night, the Hecla reached her consort. Her dangers, however, were only beginning. The flood-tide brought down with it a heavy and extensive floe, which, taking the vessel on her broadside, lifted her stern as if by a wedge. The friction on the hawsers by which they were fast to the land ice, became so great, that at last they took fire; and the stream cable, two six and one five-inch hawsers gave way at the same moment, three others speedily following them. The sea was too full of ice to allow the ship to drive. She leant over the land ice, and her stern was entirely raised five feet out of the water. The lower-deck beams groaned exceedingly, and a sudden jerk unhung the rudder, and broke the rudder-case. Had another floe supervened at this moment, the vessel must inevitably have turned over, or parted in midships; but the very pressure itself was too strong for the floe by which it was occasioned; it burst upward, and the ship having righted, drifted several miles to the southward before the rudder could be replaced. While the Hecla was endeavouring, on the following day, to rejoin the Fury, the latter vessel was not without her dangers also. The flood tide bore down masses of ice, which continually grazed her sides, and made her heel over under the pressure, till in the end a huge floe, many miles in length, came driving at the rate of a mile and a half an hour, and had already reached within five hundred yards of the ship, which was obliged to remain a quiet spectator of its appalling progress. Happily, at this distance, it struck against a point of land-ice, left the preceding night by its own separation. Here it broke with a tremendous crash, forcing numberless immense masses, many tons in weight, to a height of fifty or sixty feet, whence they again rolled down to the land side, and were quickly succeeded by a fresh supply. The peril, however, had not yet passed away. The floe might swing round and overwhelm the ship, or it might detach the land ice to which she was moored, and send her adrift to the mercy of the tides. Perhaps at no other period of the expedition was Captain Parry exposed to more fearful hazard; but the same Providence which watched over him in other difficulties, was not wanting in this also. The floe remained stationary during the remainder of the tide, and was carried off by the ebb.

Continuing their course northward, occasionally, as they were beset, they landed, and explored the shore on foot. In

lat.  $67^{\circ} 18' 05''$ . long.  $81^{\circ} 25' 20''$ , they found a noble river, which they named the *Barrow*. Up this, the average breadth of which was about 600 yards, they rowed for nearly two miles before they came to shoal water. A little above, they were rewarded by a magnificent cataract in two falls, the first about fifteen feet, the second ninety. The scenery was most wild and romantic, and we doubt not that Captain Lyon's pencil has done it full justice. The shore continued to correspond with extraordinary precision to the chart traced by Ingliak. Off the island of Igloodik, the position of which had been most accurately laid down, they were again met by natives. "Who are you? what are you? whence do you come? what is your name? what do you want?"

*τίς, πόθεν εἰς ἀνδρῶν; πόδι τοι πόλις ἡδὲ τοκῆς;*

were the general inquiries; and in return the savages were most agreeably surprised at learning intelligence of their friends and connexions in Winter Island. The snow huts had given place to summer tents, covered with the skins of seals and walruses; the seams of these are so accurately sewed, as to be completely water-proof; the pole is made of bones lashed together, of broken spears, or of a unicorn's horn, placed on a large central stone, in order to increase the height; from ten to fourteen feet, according to the number of inmates, is the general diameter; and double tents are constructed by joining together the mouths of two single ones, and making an opening in the side. The bottom of the covering is fastened down by large stones, or by a pile of gravel, and one or two skin-lines are carried from the pole to give it steadiness.

The two captains passed the night in one of these tents, and having been thoroughly drenched in the sea, exchanged their uniforms for complete Eskimaux costume. Nothing could exceed the hospitality with which they were received, nor the interest which they excited by the accurate knowledge which they had acquired, from their former long intercourse at Winter Island, of the native tables of kindred and affinity. One of their ancient friends, Toolooaghroo, was betrothed to a lady, whom they were shewn among their new acquaintance. Captain Lyon's gallantry has described her, as a "very pretty, well-grown girl, about fourteen years of age, with a pair of fine black eyes," and so universally powerful is nature, that no engaged fair one, about to figure in a Morning Post paragraph, with the delicious programme of "marriage in high life," could make more appropriate inquiries about settlements, dower, pin-money, and provision for younger children, than fell from the lips of this untutored savage. She asked

endless questions about her future husband; was pleased at hearing that he had plenty of tin pots and was an expert seal-catcher, and did not appear sorry when it was added, that he was well-grown and handsome.

A large cargo of Salmon had been brought from some distance, and Captain Lyon, accompanied with one Seaman, joined a fishing party, in the hope of supplying both ships. He past the first night in the tent of his guide Toō-lē-mak, and slept under cover of a warm skin, beneath which, were his host, his wife, her son, and their dog, all in the same state of disencumbered nature. On the following morning they set out on sledges.

"This excursion had given me many opportunities of observing the dexterity with which the sledges and dogs are managed, and which I had never seen to advantage at Winter Island. Our eleven dogs were large and even majestic looking animals; and an old one of peculiar sagacity was placed at their head by having a longer trace, so as to lead them through the safest and driest places; these animals having such a dread of water as to receive severe beatings before they will swim a foot. The leader was instant in obeying the voice of the driver, who never beat, but repeatedly called to him by name. When the dogs slackened their pace, the sight of a seal or bird was sufficient to put them instantly to their full speed, and even though none of these might be seen on the ice, the cry of 'a seal! a bear! a bird!' &c. was enough to give play to the legs and voices of the whole pack. It was a beautiful sight to observe the two sledges racing at full speed to the same object, the dogs and men in full cry, and the vehicles splashing through the holes of water with the velocity and spirit of rival stage coaches. There is something of the spirit of professed whips in these wild races; for young men delight in passing each other's sledge, and jockeying the hinder one by crossing the path. In passing on different routes the right hand is always yielded, and should an inexperienced driver endeavour to take the left, he would have some difficulty in persuading his team to do so. The only unpleasant circumstance attending these races is, that a poor dog is sometimes entangled and thrown down, when the sledge, with perhaps a heavy load, is unavoidably drawn over his body. The driver sits on the fore part of the vehicle, from whence he jumps when requisite to pull it clear of any impediments which may lie in the way, and he also guides it by pressing either foot upon the ice. The voice and long whip answer all the purposes of reins, and the dogs can be made to turn a corner as dexterously as horses, though not in such an orderly manner, since they are constantly fighting, and I do not recollect to have seen one receive a flogging without instantly wreaking his passion on the ears of his neighbours. The cries of the men are not more melodious than those of the animals, and their wild looks and gestures when animated, give them an appearance of devils

driving wolves before them. Our dogs had eaten nothing for forty-eight hours, and could not have gone over less than seventy miles of ground; yet they returned, to all appearance, as fresh and active as when they first set out." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 243.

The fishing appears to have afforded but poor sport, but Captain Lyon got considerable insight, and this was his chief object, into Eskimaux manners. He eat walrus steaks, rubbed noses (*koōnik*) and played leap-frog with the men; made cats-cradles and nursed children for the women, and, no doubt, established himself as a most popular *Kabloona* by his good-humoured compliance with all the habits which came in his way.

It was on the 16th of July that the mouth of the Strait which the Eskimaux geographers had laid down as the passage to the Polar Sea, was descried in lat.  $69^{\circ} 45'$ ; but an impenetrable barrier of ice occupied the whole entrance; and the obstacle continuing at so advanced a season of the year, left them small hopes that it would break up during the short remainder of summer; yet, what was left of July, the whole of August, and more than half September, was spent in the most laborious but fruitless attempts to force their passage. In no instance did they succeed in penetrating with the ships more than forty miles in a due westerly direction; but their exploring parties by land fully ascertained that the Strait (known as the *Strait of the Fury and Hecla*) did really communicate with an open sea beyond on the West. Winter was now rapidly approaching: to pass it in the Strait involved the certainty of being frozen up for eleven months, and the advice of all his officers coincided with the opinion which Captain Lyon already entertained, that he ought to lose no time in securing his ships somewhere in the neighbourhood of Igloolik. On arriving off this island, the ice had already formed and attached itself so strongly to the shore, that the task of sawing another canal to let themselves *in*, as the first had been cut to let themselves *out*, became requisite for their safety. The thickness of the ice in level places, averaged about a foot; in many others, however, it was several feet. The length of the passage was 4343 feet, and it was cheerfully completed in thirteen days, (on the 30th Oct.) without any addition to the sick list. The Eskimaux readily lent all the aid in their power,—pulling the ropes, heaving the windlass, and handling the saws; not unfrequently perhaps marring the work which they intended to make; but always affording at least amusement. They were peculiarly expert in imitating the cry, which in maritime language is termed *singing out*.

Long experience had now taught many additional precau-

tions against the severity of the climate. They found that the rigging if left standing was less injured than if dismantled; that a coating of snow on the upper deck and hatchways, prevented the escape of warmth; and that a snow wall built of slabs after the Eskimaux fashion, twelve feet high, and surrounding the ship at the distance of twenty-five feet, kept out the drift, and afforded a comfortable shelter for promenaders. The ships were about a mile distant from each other; so that although messengers passed regularly between them six times every day, it was impossible any longer to keep up that close and constant intercourse which the renewal of theatrical entertainments would demand. With this exception, the employments of the former winter were diligently recommenced; and the same disposition to be pleased even with their hardships continued undiminished. "As for ourselves in the ship," says Captain Lyon, on concluding the year, "we were blessed with excellent health, and enjoyed every comfort which our splendid outfit and the nature of our situation would permit."

Unhappily circumstances were not the same with the poor Eskimaux.—A woman who was dangerously ill, was removed on shipboard, in order that she might receive closer medical aid. Her case, however, proved hopeless; and she died. Captain Lyon gives the following account of her funeral.

"Takkeelikkeeta now prepared to dress the dead body, and in the first place stopped his nose with deer's hair, and put on his gloves, seeming unwilling that his naked hand should come in contact with the corpse. I observed in this occupation his care that every article of dress should be as carefully placed as when his wife was living, and having drawn the boots on the wrong legs, he pulled them off again and put them properly; this ceremony finished, the deceased was sewed up in a hammock, and at the husband's urgent request her face was left uncovered. An officer who was present at the time agreed with me in fancying that the man, from his words and actions, intimated a wish that the living child might be enclosed with its mother. We may have been mistaken, but there is an equal probability that we were right in our conjecture; for according to Crantz and Egede the Greenlanders were in the habit of burying their motherless infants from a persuasion that they must otherwise starve to death, and also from being unable to bear the cries of the little ones, while lingering for several days without sustenance; for no woman will give them any share of their milk which they consider as the exclusive property of their own offspring. My dogs being carefully tied up at the man's request, a party of our people accompanied by me drew the body to the shore, where we made a grave about a foot deep, being unable to get lower on account of the frozen earth. The body was placed on its back at

the husband's request, and he then stepped into the grave and cut all the stitches of the hammock, although without throwing it open, seeming to imply that the dead should be left unconfined. I laid a woman's knife by the side of the body and we filled up the grave, over which we also piled a quantity of heavy stones which no animal could remove. When all was done and we returned to the ship, the man lingered a few minutes behind us and repeated two or three sentences as if addressing himself to his departed wife; he then silently followed. We found Shega quite composed and attending her little sister; between whose eye-brows she had made a spot with soot, which I learned was because being unweaned it must certainly die. During the night my little charge called on its mother without intermission, yet the father slept as soundly until morning as if nothing had happened." *Parry's Journal*, p. 393.

"In the evening the child took meat and jelly and sat up to help itself, but it soon after resumed its melancholy cry for its mother. At night my party had retired to sleep, yet I heard loud sighing occasionally, and on lifting the curtain I saw Takkeelikkeeta standing and looking mournfully at his child. I endeavoured to compose him and he promised to go to bed, but hearing him again sighing in a few minutes, I went and found the poor infant was dead, and that its father had been sometime aware of it. He now told me it had seen its mother the last time it called on her, and that she had beckoned it to Khil-la, (Heaven) on which it instantly died. He said it was 'good' that the child was gone, that no children out-lived their mothers, and that the black spot which Shega had frequently renewed was quite sufficient to ensure the death of the infant.

"My party made a hearty breakfast on the 26th, and I observed they did not scruple to lay the vessel containing the meat on the dead child, which I had wrapped in a blanket; and this unnatural table excited neither disgust nor any other feeling amongst them more than a block of wood could have done. We now tied up all the dogs as Takkeelikkeeta desired, and took the child about a quarter of a mile astern of the ships to bury it in the snow; for the father assured me that her mother would cry in her grave if any weight of stones or earth pressed on her infant. She herself, he feared, had already felt pain from the monument of stones which we had laid upon her. The snow in which we dug the child's grave was not above a foot deep, yet we were not allowed to cut into the ice or even use any slabs of it in constructing the little tomb. The body, wrapped in a blanket, and having the face uncovered, being placed, the father put the slings by which its deceased mother had carried it on the right side, and in compliance with the Eskimaux custom of burying toys and presents with their dead, I threw in some beads. A few loose slabs of snow were now placed so as to cover without touching the body, and with this very slight sepulchre the father was contented, although a fox could have dug through it in half a minute. We however added more snow, and cemented all by pouring about twenty buckets of water, which were brought from



the ship, on every part of the mound. I remarked that before our task was completed the man turned and walked quietly to the ship.

"During the two last days, I obtained some information with respect to mourning ceremonies, or at all events such as related to the loss of a mother of a family; three days were to be passed by the survivors without their walking out on the ice, performing any kind of work, or even having any thing made for them. Washing is out of the question with Eskimaux at most times, but now I was not allowed to perform the necessary ablutions of their hands and faces, however greasy or dirty they might be made by their food; the girl's hair was not to be put in pig-tails, and every thing was neglected; Takkeelikkeeta was not to go sealing until the summer. With the exception of an occasional sigh from the man, there were no more signs of grief; our mourners ate, drank, and were merry, and no one would have supposed they ever had wife, mother, or sister. When the three days, and it is singular that such should be the time, were expired, the man was to visit the grave; and having talked with his wife, all duties were to be considered as over. The 28th was our third day, but a heavy northerly gale and thick drift prevented our visiting the grave. The 29th, although not fine, was more moderate, and I accompanied him at an early hour. Arriving at the grave, he anxiously walked up to it, and carefully sought for foot-tracks on the snow, but finding none repeated to himself, 'No wolves, no dogs, no foxes, thank ye, thank ye.' He now began a conversation which he directed entirely to the grave, as if addressing his wife. He called her twice by name, and twice told her how the wind was blowing, looking at the same time in the direction from whence the drift was coming. He next broke forth into a low monotonous chaunt, and keeping his eyes fixed on the grave, walked slowly round it, in the direction of the sun, four or five times, and at each circuit he stopped a few moments at the head. His song was, however, uninterrupted. At the expiration of about eight minutes, he stopped, and turning suddenly round to me, exclaimed 'Tūgwā,' (that's enough) and began walking back to the ship. In the song he chaunted I could frequently distinguish the word *Koyennu*, (thank you) and it was occasionally coupled with the *Kabloonas*. Two other expressions, both the names of the spirits or familiars of the *Annatko*, *Toolemak*, were used a few times; but the whole of the other words were perfectly unintelligible to me." *Parry's Journal*, p. 395.

One other wretched woman, *Kagha*, a widow, died under circumstances of peculiar horror.—On the loss of her husband, she became, as it were, excommunicated and under a ban. She was miserably ill; but it was no one's duty to minister to her wants, and she was left in a snow hut, through the broken roof of which blew a piercing wind, plundered of all her goods, and with no covering but a torn skin, and a masque of indescribable filth. Yet, in this state, when Captain Lyon

produced blankets to carry her to a comfortable birth in his own cabin, she turned and asked, what he would pay her for her trouble. In spite of a most wayward and discontented temper, after a few days she was pronounced convalescent. Her habits had rendered Captain Lyon's cabin a general nuisance; and it was with considerable satisfaction that his humanity was permitted to dismiss her. In ten days she was again found closed up and alone in a small snow hut; a single wick of her lamp was burning, and her long hair was frozen to her bed place by a quantity of blood which she had been spitting. When she left the ship, her gums were healthy and her teeth white; now the lower jaw was quite destroyed, black and carious, without a single tooth. The unhappy wretch died in a few hours of absolute starvation; yet, after her husband's decease, her sister, father, mother, and brother-in-law, were all at hand, and living for the time in plenty.

Captain Parry's first intention was, as early as the season permitted, to despatch the *Hecla* to England with such of the crew of both vessels as seemed most affected by this fatiguing and protracted service. The effective strength of the men was evidently impaired, and it was no longer doubtful that if both vessels persevered in the attempt little hope was left that either would return home. In the course of April active preparations commenced for the execution of this plan. Various exchanges of stores were made which circumstances appeared to require; and on all these occasions the labour of transport was performed by dogs without any difficulty; unaccompanied by drivers, these useful and singular animals bore from one ship to another bower anchors, boats and topmasts; they worked between seven and eight hours each day, and once nine dogs dragged 1611 lbs. a distance of 1750 yards in nine minutes!

The health of the crew however, among whom unequivocal symptoms of scurvy had appeared, rendered a change in the original plan unavoidable. August had arrived, and the ships as yet were unable to extricate themselves; farther discoveries of importance were almost impossible from the lateness of the season, and to pass a third winter with a single ship, and diminished resources wore the appearance of desperation. These cogent reasons determined Captain Parry to return to England with both vessels together, and while his brother Captain was writing his official assent to this proposition the ice broke up, and freed them from their winter quarters on the 9th of August, after a confinement of 319 days.

At the mercy of the tides and the ice, carried into every bight and swept over each point without the possibility of

helping themselves, they floated along immoveably beset for 24 days out of 26, during which they passed over 140 leagues, generally very close to the shore, and always unable to do any thing to effect an escape from danger; the remainder of the voyage however was prosperous; and they entered the Thames on the 21st of October, 1823, after an absence of two years and a half from England.

Long as our notice of these works is, we have not given a tithe of a tenth of an abridgment of the profoundly interesting matter which they contain; and we cannot break away without adding a few particulars from Captain Lyon's valuable chapter (the 9th) of the general habits of the Eskimaux. Of their dress we despair, without a plate, of affording any description which shall be at all satisfactory. It must suffice to say, that it consists of skins very neatly fashioned for the men, into a hooded outer coat with a broad skirt behind, an inner coat or shirt, a cloak with sleeves, trousers, two pair of boots, and mittens for the hands. The women wear the same materials in a different shape. The outer coat has two flaps, one in front and one behind; the hood is used as a cradle for the children, who lie in it stark naked, and the breeches are much less ornamented than those of the other sex. When Captain Lyon informed the belles of Igloolik that his countrywomen the Kabloonas were untattooed, they shrugged up their shoulders with scorn; but when he added that they never wore breeches, the soft hearted Eskimaux expressed sincere commiseration, "because they must be so cold." The females boots are disproportionably large, and are used as pockets for such articles as their mouths cannot conveniently hold, and as temporary larders for any unusual stock of provisions. Hunting is the chief and almost sole occupation of the men. When the animal is once killed, every preparation of its flesh and skin belongs to the women. Sucking and chewing are the preliminaries which all substances intended for dress or other uses undergo, and in these branches of *orifactory* the fair sex alone is concerned. In hunting the men use various kinds of spears, each ingeniously adapted to its particular purpose. The bow is rarely used at a greater distance than twenty yards. One man with three dogs will make sure of a bear. Deer are allured within shot by an imitation of their own bellow, or if the hunter has patience, by drawing a hood of that animal's skin completely over his head, and standing still till the silly and inquisitive beast comes up close (as it always ultimately does) to examine him. The Eskimaux are restless and migratory, indeed the difficulty with which they procure food renders frequent

change of residence necessary for their subsistence. Even those who have not visited the distant quarters are traditionally well acquainted with their own country, which may be said to extend about ninety miles farther north than Igloodik. There are tribes in their neighbourhood, particularly one in Southampton Island, whom they esteem to be immeasurably inferior to themselves, and whom they distinguish by a term as expressive as *βάρβαρος*, *Khīād-tēr-mī-ō*. Honesty is one of their most striking characteristics. Among themselves property was always sacred, and out of 200 people with whom our sailors became intimately acquainted, only three were considered as determined thieves, and even these performed their work so clumsily as to be instantly detected. It should be remembered also that wood and iron were to them, what gold and jewels are to us; and it may then be asked how many in the mixed rabble of London would be equally abstinent if placed in the mines of Laricaja, or among the diamonds of Siam.

In the balance of virtue and vice indeed an Eskimaux appears to be far superior to other savages. If he is always a most pertinacious beggar, if he murmurs that a neighbour has more beads or blubber than himself,—*angulus ille Vicini nostro quia pinguior*,—if he is not keenly alive to gratitude, and if occasionally he lies for his own benefit, against these defects may be justly weighed imperturbable good temper, insensibility to danger, inexhaustible hospitality, and an entire absence of all personal or hereditary spirit of revenge, which is almost as rarely found in civilized societies as among savage hordes. Bigamy is common among them; but the women are all well treated. Conjugal fidelity is neither exacted nor practised on either side. In public all the decorum of more refined nations is observed between the sexes; nevertheless when the men are absent certain revelries are practised, to which Capt. Lyon obtained admittance without the disguise of Clodius, although they appear to partake somewhat of the character of those mysteries which the Roman gallant so infamously violated. Of their religious belief little knowledge could be obtained, and as no kind of worship exists among them it is not probable that their theology is very extensive. Their future state is one of enjoyment; and seems destined only for the good, or those who have endured hardship in this world. In *Kāyl-yak*, or heaven such as are drowned at sea, starved to death, murdered, or killed by walruses or bears, inhabit with two great spirits, *Khioo-wōō-khiak* and *Tāt-kuk*. In *Aād-lee* which is situated in the centre of the earth, there are four degrees; the three first are regions not of absolute punishment but of partial discomfort; for the sky in them is so

close to the earth that a man cannot walk erect. In the fourth are concentrated all the delights which can spring from hunting without fatigue, eating without indigestion, singing without hoarseness, dancing without cramp, and sleeping without growing too fat. Of their *Azaatkoos* or conjurors, Capt. Lyon has given the following account.

" Amongst our Igloodik acquaintances were two female and a few male wizards, of whom the principal was Toolemak. This personage was cunning and intelligent, and whether professionally, or from his skill in the chase, but perhaps from both reasons, was considered by all the tribe as a man of importance. As I invariably paid great deference to his opinion on all subjects connected with his calling, he freely communicated to me his superior knowledge, and did not scruple to allow of my being present at his interviews with Törnnga, or his patron spirit. In consequence of this, I took an early opportunity of requesting my friend to exhibit his skill in my cabin. His old wife was with him, and by much flattery, and an accidental display of a glittering knife and some beads, she assisted me in obtaining my request. All light excluded, our sorcerer began chanting to his wife with great vehemence, and she in return answered by singing the *Amna-aya*, which was not discontinued during the whole ceremony. As far as I could hear, he afterwards began turning himself rapidly round, and in a loud powerful voice vociferated for Törnnga with great impatience, at the same time blowing and snorting like a walrus. His noise, impatience, and agitation increased every moment, and he at length seated himself on the deck, varying his tones, and making a rustling with his clothes.

" Suddenly the voice seemed smothered, and was so managed as to sound as if retreating beneath the deck, each moment becoming more distant, and ultimately giving the idea of being many feet below the cabin, when it ceased entirely. His wife now, in answer to my queries, informed me very seriously that he had dived, and that he would send up Törnnga. Accordingly, in about half a minute, a distant blowing was heard very slowly approaching, and a voice which differed from that we at first had heard, was at times mingled with the blowing, until at length both sounds became distinct, and the old woman informed me that Törnnga was come to answer my questions. I accordingly asked several questions of the sagacious spirit, to each of which inquiries I received an answer by two loud slaps on the deck, which I was given to understand were favourable. A very hollow, yet powerful voice, certainly much different from the tones of Toolemak, now chanted for some time, and a strange jumble of hisses, groans, shouts, and gabblings like a turkey, succeeded in rapid order. The old woman sang with increased energy, and, as I took it for granted that this was all intended to astonish the Kabloona, I cried repeatedly that I was very much afraid. This, as I expected, added fuel to the fire, until the poor

immortal, exhausted by its own might, asked leave to retire. The voice gradually sank from our hearing, as at first, and a very indistinct hissing succeeded: in its advance, it sounded like the tone produced by the wind on the bass chord of an Eolian harp; this was soon changed to a rapid hiss, like that of a rocket, and Toolemak with a yell announced his return. I had held my breath at the first distant hissing, and twice exhausted myself, yet our conjuror did not once respire, and even his returning and powerful yell was uttered without a previous stop or inspiration of air.

"Light being admitted, our wizard, as might be expected, was in a profuse perspiration, and certainly much exhausted by his exertions, which had continued for at least half an hour. We now observed a couple of bunches, each consisting of two stripes of white deer-skin and a long piece of sinew, attached to the back of his coat. These we had not seen before, and were informed that they had been sewed on by the Tornga while he was below." *Lyon's Journal*, p. 358.

Toolemak had ten superior beings whom he used to consult, and a countless host of minor sprites. Exhibitions such as that just described are rare, and although the Annatkoos are but rivals, they carefully abstain from exposing each other's secret. Toolemak, however, one evening having drank nine glasses and a half of raw spirits (or *hot water* as he termed it) ran riot in conjuring, and betrayed the mystery of his diving or retiring voice, which was regulated by his speaking in his hands and covering his face with his jacket. He was quite a *bon compagnon* in his cups, singing and shaking hands, and biting whatever was in his reach, especially the cabin doors, with his strong short teeth. Eleven pints and one gill of water, supplied as fast as he could swallow them, restored him to sobriety, and he awoke the next morning without either head-ache or sickness.

Of the merit of these works as clear, distinct, and manly narratives of an expedition which has never been exceeded in interest, the length of our notice sufficiently speaks our estimate. For the still higher merit displayed by the authors under the most trying circumstances of difficulty and danger, we must refer to the Journals themselves; which, notwithstanding the modesty of the writers, would not be faithful records if they did not fully display the many excellent and noble qualities which were called into exercise. Captain Parry's original belief of a passage, the western outlet of which will be found in Behring's Straits, is corroborated almost to entire conviction by these and his former researches. Of its practicability he feels nearly equal assurance; being satisfied that an open sea exists along the northern coast of

America to Icy Cape. His course is now directed to Prince Regent's Inlet, and from his future labours in conjunction with those of Captains Lyon and Franklin, we may feel sanguine of the ultimate success of an enterprize which, to use the adventurous voyager's own words, "for centuries past has engaged the attention of the civilized world." Captain Franklin is again employed on his former ground, and Captain Lyon intends to cross by land from Repulse Bay to the western coast, and to trace this onward to Point Turnagain. We cordially trust that no longer period than that spent in the last expedition may elapse before we have to announce the complete triumph of our distinguished countrymen.

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ART. IV. *Sketches of the Philosophy of Apparitions; or, an Attempt to trace such Illusions to their Physical Causes.* By Samuel Hibbert, M. D. F. R. S. E. 12mo. 460 pp. 10s. 6d. Whittaker, London; Oliver, Edinburgh. 1824.

EVERY one who has had a fever or even an obstinate fit of indigestion, knows well that spectral illusions are closely connected with the state of the body. Dr. Ferriar's *Essay on Apparitions* was the first medical work of any importance on this very interesting subject; and though it may be said to have rather indicated the principle on which the enquiry ought to be conducted, than exhausted the various topics, psychological and pathological, which it necessarily embraces, it has nevertheless proved a guide, as well to the physician as to the philosopher, in tracing at once the nature and the cure of those corporeal maladies which affect the mind. It is now universally admitted, that spectral appearances ought to be regarded in no other light than as an indication of a morbid state of the nerves, or of a very highly excited condition of the blood: and the main object of Dr. Hibbert's book is to illustrate this connection, both by adducing a variety of new facts, and also by a reference to the action of certain chemical substances on the fluids of the human body, and, through that medium, on the energies of the mind.

In endeavouring to obtain a correct notion of certain vital properties of the human frame, and of the relation which the immaterial principle seems to bear to these properties, he begins with an investigation into the blood; satisfied that his enquiry will derive some assistance from observing the effect produced upon that fluid by the introduction into the lungs of

particular gases. Such of these airs as increase the circulation, and expand the volume, of the blood, give pleasure, and excite lively images in the mind; whilst those which retard the pulse, and create a constriction in the capillaries, are uniformly followed by pain and the most disagreeable impressions on the imagination. The former of these facts is well illustrated by the action of the nitrous oxide. When the effects of this gaseous inhalation were first tried, the general result was, that in proportion as it influenced the circulation, sensations became more and more vivid. These were described as consisting in an "increased sensibility to touch;"—a "sense of tangible extension;"—"visible impressions becoming more illuminated;"—"luminous points arising to dazzle the vision;"—"hearing more acute, so that the smallest sound in the room was heard distinctly;"—"feelings of such delight, as almost to destroy consciousness." At the same time we are told, grateful recollections of an uncommon intensity, passed rapidly through the mind. One individual, in attempting to describe his feelings, could only compare them to those which he had experienced when witnessing an heroic scene upon the stage. Another, says the author, could only refer for a description of the state of his mind, to the emotion raised within his breast, when, upon the occasion of the famous commemoration of Handel at Westminster Abbey, he heard seven hundred instruments playing at one time.

The experiments of Sir H. Davy on the exciting powers of the nitrous oxide, are known to all the world. Whenever, says he, the operation of this gas was carried to its greatest height, the pleasurable thrilling gradually diminished, the sense of pressure was lost, impressions ceased to be perceived, vivid ideas passed rapidly through the mind. On one occasion he tells us, he gradually began to lose the perception of external things, and a vivid and intense recollection of some former experiments, passed through his mind, so that he called out, "What an amazing concatenation of ideas!" The following experiment is so striking in itself, and applies with so much force to the hypothesis entertained by our author, that we are tempted to transcribe the details of it as they are given by Sir Humphrey. After informing us that he was inclosed in an air-tight breathing box of the capacity of about nine cubic feet and a half, and that, in the course of an hour and a quarter, no less a quantity than eighty quarts had been thrown in, he adds:

"The moment after I came out of the box, I began to respire twenty quarts of unmingled nitrous oxide. A thrilling, extending



from the chest to the extremities, was almost immediately produced. I felt a sense of tangible extension, highly pleasurable in every limb; my visible impressions were dazzling, and apparently magnified. I heard distinctly every sound in the room, and was perfectly aware of my situation. By degrees, as the pleasurable sensation increased, I lost all connexion with external things; trains of *vivid visible* images passed rapidly through my mind, and were connected with words in such a manner as to produce perceptions perfectly novel: I existed in a world of newly modified and newly connected ideas. When I was awakened from this semi-delirious trance by Dr. Kinglake, who took the bag from my mouth, indignation and pride were the first feelings produced by the sight of the persons about me. My emotions were enthusiastic and sublime; and for a moment I walked round the room, perfectly regardless of what was said to me. As I recovered my former state of mind, I felt an inclination to communicate the discoveries I had made during the experiment. I endeavoured to recall the ideas—they were feeble and indistinct. One recollection of terms, however, presented itself, and with the most intense belief and prophetic manner, I exclaimed to Dr. Kinglake, ‘Nothing exists but thoughts; the universe is composed of impressions, ideas, pleasures, and pains.’”

The inferences which present themselves so readily in connexion with the facts now mentioned, will derive additional strength from examining into the effects of the febrile miasma; the primary action of which has a tendency directly opposite to that of the nitrous oxide. When the pernicious gas just referred to, is introduced into the blood, it is said to vivify mental impressions to no less a degree than if the nitrous oxide itself had been inhaled; with this difference, that the feelings and reflections are of the most painful and disagreeable nature imaginable. There is a general soreness which pervades the whole system, of such an acuteness, that the contact of the external air, or a change of temperature, becomes quite insupportable. A great anxiety prevails about the præcordia, while the images of the mind are rendered no less intense, being of such a painful description, and so increasing in their gloomy character, that the unfortunate patients have been known to labour under the most overwhelming dejection. The mind gradually becomes insensible to outward impressions, and a new world of ideas, of the most frightful kind, immediately takes their place. Horrid spectral images arise; the forerunners, says Dr. Hibbert, of a suddenly diminished degree of excitement, of total insensibility, or of death itself.

These statements afford a view of the visionary world, of which our author has undertaken to describe some of the

phenomena. His system proceeds on the pathological principle, that whenever sensations and ideas, from some peculiar state of the sanguineous fluid, are simultaneously rendered highly intense, the former arrive at a certain height of vividness, and gradually become fainter; while the latter, in an inverse ratio, increase in vividness; the result being, that recollected images of thought, vivified to the height of actual impressions, constitute almost entirely the sole objects of mental consciousness. That ideas may be so excited as to equal, in their intensity, the vividness of actual impressions, and to be thereby mistaken for them, is a fact with which all medical men are perfectly familiar. Dr. Ferriar supplies a great variety of instances; remarking, on the authority of a long experience, that, in certain diseases, "from recalling images by an act of memory, the transition is direct to beholding spectral objects which have been floating in the imagination." "I have frequently," says he, "in the course of my professional practice, conversed with persons who imagined that they saw demons and heard them speak; which species of delusion admits of many gradations and distinctions, exclusive of actual insanity."

The value of the facts stated above, arises from the illustration they afford of the connexion between certain states of the blood and certain conditions of the mind. The nitrous oxide produces effects similar to those which are known to spring from highly-exciting causes of a moral nature, such as extreme joy or surprise; and which sometimes impress on the mind images so deep and permanent, that the powers of reason are employed in vain to modify or remove them. The volume and circulation of the blood are affected by gaseous inhalations; in such a way as to disorder the functions of the understanding, to blunt the sensibility of the nervous system, and to give to ideas a greater vividness and activity than belong to actual impressions on the organs of sense. Sir H. Davy assures us that the train of images which passed through his mind, were not only vivid but *visible*. His thoughts were embodied and connected with certain figures, which flitted before his imagination like the visions of a dream, or of a mind actually diseased. In short, *apparitions* presented themselves to his eyes when in the highest fit of excitement: he existed in a world of ideas: outward impressions ceased to affect him; and he felt as if he had been completely removed beyond the reach of all the powers and qualities of matter.

Now, upon being put in possession of these facts, we are

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naturally induced to enquire, whether an original taint of the blood, or disease, or other causes of a strictly moral description, might not produce effects analogous to those which spring from the action of chemical fluids. The motion of the blood in the veins and arteries is accelerated by mental impressions. A high state of excitement is easily produced in certain constitutions; giving occasion to strange combinations in the train of ideas, deranging the principle of association, and bestowing upon recollected images a degree of strength, vivacity and reality which surpass the most intense sensation proceeding from external objects. The condition of confirmed insanity, it is presumed, consists in the ascendancy which the imagination acquires over the senses. The ideas of the madman on certain points, are not only much more vivid in his mind than the impressions upon his external organs; but from the diseased state of his blood and nerves, the images of former scenes rise up before his fancy as real and palpable objects, and deceive his weakened intellect under the form of spectres, ghosts, and demons.

Dr. Ferriar reminds us that this species of delusion admits of many gradations and distinctions exclusive of actual insanity; and the famous case of Nicolai, the Prussian bookseller, is one which proves the truth of the Doctor's statement, and illustrates at the same time the general principle upon which all such phenomena are to be explained. The person just named informs the world that he saw, in a state of mind completely sound, and after the first terror was over, with perfect calmness, for nearly two months, almost constantly and involuntarily, a vast number of human and other forms, and even heard their voices; though all this, he adds, was merely the consequence of a diseased state of the nerves and an irregular circulation of the blood. In the year 1791, when he happened to be overtaken by some misfortune which greatly affected his feelings, he saw, while his wife and another person were in the room, a form like that of a person whom he knew to have been some time dead.

"I pointed at it, asking my wife if she did not see it? It was but natural that she should not see any thing: my question therefore alarmed her very much, and she immediately sent for a physician. The phantasm continued about eight minutes. I grew at length more calm, and being extremely exhausted, fell into a restless sleep, which lasted about half an hour. The physician ascribed the apparition to a violent mental emotion, and hoped there would be no return: but the violent agitation of my mind had in some way disordered my nerves, and produced further consequences, which deserve a more minute description."

He then proceeds to narrate, that at four in the afternoon, the form which he had seen in the morning re-appeared. He was by himself when this happened; and being rather uneasy at the incident he went to his wife's apartment. Thither he was accompanied by the apparition, which however at intervals disappeared, and always presented itself in a standing posture. About six o'clock there appeared also several walking figures, which had no connection with the first. After the first day, the form of the deceased person appeared no more, but its place was supplied by many other phantoms, sometimes representing acquaintances, but mostly strangers. Those whom he knew were composed of living and deceased persons, but the number of the latter was comparatively small.

" These phantasms seemed equally clear and distinct at all times and under all circumstances, both when I was by myself, and when I was in company, and as well in the day as at night, and in my own house as well as abroad: they were however less frequent when I was in the house of a friend, and rarely appeared to me when I was in the street. When I shut my eyes these phantasms would sometimes vanish entirely, though there were instances when I beheld them with my eyes closed; yet when they disappeared on such occasions, they generally returned when I opened my eyes. I conversed sometimes with my physician and my wife of the phantasms which at the moment surrounded me; they appeared more frequently walking than at rest, nor were they constantly present. They frequently did not come for some time, but always re-appeared for a longer or shorter period, either singly or in company, the latter however being most frequently the case. I generally saw human forms of both sexes, but they usually seemed not to take the smallest notice of each other, moving as in a market place, where all are eager to pass through the crowd; at times, however, they seemed to be transacting business with each other. I also saw several times people on horse-back, dogs and birds. All these phantasms appeared to me in their natural size, and as distinct as if alive, exhibiting different shades of carnation in the uncovered parts, as well as in different colours and fashions in their dresses, though the colours seemed somewhat paler than in real nature. None of the figures appeared particularly terrible, comical, or disgusting, most of them being of an indifferent shape, and some presenting a pleasing aspect. The longer these phantoms continued to visit me, the more frequently did they return, while at the same time they increased in number about four weeks after they had first appeared. I also began to hear them talk; the phantoms sometimes conversed among themselves, but more frequently addressed their discourse to me; their speeches were commonly short, and never of an unpleasant turn. At several times there

appeared to me both dear and sensible friends of both sexes, whose addresses tended to appease my grief, which had not yet wholly subsided: their consolatory speeches were generally addressed to me when I was alone. Sometimes however I was accosted by these consoling friends while I was engaged in company, and not unfrequently while real persons were speaking to me. These consolatory addresses consisted sometimes of abrupt phrases, and at other times they were regularly executed.—Though my mind and body were in a tolerable state of sanity all this time, and these phantasms became so familiar to me that they did not cause me the slightest uneasiness, and though I even sometimes amused myself with surveying them, and spoke jocularly of them to my physician and my wife, I yet did not neglect to use proper medicines, especially when they began to haunt me the whole day, and even at night as soon as I awaked."

Nicolai gives so candid an account of his case that we are enabled to perceive at the first glance that the singular disease under which he laboured proceeded as well from a morbid state of the body as from a highly excited condition of the mind. It does not appear, however, that the phantasms which disturbed his repose were uniformly connected with the causes of his grief. On the contrary, so far as appears in his narrative, the greater part of them was totally unconnected even with his prevailing trains of thought. At all events, the proximate cause was a disordered state of the blood; for which reason, he never failed upon receiving a visit from his unsubstantial friends to send for the surgeon to have his veins relieved. Blood-letting and medicine were at all times successful in putting to flight the various tribes of phantasms. The airy figures of horsemen, ladies, dogs, birds, and pedestrians took their leave of the bibliopole upon the arrival of his apothecary. His bane and antidote became quite familiar to him; and accordingly, though he had a more extended intercourse with the world of spirits than fell to the lot of St. Theresa, or any other dreamer of dreams in ancient or modern times, he became neither frightened nor fanatical. He traced all his spectres and apparitions to a physical cause, and he sought his remedy in a similar source.

Dr. Hibbert has introduced into his book a great deal of valuable matter on the pathology of spectral illusions as connected with different habits of body and periods of life. He has extended his observations to such phenomena of that kind as result from "the highly excited states of particular temperaments"—"from the hysteric temperament"—"from the neglect of accustomed periodical blood-letting"—from such as occur as "Hectic symptoms"—from febrile and inflam-

matory affections—from inflammation of the brain—from general nervous irritability—and from hypochondriasis.

There is a curious case brought forward under the head of the *hysteric temperament*, a condition of body incident to women at a certain age. The memoir in which it was originally described is inserted in the last volume of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, under the title of "Uterine Irritation, and its effects on the Female Constitution." The patient in question was a girl of sixteen, who had shewn general symptoms of plethora, the first symptom of whose mental disorder was an unusual somnolency. This was succeeded by disturbed and talking dreams, in which she uttered wild incoherent expressions, or sang musical airs. Indications of somnambulism followed. She would fall asleep, imagine herself an episcopal clergyman, go through the ceremony of baptizing children, and give an appropriate and *extempore* prayer. Or she would fancy herself living with her aunt near London, and placing herself upon one of the kitchen stools, ride upon it with a clattering noise, and take an imaginary journey to Epsom races. These illusions or *wanderings*, as the girl herself named them, would suddenly come on when she was walking with her mistress's children, or was going to church; while she was dressing herself; while she was arranging the furniture of the house; or while she was busily engaged in the duties of the pantry or of the dining table. About a quarter of an hour previous to each state of this kind she felt somewhat drowsy; a pain in the head, usually slight, succeeded; afterwards a cloudiness or mistiness came over the eyes; a peculiar ringing noise stunned her ears, sometimes resembling the sound of carriage wheels, and accompanied with a feeling of motion as if she herself were seated in the vehicle.

The state of all these sensations, says Dr. Hibbert, bore some slight degree of resemblance to that which results from an incipient effect on the circulation after inhaling the nitrous oxide—false yet vivid external impressions having been felt. When, however, the fit was fairly on, there was an evident diminution of sensibility to outward things; and in proportion as her sensations became less vivid, her ideas or mental images became more intense. It is remarkable, too, that though she could not name objects when the light of a candle or of the fire shone fully upon them, she could point them out correctly in the shade, or when they were dimly illuminated. She also recognized any of her acquaintances much better by their shadows than by looking at their persons. In one of her paroxysms being requested to state what she felt,

she put her hand to her forehead, complained of a pain in her head, and said that she saw mice running through the room. She had often said the same thing when her eyes were shut; and added, that she was frequently accompanied by a little black dog, of which she had never been able to rid herself.

Dr. Hibbert is pleased to indulge in some curious speculations relative to the impression which phantasms are supposed to make on the organs of sense; and his opinion seems to be, that the retina of the eye, for example, is the *organ of ideas* no less than of sensations. It is not easy to conjecture in what acceptation of the term the eye can be called the organ of ideas, except in so far that it is the medium through which the form and colour of external objects are made subjects of thought. This is the common meaning of the psychological language which is usually employed by metaphysical writers; but the author now before us appears to hold that the organ of vision is somehow made subservient to those vivid recollections or images of the mind which he elsewhere denominates spectral illusions. For example: a friend of the bookseller, Nicolai, who was just recovering from a nervous fever, and was still very weak, imagined that, while he lay one night in bed, perfectly conscious, too, that he was awake, he saw the door of his chamber open, and a woman enter, who advanced to his bed-side. He looked at the figure for some moments, but not liking her, he turned to his wife; and on directing his eyes once more towards the phantom, it was not to be seen.

Now, here comes the puzzle. It is admitted that, in this incident, the real sensation, or perception, rather, of a closed door (for it is taken for granted that there was light enough in the room for the sick man to see the door,) was followed by the fantastical representation of the door being opened by a female figure. The question then is, says the learned Doctor,

“If those very points of the retina on which the picture of the real door had been impressed, formed the same point of the visual organ on which the idea or past feeling that constituted the phantasm was subsequently induced; or, in other words, did the revival of the fantastical figure really affect those parts of the retina which had been previously impressed by the image of the actual object?”

Does not Dr. Hibbert perceive that he is mystifying this enquiry, by using hard words without either meaning or object? If the phantasm consisted, as he himself tells us, of “an idea or past feeling,” how is it possible that it could

effect the retina? In a disordered mind, as every one knows, the revived sensation, if we may so call it, or the recollection of a sight, a smell, or even a taste, acquires all the strength and liveliness of an actual impression: and such recollections are, according to a law of human-nature, immediately referred to their respective organs of sense, in the same way as pain is referred to a diseased limb, many days after that limb has been amputated. In the case of the feverish patient, it is not maintained that the door actually opened, or that a female figure really approached his bed-side; how, then, could the eye receive any impression? There was no material object to reflect the rays of light; the retina, therefore, could not be instrumental in creating the phantasm which shook the nerves of the convalescent. The organs of sense, in a word, are no otherwise connected with the vivid recollection of a sensation, than the arm or leg which is separated from a patient in a hospital are with his subsequent associations relative to the seat of his pain. The author will therefore somewhat redeem the character of his philosophy by giving up the doctrine contained in the following paragraph.

"I cannot help suspecting that each organ of feeling is affected by two descriptions of nerves, which are more to be ascertained by their ultimate effects on the mind than by anatomical observation;—that nerves of one description derive their origin from the external surface of the organ of feeling which they supply, and pass from thence to the brain or spinal cord; these exclusively affecting sensations:—that nerves of another description have their origin in the brain and spinal cord, and being from thence dispersed to the self same organ of sensation, separately contribute to the renovation of past feelings."

Dr. Hibbert's opinion appears to him to derive confirmation from the following curious fact, which seems to have taken place under his own observation. An inhabitant of Edinburgh was constantly annoyed by a spectral page, dressed like one of the Lord Commissioners' lacqueys, whom he always saw following close to his heels, whatever might be the occupation in which he was engaged. To this attendant soon was added another, no less unremitting, but far more unwelcome, in the form of a frightful skeleton. An eminent medical practitioner was the exorcist properly called in; who, in the course of his interrogatories, enquired if at that very moment his patient saw the spectre. The man immediately pointed to a particular corner of the room, where he alleged his familiar was keeping guard. To this



spot, therefore, the learned gentleman walked. "Now do you see the skeleton?" he asked. "How can I," was the reply, "when you are interposed between us?" Soon, however, Fancy begun her work again; for in a sudden tone of exclamation that even inspired the Doctor himself with alarm, the man exclaimed, "Ay, now I see the skeleton again, for at this very moment he is peeping at me from behind your shoulders!"

"Here then," says the author, "was a satisfactory indication that the retina of the eye had been actually impressed by the imaginary phantasm:" to which inference we beg leave to add, that the proof of the eye being actually impressed by this shadow in the mind, is just as satisfactory as that there is a sensation of pain in the amputated limb which the wounded sailor has left in the cock-pit, or seen thrown overboard. Will Dr. Hibbert maintain that the retina is affected in a dream? Or will he assert that the visions of a distempered brain have more of reality in them than the scenes which flit before the mind's eye in the state of sleep? The action of the mind on the body presents a subject of enquiry upon which philosophy has hitherto been content to collect only a few facts. The principle remains entirely unexplored. The hypotheses of animal spirits and of nervous vibrations have amused or deluded the schools, till a sense of ignorance has at length imposed silence on the most resolute metaphysicians: and the reciprocal influence of mind and matter upon each other; the link that connects sensation with the qualities of the external world; the process which establishes those relations which subsist between *that* which feels and *that* which is only felt; the consciousness, in short, of existing in the midst of properties which have nothing in common with the substance in which that consciousness is lodged—these are now regarded as topics, on which ingenuity and learning must for ever be employed in vain.

But with a slight allowance on the score of metaphysics, we are ready to laud the pains and ingenuity which Dr. Hibbert has expended on his Essay. Viewed in the light of a medical guide, it cannot fail to prove of great advantage as well to the professional student, as to the general reader: but its chief value consists, no doubt, in the knowledge which it extends relative to all cases of hypochondriasm, fanatical dreams, and above all a superstitious belief in apparitions.

The leading principle of the book, and indeed of nearly all the treatises on the same subject is, that from disease and other causes, the feelings of the mind may be so excited, that ideas or recollections will have a greater hold on the

attention than the most vivid sensations. In such a predicament, the conceptions of the intellect, or the figures presented by memory, become actually embodied, and exhibit themselves to the imagination, invested with the sensible properties of material substances. St. Theresa, for example, is said to have experienced such extacies, as to have had alternate views of heaven and hell, of benignant spirits and of devils. She saw St. Peter and St. Paul, but she likewise saw foul fiends: which last she regularly insulted, by crossing herself, or kept at bay by sprinkling the ground with holy water. She had afterwards the felicity of seeing souls freed from purgatory, and carried up into heaven; but none to her recollection ever escaped the purifying flame, except Father Peter of Alcantara, Father Ivagnez, and a Carmelite friar.

If this silly saint had known the value of cooling medicine and regular phlebotomy, she would have been relieved from contemplating the flames of purgatory and the figures of devils. Dr. Hibbert applies the same principle to the case of the famous Colonel Gardiner, whose conversion by means of supernatural interposition, is recorded at great length by Dr. Doddridge. This officer, it is well known, after spending a Sunday evening in some gay company, retired to his lodgings in order to be ready for an assignation with a married woman whom he was to attend exactly at twelve o'clock. To kill the intermediate time he took up a book to read, which happened to be one of a religious description which his mother or aunt had put into his portmanteau without his knowledge. It was called the *Christian Soldier, or Heaven taken by Storm*; and expecting to find in it some military phrases spiritualized in an amusing manner, he proceeded to glance over the pages. While the volume was in his hand, he thought he saw an unusual blaze of light fall upon it, which he at first imagined might have happened from some accident in the candle;

"But lifting up his eyes, he apprehended to his extreme amazement, that there was before him, as it were suspended in the air, a visible representation of the Lord Jesus Christ on the cross, surrounded on all sides with a glory; and was impressed as if a voice or something equivalent to a voice, had come to him to this effect, (for he was not confident as to the words) 'O sinner, did I suffer this for thee, and are these thy returns!' Struck with so amazing a phenomenon as this, there remained hardly any life in him; so that he sunk down in the arm chair in which he sat, and continued he knew not how long, insensible."

With regard to this vision we are inclined to adopt the views of Dr. Hibbert, and to regard the appearance of our Saviour on the cross, and the awful words which struck the ears of the Colonel, in no other light than as recollected images of the mind; which probably had their origin in the language of some urgent appeal to repentance, that he may have casually read or heard delivered. Perhaps they had been formerly addressed to him by some affectionate friend, associated with the very image which now presented itself to his fancy. The hour of midnight, too, the revels of the evening, and perhaps the effects of a fall which he had recently had from his horse, coupled with the nefarious transaction in which he was about to be engaged, may have rendered him more than usually susceptible of spectral illusions. At all events, we are not at liberty to draw from any such incident, the fanatical conclusion that the Almighty, in the ordinary course of providence, employs supernatural means even for the conversion of sinners. The principle of the moral government under which mankind exist at present, is expounded by the parable of Dives and his brethren. "They have Moses and the Prophets, let them hear them." Besides, such visions are not confined to one side, nor always employed in the cause of virtue and religion. There is one on record, the authenticity of which no one can reasonably doubt, wherein a supernatural token, no less awful than that which was vouchsafed to Colonel Gardiner, and to all appearance no less sanctioned by heaven, was granted to one of the most powerful enemies of Christianity that lived in the 17th century, encouraging him to publish a book in which the most pernicious tenets were recommended to the world. This singular narrative is to be found in the Auto-biography of Lord Herbert of Cherbury, which we transcribe from the work now before us in the nobleman's own words.

"My book *De Veritate prout distinguitur a revelatione verisimili, possibili, et a falso*, having been begun by me in England, and formed there in all its principle parts, was about this time finished, all the spare hours which I could get from my visits and negotiations, being employed to perfect this work, which was no sooner done but that I communicated it to Hugo Grotius, that great scholar; who having escaped his prison in the low countries, came into France, and was much welcomed by me and Monsieur Tileniers, also one the greatest scholars of his time; who after they had perused it, and given it more commendations than it is fit for me to repeat, exhorted me earnestly to print and publish it: how.

beit, as the frame of my whole book was so different from any thing which had been written heretofore, I found I must either renounce the authority of all that had been written formerly concerning the method of finding out the truth, and consequently insist upon my own way, or hazard myself to a general censure concerning the whole argument of my book. I must confess it did not a little animate me that the two great persons above-mentioned did so highly value it; yet as I knew it would meet with some opposition, I did consider whether it was not better for me a while to suppress it. Being thus doubtful in my chamber one fair day in the summer, my case-ment being open towards the south, I took my book *De Veritate* in my hand, and kneeling on my knees devoutly said these words:

“O, thou eternal God, author of the light which now shines upon me, and giver of all inward illuminations, I do beseech thee, of thy infinite goodness, to pardon a greater request than a sinner ought to make. I am not satisfied enough whether I shall publish this book *De Veritate*: if it be for thy glory, I beseech thee give me some sign from heaven; if not, I shall suppress it.”

“I had no sooner spoken these words, than a loud though yet gentle noise came from the heavens (for it was like nothing on earth) which did so comfort and cheer me that I took my petition as granted, and that I had the sign demanded, whereupon also I resolved to print my book. This, how strange soever it may seem, I protest before the eternal God is true; neither am I any way superstitiously deceived therein, since I did not only clearly hear the noise, but in the serenest sky that I ever saw, being without all cloud, did, to my thinking, perceive the place where it came.”

No one has ever called in question the sincerity of his Lordship's declaration, nor doubted that he actually put up the prayer which he has recorded; and yet there is not a man of common understanding, who believed that any voice was uttered from heaven, approving of a deistical work and recommending its publication. A notion deeply struck into the mind, abuses the senses and deceives the intellect. Enthusiasm in any pursuit renders man the dupe of his own feelings. His sight and his hearing become alike the slaves of his fancy, and his strong ideas form themselves into apparitions. The recluse who enjoys angel visits, and the maniac who is tormented by fiends, are under the influence of the same physical causes: the workings of the mind triumph over the energies of the bodily frame; notions take the place of sensations; realities disappear, and phantoms occupy the thoughts, and even go so far as to usurp the senses.

The visions of Luther and of Benvenuto Cellini are known to most readers, and exhibit, we must acknowledge, rather a humbling view of human nature. We seem held to the confines of rationality by a very slender tie indeed. We

see and hear correctly, and connect causes with effects in a manner not to be scorned, so long as the blood runs at its ordinary course; but no sooner does the sanguineous fluid accelerate its movement, whether from the influence of disease, nitrous oxide, or a little too much wine, than we rise into the regions of insanity, hold converse with phantasms, lose the balance which ought to be maintained between thought and feeling, and are at length mocked by the unsubstantial creations of a distempered brain. The case of Brutus at Philippi, exhausted with watching, and oppressed with anxiety, affords a fair specimen of the habit of body and state of mind, in which spectres are most apt to appear: and there are, in profane history, many examples of a similar kind which may be easily accounted for on the same principle.

The reader of Dr. Hibbert's volume, will be pleased with the satisfactory explanation which it gives of those cases of great bodily suffering, and even of torture, in which the mind is so completely occupied with some predominating idea, as to withdraw its consciousness entirely, from the lacerated condition of the nerves and muscles. Every martyrology presents abundance of examples of the phenomenon now alluded to; where the fire and the knife, and the rack of the persecutor are employed in vain. The soul, instead of suffering, falls into a pleasant dream. It sees in the perspective of a blessed eternity the full enjoyment of all that good men love, and saints adore: and thus, while the savage executioner rages and curses the inefficacy of his cruel devices, the tongue of the sufferer is employed in songs of praise, and gives glory to Him who bears up the wounded spirit, and crowns the expiring soul with the unfading blossoms of celestial honour.

In fact, it is no longer to be proved that pain really passes into pleasure, as soon as human vengeance has run its course, and the fury of the oppressor is exhausted. As the effect of heat and of cold approximate in their sensations, and are identical in their results; so in like manner, joy and sorrow produce similar effects on the human frame, particularly when they are carried to their utmost limits. The man on the rack passes suffering, and finds himself within the bounds of a new sensation, and mistakes it for positive delight. He smiles in the face of the tormentor; and the smile suggests to the minister of despotism, that the bitterness of death is past: and that, in order to die again, the wretched victim must be restored to life. Hence the ingenuity of torture, and the trade of fabled tyrants.

Without, however, entering into real tragics, we may show the extent to which delusion, or high mental excitement will go, by giving the case of a young Frenchman who suffered voluntarily. It is, says Dr. Hibbert, a translation from the *Gazette Literaire*, published in France.

"An extraordinary young man who lived at Paris, and who was passionately fond of Mechanics, shut himself up one evening in his apartment, and bound not only his breast and belly, but also his arms, legs, and thighs, around with ropes, full of knots, the end of which he fastened to hooks in the wall. After having passed a considerable part of the night in this situation, he wished to disengage himself, but attempted it in vain. Some neighbouring females who had been up, heard his cries, and calling the assistance of the patrole, they forced open the door of his apartment, where they found him swinging in the air with one arm extended. He was immediately carried to the Lieutenant-general of the police for examination, where he declared that he had often put similar trials into execution, as he experienced indescribable pleasure in them. He confessed that, at first, he felt pain, but that after the cords became tight, he was soon rewarded by the most exquisite sensations of pleasure."

We are now reluctantly compelled to leave this amusing and most instructive volume; but we cannot permit ourselves to finish our very imperfect review of it, without recommending to our readers, not only the book itself, but more particularly the principle upon which it is written; the attempt to trace all spectral illusions to their physical cause.

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ART. V. *The Albigenes, A Romance.* By the Author of "*Bertram*," a Tragedy: "*Woman; or, Pour et Contre*," &c. 4 Vols. 12mo. 1l. 1s. Hurst and Co. 1824.

In spite of occasional admonitions from our sounder judgment, we have been highly gratified by the rich melo-dramatic medley before us, which contains an abundance of materials and personages adapted to all tastes. Besides the usual and authorized *dramatis personæ* of chivalry, such as Queens, Princes, Barons, Bannerets, Knights, Squires, Pages, Ladies, Troubadours, Heralds, Warders, Minstrels, Astrologers, Witches, &c., we have every variety of battle, skirmish, onslaught, storm, and tempest, executed in the true Louthembourg style. Then, besides bears, boars, and every chivalric beast after his kind, (save that massacred and misused race, dragons,

"Whose business 'tis to die,")

there is every possible variety of wolf and semi-wolf; the wolf proper by thousands, the war-wolf, the *loup-garou*, the wolf-man, or lycanthrope, who, we apprehend, makes on this occasion his first *début* in romance; and to conclude, a wolf husband provided for an old duenna, and related perhaps to him who ate up Red Riding Hood and her grand-mamma. Then, while the goodly and noble company in the halls of Courtenaye are regaling themselves on "the livers of geese fattened by Jews, at that time eminent in the art," a politic junta of witches in the vaults beneath are at their revels also, and

"Liver of blaspheming Jew."

together with twenty other diabolical ingredients,

"For a charm of powerful trouble,

"In the hell-broth boil and bubble."

And the juice of night-shade and mandragora flow as fast in the subterranean orgies, as pigment and Malvoisie at the high table above. The characters rehearse their parts in good set terms of chivalry upon all occasions, whether jesting or quarrelling, making war or making love. The arms of the favoured knights possess supernatural prowess, their skulls the iron-proof hardness which Kolben attributes to the shin bones of lions, and their wounded flesh a power of granulation perfectly miraculous; while those larger and more discourteous champions, who appear as the Rodomonts and Argantes of the story, are delivered over to conquest by a well arranged train of accidents. Beauty, strength, riches, &c. are all lavished in their due proportions, and a glow of vivid colouring is spread over the whole, like that from a painted window in a Baronial hall. To speak more seriously, the present story is a good honest high-flying Gothic pageant, with a strong spice of Montorio horrors, and a thousand times preferable to the cold atrabilious *diablerie* of Melmoth, or the Germanized sentimentality of *Pour et Contre*.

The historical part is founded on events well known to readers of French history, and highly interesting to Protestants, as the struggles of the first forlorn hope of their now flourishing religion. Raymond, Count of Toulouse, and Simon de Montfort, will be recollected, the latter as the bloody persecutor of the early reformed faith, and the former as its wavering and self interested patron. The policy of Raymond in permitting persons of all persuasions to reside in his territories, favoured the growth of religious opinions which some conceive to have descended in their purity from

the ancient Gothic churches, and the professors of which chiefly inhabited the neighbourhood of Albi, deriving from thence their names Albigensis. Against this people Pope Innocent the Third, elated by the success of the war in Palestine, and instigated by the Dominicans, published a crusade some years before the period at which the present historical romance commences. The introductory chapter represents them as retiring, in the year 1216, into the mountains of Languedoc, with the view of seeking a promised refuge from pillage and massacre in the territory of Arragon : while Raymond of Toulouse is still absent at Rome for the purpose of deprecating the anger of the Pope.

“ The stoutest of their band were (as we have said) on the advance, furnished with what arms they could obtain (chiefly clubs and arrows), to ascertain or secure the safety of those who followed. The central body consisted chiefly of their *barbes*, or pastors, with their wives and children ; behind them the mingled and mournful band of the Albigensis. The women had wrapped their children in their scanty mantles ; the men sought food for them where they could, and, failing in the search, had nothing to present but wild chesnuts and roots, and the stalks of the wild vine to roast them by when fire could be obtained ;—still, however, as they boasted in language they were fond of borrowing, ‘ there was no complaining heard in their streets.’ If a famished infant died, the mother laid it on her exhausted bosom, and lay down to perish with it, as if she had been hushing her infant to slumber :—if a man fell, his wife spread her garment over him ; and to those who passed and spoke, she shook her head, as if his slumber was not to be broken (that slumber she was resolved to share with him). But still, amid these dreadful scenes, there was a strong excitement kept up among this spiritual army, where leader and preacher were synonymous terms ; and the advancing host uttered a shout, that was echoed from the hearts, if not from the voices, of the feeblest that followed. The audible prayer of thousands, issuing from rock and glen every morning,—their solemn hymn, resounding every evening from cliff to cliff, where no other sounds were heard, save the scream of the vulture or the sweep of the blast,—the midnight murmur of the distant prayer of fathers, husbands, and sons, mingled with and sounding like the stream that roared from the hills, or rushing through the rocky gorges of the mountains,—gave comfort, if not hope, to those who heard them, and suggested to them images of undying patience, and eternal hope. The very children leaned over the crags to catch the echoes ; and when they ceased, the elders or barbes hoped, from the pause, that their brethren ‘ had found the shadow of a great rock in a weary land,’ and turned with sickened hearts and shrinking hands, to bestow what remained of sustenance and support on the dying, the wearied, and the weak.



"Such had been their progress; but now, deserted by their bravest and boldest, the evening darkened round them without tidings, and almost without hope, and, a wild and hostile country before them, its termination presented a prospect dreary enough to wither the most patient hearts; and as they wound with painful and way-worn steps their path down a rude declivity, grasping at shrubs and tufts of sun-burnt grass for their support, many a prayer for release from unutterable misery, was breathed by hearts that suppressed the unuttered feeling, and trembled lest it might be guessed by their companion, while they felt that companion echoed it from the bottom of his own. Of these men it is difficult to speak; history has told but little of them; and their characters, alike exaggerated by friends and foes, has left 'the middle way,' if the safest way, the very hardest to take. It is, however admitted, that their manners were pure, their discipline strict, and their creed evangelical. It is also a curious, but indisputable matter of fact, that the majority of them were as tenacious of certain texts and terms of the Old Testament, as their legitimate descendants, the English Puritans, were some centuries later; and that, like them, they assumed Jewish names, fought with Jewish obduracy, and felt with Jewish hostility, even towards those of their community who differed from them in a penumbra of their creed, whom they termed, in the phraseology they loved, the half-tribe of Manasseh, the spies that brought evil report of the land, the offerers of unholy incense, whom the earth would swallow up like Nadab and Abihu; with various other vituperative comparisons, with which memory or malice furnished them from *that law*, which He who came to 'fulfil every tittle and jot of, *hath* fulfilled and nailed to his cross, bearing away the *law of ordinances*.' Such were the differences which prevailed even among these scriptural and conscientious men, who had in a good and honest heart received the word, but among whom it brought forth according to the nature of the soil; not forbidding the hope, that even where it was most divergent and eccentric, it might bring forth fruit to life everlasting." Vol. I. p. 134.

On their journey they are intercepted by a band of crusaders, whom an exaggerated rumour of their force and intentions has drawn in haste to the assistance of the Lord of Courtenaye, a principal personage in the plot, and in whose castle most of the events take place. After a conference proposed by the warlike Bishop of Toulouse, which ends fruitlessly, and one or two bloody skirmishes, in which the Albigeois are driven to the utmost extremity, Raymond of Toulouse, with a numerous body of troops, returns suddenly to their assistance, and the *élite* of the crusaders, with Simon de Montfort at their head, are discomfited in an ambuscade into which their rashness hurries them. In all these affairs, Sir Paladour and Sir Amirald, two young knights-banneret and soldiers of fortune, of whom, as the heroes of the story,

it now becomes needful to speak more particularly, and to the glory which their former achievements have acquired under the eye of their sovereign. And here we must revert to certain points of their history, partly unknown to themselves, and of course concealed from the reader till a late period of the tale. At the commencement of the Dominicon persecutions, Marie de Mortemar, a noble heiress of the new persuasion, and considered by the Albigenses as their patron and prophetess, is violated and plundered of her possessions by the former Lord of Courtenaye and the Bishop of Toulouse, in whose outrages Count Raymond, then a strong Catholic partizan, participates. Driven forth a desperate outcast, Marie de Mortemar preserves the thirst for vengeance which has succeeded to her former spiritual pride, and devotes her whole soul and body to its gratification. A feud subsequently taking place between Raymond and the Lord of Courtenaye, the castle of the former is surprised during his absence by his enemy, and his family massacred, excepting two of his sons, whom Marie de Mortemar is, by some extraordinary means, enabled to rescue. Paladour, the eldest, is educated by an agent of his unseen patroness, and sworn in his infancy to destroy the last of his enemy's race, when made known to him; like a hooded falcon, however, he is kept ignorant of the identity of his destined victim; and having been equipped in all points by the same unseen hand, to seek fortune and distinction, he is introduced to our notice, in the opening of this tale, on his march to join the crusaders, with the obscure memory of his early vow haunting his mind like a deadly spectre.

"as one  
Who dares not turn his head,  
Because he knows a frightful fiend  
Doth close behind him tread."

After the events already alluded to, Paladour wins the heart of the Lady Isabella de Courtenaye, heiress of the castle and lands of the late lord, and niece of the present, who, though jealous of the success of Paladour, and recognizing him as the destined enemy of his race, is not able to prevent the celebration of the marriage. On the evening, however, of the bridal festival, it is revealed to Paladour by the sudden appearance of Marie de Mortemar, that his bride is the person whom he is sworn to murder. In the attempt to prevent the suicide which Paladour naturally prefers to the fulfilment of his vow, Isabella receives a wound nearly fatal; and both

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parties, dangerously hurt, are spirited away by Marie de Mortemar, during the confusion caused in the castle by the fate of the wicked uncle, who is just at this crisis burnt alive in a vault below, through an accident caused by a bungling witch. This is of course the grand period of horror and distress, as Isabella, so far as appears to the reader, is murdered, and Paladour has disappeared; become a monk or an outlaw, mad or drowned. In due time, however, he emerges to life, having banded himself with the troops of Raymond for the express purpose of getting rid of it; and Amirald, converted to heresy by the beautiful daughter of an Albigeois pastor, whom he has rescued from sundry perils, appears in the ranks of the confederate lords, whom the outrages of the crusaders have united against the royal standard. Some tremendous fighting ensues in the author's best style. Paladour and Amirald, sworn brothers in arms from the commencement of the book, achieve miracles of valour in defence of their newly-adopted cause, to the discomfiture of Prince Louis and De Montfort, and the imminent danger of the Oriflamme itself, and are discovered to be the lost sons of the Count of Toulouse. Amirald is united to his mistress Genevieve; and Paladour, whose deeds of desperate valour have magnified him more than once into a necromancer or devil, is reconciled to life by the re-appearance of Isabelle, who, like the spouse of Miss Holford's Wallace, has been in constant attendance on her unwitting lord in the novel disguise of a page. Finally, Marie de Mortemar, as if to make herself amends for her unusual fit of forbearance towards her young victims, poisons her enemy, the Bishop of Toulouse, and nearly the whole of his court, and dashes her own brains out.

It will be easily imagined, that in the hands of Mr. Maturin, a story of this nature has lost none of the grand picturesque character which it is capable of assuming. In what is professedly a wild romance, it is needless to canvass the improbability of the private part of the plot. Let it suffice, that those known public events which are alluded to, are detailed with sufficient historical accuracy, and that errors and anachronisms, when introduced for the sake of effect, are always remarked as such. Nay, we would gladly have seen it in some respects more improbable, and "an honest ghost" or two fairly introduced, in order to perform in the usual course of ghostly business, much that occasions awkward and tedious explanation. Having undertaken to explain apparently supernatural occurrences by causes merely human, and deferring this explanation till the very last, in

order to keep curiosity on the alert, Mr. M. has neither leisure nor memory to account for every thing, and several matters therefore remain still ambiguous, which one good authorized spectre might have settled by a turn of his bony finger. The ominous superstition, indeed, of the loup-garon husband, the fiery arrow, and the spectre bridegroom, need not be traced farther than to the brains of old women, and the apparition which haunts the retina of poor Paladour, may be accounted for by nervous excitement; but the shriek, and the spots of blood on his armour, in p. 41, vol. I., as well as the voice of Marie speaking at her ease from the vault where her confederates are burning, are not quite so clearly explained. To these we will add the appearance of Isabelle in her grave-clothes, glaring silently with unearthly eyes upon Genevieve, at a moment when her dangerous wound would not have enabled her to leave her couch on such ill-advised rambles. Much as we admire the fair and generous young heiress, and heartily as we rejoice in her recovery, our better judgment whispers, that the unity of character in the story would have been better preserved by leaving her a ghost, and allowing Paladour to fall in the last battle. By this means the idea which, since the days of the Greek tragedians, has been such a potent source of terror and pity, namely, a stern, uncontrollable destiny, visiting the sins of the fathers on the children, and involving in its vengeance the young, the beautiful, the brave, and the good, might have been developed more fully, and Raymond of Toulouse more adequately punished for his former enormities; while Marie de Mortemar would have kept up her dignity, instead of becoming, like old Norna, a baffled busy-body and a false prophetess.

Against this formidable old lady of the Meg Merrilie's school, we must beg leave to enter our protest. We would remind Mr. M. that the great progenitor of her numerous sisters and cousins is apparently grown tired of their propagation, and could he stop their future increase as easily as Addison killed Sir Roger de Coverley, would gladly do so: but alas! a few brilliant instances of success have encouraged the breed, till they swarm in all our quarters with the pestilent pertinacity of Egyptian frogs. Marie de Mortemar is as great a caricature of the species as Norna or Sir Andrew Wylie's old gipsy, and as inferior to Meg or Elspeth, as her train of scullion witches are to the malignant beings who croak round the bier of Lucy Ashton. Though ruined in fortune, she possesses unlimited wealth for any purpose she chooses, and at rather a late period of life, an activity rivalled by none;

and strength to overpower and stab to the heart a man of Herculean frame. As to the properties of lofty stature, dark eyes, shadowy garments, and the power of ubiquity, they belong to her as the common stock-property of ladies of this class, who seem to command every thing but their own turbulent passions. Like Norna also, and totally unlike the better specimens of this class, she is a very conceited person in her mysterious way, full of the pride of her non-descript office, and continually intruding herself for no distinct purpose but that of saying unwelcome things. In justice however to Mr. Matarin, it ought not to be forgotten, that he long ago caught and embodied the male of this species in the person of Orazio di Montorio, who is a genuinely terrific personage in his way. Among the rest of the characters the author's strength is rather divided equally, than concentrated on any particular one. We had expected to find among the Albigeois themselves, some powerful as well as beautiful and pleasing characters; and as far as Genevieve is concerned, we are not disappointed. In Mattathias and Boanerges however, instead of a Burley or Macbriar of the dark ages, we find nothing but *καφα προσωπα*; very ferocious, strong, and noisy it is true, and brandishing their clubs like Ferrau and Ascaport, but possessing no mental characteristics to attract the attention: nor is the pastor Pierre distinguished by any particular trait from other persecuted and good men. Of the simple and ardent character of Genevieve, her devotedness, her affection, and her pious resignation, as contrasted with the despair and turbulent passions of the more violent spirits, the best conception is formed from the 6th chapter in vol. I. which indeed from beginning to end, is a masterly piece of eloquence and description. On the whole however, sufficient justice is hardly done by Mr. M. to this zealous and persecuted people. The ferocious ruffian, the brawling zealot, and the hypocritical glutton, form more prominent characters in his Protestant dramatis personæ than the gifted or the good; and much as we deprecate polemical novels, we are disappointed to see the Albigeois reduced to the condition of "dumb dogs who cannot bark," by the following specimen of striking oratory displayed by the Bishop of Toulouse in the conference.

" 'Come back,' he exclaimed, at the close of his appeal; 'come back, ye wanderers, to the bosom of your long suffering mother: ye have wounded, ye have wronged her, but she is your mother still. The bosom yet bleeding with the blows you have dealt is expanded this moment to receive and to embrace you; the arms

you have tried to lop off are extended to invite you to peace and to felicity.

“ ‘The visible presence of the Deity amid these his most stupendous works calls on you for solemn deliberation and salutary choice. He hath shaken mountains mightier than those which lower and darken around you; and will you in your pride be more inflexible than they? He hath made the streams to gush from rocks more hard and sterile than those from which you descended; and will your hearts be less penetrable than they? All Nature, animated and inanimate, is pleading with you; see this plain overspread with the mighty of the earth, the nobles of the land: with sheathed sword and hand shield out in peace they supplicate you to have mercy on your own souls. Behold those hills covered to their summits with thousands of the faithful: they implore you by their presence to turn from the error of your way and live. Behold,’ he cried, ‘beings above the heights of the utmost hills. Yon vast congregation is but a shadow of that which watches you from above. There be patriarchs and prophets, apostles and martyrs, saints and spirits in paradise; and the seraphim in ascending circles of glory, order above order, up to the hierarchy of the bright archangels who stand nearest to the throne of God and tremble at their own exaltation: all that glorious company are pleading for you, to you, this moment. Myriads on myriads, from glorified mortals to the first order of created beings; angels who kept their first estate: such are your witnesses, your advocates. They bend from their intercession—they look down on you: they say, for you we burned and bled—for you were we stretched on the rack and chained to the stake; by the vast weight of our merits we have inclined the eternal scales in your behalf, till the accusing angel himself resigned his office.” Vol. II. p. 64.

As to Paladour and Amirald, they are *preux chevaliers* of the most approved sort, brave and gentle, “*sans peur et sans reproche*,” and perform their *devoir* with brilliant success. It is hardly possible to impart any variety to characters of this kind, and even Ivanhoe, with all his careless hardihood and fiery enthusiasm, with difficulty escapes the general stigma of monotony. There is moreover, a prettiness of person and demeanour, and a consciousness of grace in both brothers, which rather reminds us of Miss Porter’s heroes, than of the rough young Saxon crusader, or the “Gentle Bachelor” in the *Flabiaux*, whose deeds, when put to it, they emulate and even outstrip.

“What gentle bachelor is he,  
Sword-begot in fighting field,  
Rock’d and cradled in a shield,  
Whose infant food a helm did yield?

In the fields of battle join'd,  
 Like to straws before the wind,  
 All his foes avoid his hand,  
 None that deadly brunt may stand.  
 When he slumbers, when he sleeps,  
 Still on head his helm he keeps,  
 Other pillow fits not him,  
 Stern of heart and stout of limb."

Paladour, on the contrary, in spite of his stout deeds, appears to possess a temperament reminding us, (we will not say of Cherubina de Willoughby's hysterical butcher, but) of Miss Porter's Wallace, who kills himself by simple volition: for though on ordinary occasions he can overthrow man and horse for a long summer's day, he faints from the fatigue of dealing a single stroke on the solid skull of Simon de Monfort.

The Bishop of Toulouse is perhaps the most strongly marked character in moral as in physical features, and presents a distinct and original idea of the warrior-priests of those rude days. We shall therefore introduce him to the reader's notice in the following passage.

"The bishop led a numerous band of men-at-arms, amply appointed; in their van rode a body of priests, one of whom sustained the weight of his vast crosier, and the other his banner, emblazoned with the mitre, and bearing the motto of the crusaders, *Dieu et l'Eglise*, wrought in gold. Close behind him was a confessor, mounted on a goodly mule, and telling his beads; while two pages on foot led the prelate's war-steed, the noble animal champing and rearing, as if he longed for an armed weight to press his loins, and already 'smelled the battle afar off, the thunder of the captains and the shouting.' His master seemed to share his impatience, often looking back on the fiery force he hoped ere long to bestride in battle, and which, in truth, none save himself seemed able to guide or to command. He had that marked and regular, but chilling physiognomy, which seems rather that of a statue than of a breathing man,—an impression which was strengthened by the gigantic proportions of his figure, the immobility of his iron features, and the stern repose of his large commanding eye. He was arrayed less according to the military costume of the age, than to his own ideas of ecclesiastical chivalry. He disdained the aid of the defensive armour allotted at that period to the higher classes exclusively; he wore neither hose nor shirt of mail, but a corslet laced over a well-quilted gambazon. He had also cuisses and greaves of polished and ponderous steel; and at first sight it would have been difficult to distinguish the warlike prelate from a man fully armed, but for the magnificent and jewelled cope which he wore on his head; while

his helmet hung at his saddle-bow, or was occasionally given to a priest to bear, who received it as reverently as he would a relic.

"Combining in his single person all the physical powers that were the requisites of the stormy age in which he lived, with all the mental energies that make themselves known and felt in every age, the Bishop of Toulouse presented to the eye all that is imposing and magnificent—to the mind all that is overpowering and formidable—a man of power and might, body and soul, whose strong mind clung to his strong frame like the human part of the centaur of old to the animal part, making but *one* between them; the former urging and directing the latter, and the latter seconding the mighty impulses of the former, with a force that seemed instinctive and con-natural." Vol. I. p. 45.

We can enter into the difficulty which Mr. Maturin must have felt in making any thing original of the inferior characters without deviating into caricature, or transgressing the narrow limits prescribed by tradition. Accordingly each of them harps rather perseveringly on his own peculiar folly, and treads much the same path that others of the same class have trod before him. De Verac, with his Euphuism and embroidery, is only Sir Piercie Shafton under a different name, and Semonville is Master Stephen with a touch of the humour of Kastril the angry boy. The best and liveliest character is that of Sir Aymer de Chastebroi, who keeps up the ball of conversation with great spirit; and indeed it must be said in justice to the goodly company in general, that they converse with humour and ease difficult to attain in the strict trammels of feudal language. Much humour is also displayed, where from the nature of the materials it is practicable, as for instance in the description of the tapestry.

"The subjects were grouped, perhaps, with more than poetical license: the giant Termagant (a corruption probably of *Tresmagne*) was conflicting with Goliath of Gath—Bathsheba was ministered to by the three Graces in her bath—and Cupid was aiming his mischievous darts at king David the while. In another compartment, the sacrifice of Iphigenia was paralleled with that of Isaac, and Abraham and Agamemnon (who had probably never met before save in the head of a mythological nun who wove the tapestry), were portrayed in the same panel, knife in hand; while, by some singular confusion of appropriate situations, Diana was carrying away Isaac, and a ram caught by the horns was butting away amid the foliage that wreathed the classic altar of the Grecian sacrifice. It could not be said that these persons, in extenuation of their manifold absurdities, had nothing to say for themselves, for from their mouths issued long labels announcing their names, characters, and destination, as well as could be told by needle. Vol I. p. 202.



Although in his attempts to enliven as much as possible, he has introduced a piece of what our neighbours call "*sanglante plaisanterie*" in the adventure of Dame Margerite and the Wolf, it cannot be denied that the practical joke is not out of character with the den of an outlaw.

For the subordinate class of graver personages we cannot say much. Amand the lover, is evidently intended to encounter some signal fate, and the squire of Paladour to turn out a second Gilpin Horner, but both of them are forgotten by the author; while the minstrel Vidal, who by his own confession is too drunk to explain to Paladour the secret of his birth and parentage, and whose attachments are of the local nature felt by a cat, says and does nothing to justify the awe with which his deportment appears to strike the young knights.

" 'Hark!' he exclaimed, as Vidal rushed past them, and plunged into the gloom of the deep-spreading valley that lay below,—striking, even in that moment of partial frenzy, the broken chords of his harp with a master hand,—'hark, how he thunders into the vale, hand and harp, foot and voice, in deep and terrible accord!—is it a mortal minstrel that sweeps the strings?' " Vol. I. p. 181.

Of the descriptive talent possessed by Mr. M. which has suffered no abatement in the present instance, we can speak in terms of unqualified praise. Every chapter abounds in passages bearing the impress of a fervid and picturesque imagination; and if the language be somewhat high flown, it is the better suited to subjects through which an author must necessarily either walk on stilts, or fall from his elevation. In a convulsion of nature, or a ghost story, Mr. M. may challenge comparison with any author alive or dead, as the snow storm in the Pyrennees, and the evening which is closed by the necromantic scene, sufficiently prove. The manner in which we are prepared for the goblin tales which the knights recount, by the dull stormy evening, and the right worshipful ennui which they are striving to dissipate; the circle gradually lessening and contracting round the glowing embers, and the half shuddering, half scornful reluctance with which the confessions of an evil conscience are wrung from the savage De Montfort, all this is highly masterly. To these passages may be added the procession and the conference in the second volume, the description of Beaucarie, and many other brilliant parts, from which we cannot help selecting the following.

" 'It is the trumpet of Count Simon de Monfort,' said the bishop of Toulouse; 'I know its sound.'

" Another moment removed all doubt; the jarring and creaking of the ponderous drawbridge as it was lowered, the hollow tramp of the men-at-arms, and the ringing hoofs of the steeds of mounted knights, as the former pranced and curvetted over its sounding arch, were blended not unmeetly with the re-echoing horns, blown shriller and louder as the object of their salutation approached, with the trumpets of the heralds, who advanced into the court to greet him with the high ceremonial of chivalric honour, and with those of the noble stranger's train, which were drowned in the war-cry of a thousand followers, knights, squires, and vassals, all pealing in wild and deep accord, 'Simon de Monfort—*Dieu et l'Eglise!*'

" The heavy tread of armed steps was heard approaching the hall—the folding doors were expanded to their utmost limits by the pages—marshal and minstrel, sewer and seneschal, were all in their places to perform their appropriate rites of ceremony—the guests rose from their seats, and the Lord of Courtenaye was gracefully carrying the cup of wine to his lips, about to give as his pledge the health of De Monfort, when the object of all this homage strode into the hall; and following him like skiffs in the wake of some mighty galleon, came knights and squires of noble birth, with their various trains of attendants; and, as they floated on in a tide of gorgeous and gloomy magnificence, seemed as if they entered the castle rather as conquerors than guests. The courtesy with which the company was prepared to receive the champion of the church was repelled by the uncouth and unnurtured fashion in which he made his entry. Armed from head to foot, and scanning the guests through the bars of his helmet as he would the features of a foe, he stalked to the board end of the hall, like an iron tower that was moved by some internal mechanism.

" Arrived there, without greeting the lord of the castle, or bowing to the lady of the feast, he flung himself on a seat, and made signs to his squires to undo his helm and gorget. While this was performing, he growled internal curses at their unskilfulness; and, rending all asunder, flung the weighty pieces of armour on the floor, and disclosed a visage that accorded with the promise of his figure. The latter was gigantic, of a clownish heavy make, but unequalled in strength; the former were coarse and inexpressive, but sometimes lit by a gleam of rude jocularly, and oftener by a glare of ruthless and savage ferocity. As he flung his helmet on the floor, his heavy but not indiscriminating eye rested for a moment on the Lady Isabelle; and the omnipotence of female beauty received at the moment that homage of *instinct* which is perhaps the most powerful, as it is the most sincere. As he viewed the fair vision, the jaws of the uncourtly gazer involuntarily expanded, his cold eyes twinkled and rolled in their sockets, and his vague and savage laugh indicated that species of admiration, which, wanting

words, announces itself by a fierce and involuntary delight. This rude homage paid, the Count de Monfort began to give a glance of early recognition at the guests." Vol. I. p. 286.

But unfortunately Mr. Maturin knows too well where his forte lies, and is most ungovernably addicted to the use of what Horace calls "*speciosa miracula*," and then learned style "white bears." His characters are continually left in the critical situations which serve for baits in a magazine; instead of merely stimulating the reader's curiosity, he tantalizes it, and not content with striking, must needs knock down, like

"The artist who cansup upon raw pork,  
Then dream *at night* of horrors for his brush."

Instead of dozens, scores, or hundreds, of wolves, which would have satisfied any reasonable man, he brings down thousands of them at once from the mountains, in order to do greater honour to the Bishop, who defeats them single handed, after a bear has proved merely a whet to their appetite, and several war horses have fared in their jaws like

"A pound of butter to a pack of hounds."

In order also to prepare for the horrors of that memorable evening to which we have alluded, nothing less will serve his purpose than such a storm as the following.

"Meanwhile, the clouds that had hung over the mountains all day began to descend in misty wreaths down their summits. These appeared at first like masses of wool, white, but shedding darkness where they spread; then assuming the forms of water-spouts, some descended in inverted cones on the hills, and burst in a deluge—others, perhaps, fuller of electric matter, wandered lower in search of some point of attraction, and sent forth flashes of pale lightning, and rumours of distant thunder among the valleys—at length, toward evening, the whole collected force of the tempest burst forth, and it was terrible—the mountains seemed to rock to their bases, and even to change their aspects and postures as the storm-clouds, flying before the blast, swept round their dizzy and shifting peaks—the rain, mingled with hail, came down in a deluge; not the rain that patters against the casement, but that which ploughs up the ground where it falls, and strews the ruined hovel of the peasant beside his blasted harvest—the mountain torrents came rushing down as if at a signal, and the roars of the bears and the wolves, whom it swept away, were drowned in the roar of its flood; and this was increased by the masses of granite which, struck by the lightning or precipitated by the flood, thundered from precipice to precipice, lashing the foam into madness, and dragging down

trees, overwhelming animals, and indenting the earth where they fell with traces that seemed to have been left by the primeval deluge." Vol. I. p. 377.

The masterpiece of all, however, is the cannibal lycanthrope, whose vanity Paladour so judiciously appeases by the title of "Sir Wolf," and who, as a startling novelty, may rival any thing in Melmoth itself. For this sketch, and for some of the expressions used, Mr. M. informs us that there is authority; and of this the established use of the name is sufficient proof. It may be doubted, however, whether every strange and hideous idiosyncrasy which may be found in the annals of Burton's Anatomy of Melancholy, or Wanley's Wonders, be a fit subject to be introduced into a romance; and we think our readers will entertain a similar doubt, when they have heard "Sir Wolf" speak for himself.

"'Art thou man, or fiend?' said Paladour at last. 'I have methinks, dealt with both; but thy shape, and the sound thou utterest defeat conjecture.'—'I am neither,' said the figure, 'though oft I deem I am the latter. Tell me now the deeds and motions of your fiend, what be his appetites, the food he loves, the foul thoughts he dwells on, the hour at which his howl is heard piercing human ears and thrilling human hearts.'—'I know not how to answer such fearful questioning,' said the knight. 'Then I will answer it for thee,' said the figure. 'My loved hour is night, my food is torn from the grave;' and he held in his hand what seemed horrible confirmation of what he uttered; 'and my voice thou hast heard before,—it hath made the boldest hearts in this tower of guilt quake to their core, and the murderer grasp at his unsheathed weapon in his dream—wouldst thou hear it again?' And by a strong exertion of his chest and dilation of his mouth, he seemed prepared to utter another of those fierce howls which Paladour had heard before. 'Thou'lt drive me mad,' said the knight, stopping his ears; 'in the name of all the devils, what art thou?'—'Mad,' repeated the figure eagerly, as if grasping at the interpreting sound; 'Mad, ay! that is it: I am a mad wolf?' and with hideous grimaces and wild leaps he bounded towards Paladour. The wounded knight had no defence to make; yet he half rose from his couch of stone as if to grapple with the fearful being who approached him, when the latter suddenly stopped and exclaimed, 'Do you not see I am a wolf?—look, examine me.' A strong gleam of moonlight darting through the aperture, disclosed the form of the horrible querist. It was that of a human being, low and coarsely formed; his beard and hair almost concealed his countenance; something like a wolf's skin was wrapt about him, and his hand held too evidently the proof of his demoniac appetite." Vol. II. p. 261.

It cannot be denied that passages occur which may at first

might appear in the light of plagiarisms; and some of which we have heard pointed out. The encounter with the wolves resembles that in the supplementary volume of *Robinson Crusoe*; the Bishop's development of his ambitious plans to Genevieve, bears a striking likeness to the frank avowal of Bois Guilbert to Rebecca; the mysterious lake described by the Lord of Courtenaye, is in fact that of Arlinkow in Southey's minor poems; and the attitude and demeanor of Jane de Montfort in the field of battle, is precisely that of the lady in Bird's well known picture of Chevy Chase. But it is perhaps unfair to canvass too strictly the workings of a lively imagination, which involuntarily seizes and assimilates every thing with its own natural impressions; and impossible to prove that the same idea may not occur naturally to different minds. This, at least may be said, that Mr. Maturin, like Rossini, possesses the art of harmonizing any plagiarism he pleases with his own original thoughts, and causing it to "discourse most eloquent music."

The present tale is, as we are informed by Mr. Maturin, the commencement of a series of feudal romances; in which, if he displays the same genius and imagination as in that before us; a few such ungovernable vagaries as are displayed in the course of it will be pardoned, unconditionally by the public, and received by our noble selves, with little more than the formal reprimand which our inquisitorial duty may compel us to pronounce.

**ART. VI.** *Sermons on the principal Events and Truths of Redemption. To which are annexed, an Address and Dissertation on the State of the Departed, and the Descent of Christ into Hell.* By John Henry Hobart, D.D. Bishop of the Episcopal Church in the State of New York, &c. 2 vols. 8vo. 11. 1s. Rivingtons. 1824.

**ART. VII.** *Address, delivered before the Trustees, Professors, and Students of the General Theological Seminary of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States, in Trinity Church, New York, on Thursday Evening, November 13, 1823.* By Bird Wilson, D.D. Professor of Systematick Divinity. 8vo. 32 pp. New York, 1823.

**ART. VIII.** *Notes on the Epistle to the Romans; intended to assist Students of Theology and others, who read the Scriptures in the Originals.* By Samuel H. Turner, Professor of Biblical Learning, &c. 8vo. 120 pp. New York, 1824.

**ART. IX.** *A Letter to the Wardens and Vestry of Christ-Church, Cincinnati; in reply to their Declaration and Protest against the Proceedings of Bishop Hobart, and the Trustees of the General Theological Seminary of the Episcopal Church, in Relation to the Mission of Bishop Chase to England. By a Presbyterian of the Diocese of New York. 8vo. 74 pp. New York, 1824.*

**ART. X.** *Appeal in behalf of the Diocese of Ohio, in the western Territory of the United States.*

WE are taught by political economists, that, on the long run, the supply depends on the demand. And if the rule hold good in theological affairs, the demand for controversy in England must be very considerable, since it has called forth a supply from the other side of the Atlantic. The European article not being produced in sufficient abundance for the market, America exports a ship-load of raw materials, to be consumed by the voracious appetite, or worked up in the forges and looms of the mother-country. While the disputes in our own Church remain undecided, a schism is in embryo among the Protestant Episcopalians of the United States; and it is expected that every Englishman will choose his side in the affray.

In our own case, this expectation would not have been fulfilled but for the following circumstances. We have long felt a great interest in the progress of the American Church, and have endeavoured to communicate the feeling to our readers. Our hopes for its welfare rested principally upon its unity; and we cannot see that unity endangered without attempting to prevent the mischief. This is our first reason for noticing the pamphlets before us. A second is, some remarks in a former volume of the *British Critic*, have been perverted in a most unjustifiable manner; and in order to counteract the manoeuvre, we are compelled to explain its nature and object. We shall devote a few pages, therefore, to what may be termed the American Episcopalian Controversy; and those persons who have the patience to peruse our observations will find additional reason to believe, that there is no new thing under the sun. The very same crop of tares which has been flourishing at home for half a century, is springing up in the Transatlantic vineyard, and threatens to diminish, if not destroy the harvest.

About six months ago, Dr. Chase, Bishop of Ohio, landed in this country, and the auspices under which he appeared, and the purposes for which he came, are stated in one of the bishop's pamphlets in the following terms.

"The pressing want of Clergymen in this Diocese, has led the Right Reverend Prelate, who has the care of its scattered Parishes, to visit this country, that he may procure that aid, which is necessary to preserve his Infant Church from perishing, and which he had no hope of procuring elsewhere.

"The Hon. Henry Clay, Speaker of the House of Representatives of the United States, himself an inhabitant of the State of Kentucky in the Western Territory, and perfectly acquainted with the destitute condition of that Territory in respect of Christian Ministers and Sacred Ordinances, addressed a Letter to the Right Hon. Lord Gambier, requesting his Lordship's assistance in promoting the object of Bishop Chase's visit to this country.

"Lord Gambier having introduced the subject to some friends, well acquainted with the Constitution and Proceedings of the American Episcopal Church, they entered into a full examination of the claims of the Diocese of Ohio on Christian benevolence, and the expediency of rendering the aid requested. The result has been their full conviction, that the spiritual wants of that Diocese call for special provision and assistance; and that appropriate and adequate provision for the supply of such wants requires the establishment of an Institution on the spot, in which natives of the country may be prepared for the Ministry, at an expense within their reach, and in habits suited to the sphere of their labours; and they are satisfied that this important object is not likely to be accomplished without liberal aid from this country." *Appeal*, p. 1.

We know not how this declaration was received by others, but for our own parts we honestly confess that we placed no implicit reliance upon Lord Gambier. That gallant Admiral of the Bethel Flag is less of a churchman and more of a fanatic than any other member of the party to which he is attached. And a measure may appear very proper to him and his friends, and yet be pronounced unnecessary, absurd, or injurious by every sober son of the Church of England. His Lordship's image and superscription upon the coin is not sufficient to convince us that it is the lawful money of the realm.

But we were not left to this negative evidence. The joint declaration of Bishop Chase and Lord Gambier was answered shortly after its appearance by another American prelate who happened to be at the same time in London, Bishop Hobart, of New York. That gentleman's high character, great services, and sound principles, had been known to us for many years; and he proclaimed that Bishop Chase's proceedings were not sanctioned by the American Church, and tended to compromise its most important interests. It appeared subsequently that these gentlemen were aware of

each others sentiments and intentions, before they sailed from America; and there has been a sharp interchange of pamphlets on both sides of the water. We shall state their substance as briefly and fairly as possible.

Bishop Hobart takes his stand upon the General Theological Seminary, established at New York, contends that it is, or that it may be sufficient for the wants of every Diocese in the United States, that it would be materially injured by the institution of an Independent Seminary in the territory of Ohio; and that a great majority of the American clergy deprecate and condemn the idea of such an undertaking. As far as Englishmen are concerned, this is Bishop Hobart's case, and this case the Bishop of Ohio has never met, much less fairly overthrown. He has stated the great wants and peculiar circumstances of his Diocese, as reasons why the charity of England should be directed towards it, and why the clergy who are to labour under him, should also be educated under him. He contends that his flock do not require, and cannot support a clergy, initiated in the learning of the Seminary at New York. And for some reason or other with which we are not favoured, he objects to the establishment of a school in connection with that Institution. The question therefore, and the only question for the English public to decide, is whether it be or be not expedient to encourage the separation of one Diocese from the great body of the American Church. And we have no hesitation about the answer which this question ought to receive.

In the case of a separate Seminary for Ohio and its vicinity the demand upon English Charity is to extend very nearly to the whole expence of the Institution. And such a demand under existing circumstances is preposterous. Our own colonies, new and old, are in great want of religious instruction; and Lord Gambier recommends us to educate teachers for the American Wilderness. We have no Academical Establishment in Quebec; Windsor College in Nova Scotia is in a state of dilapidation. The East and West Indies are calling importunately for an increased supply of teachers, and Bishop Chase has the modesty to ask, and his advisers the good sense to recommend, that Ohio should in the first instance be attended to. We do not object to encouraging the Seminaries of other countries; the bounty of the opulent may be well employed in furnishing those Seminaries, with appropriate books, or in conferring any other marks of Christian liberality and courtesy. But to establish, or support, or enlarge religious institutions in America, while



every British Colony stands notoriously in want, is a part of that reigning epidemic which makes men prefer what is showy to what is right. We object therefore at the outset to Bishop Chase's scheme, as one not yet ripe for European countenance or support. His request is unreasonable, and his object impracticable. Until his plans have received substantial encouragement from those among whom he has lived, and to whom he is known, he has not the slightest claim upon strangers. Something in the way of ornament and finish, they may perhaps be able to contribute; but to ask them for the substratum, of some unknown Academy, to be erected in unknown lands, conducted upon unknown principles, and superintended by unknown managers, is asking a little too much.

The next ground upon which we dissent from the recommendation of Lord Gambier, is unfortunately less creditable to Bishop Chase, and proves him deficient in other qualities besides modesty and prudence. His scheme is discountenanced by the American Church, and that fact has been concealed with more ingenuity than candour.

In the "Appeal on behalf of the Diocese of Ohio," (p. 4.) we are told what Bishop Chase wrote to the venerable Prelate of Philadelphia, but are not favoured with a sight of Bishop White's reply. We are told (at p. 15) that an affecting picture of the state of affairs was drawn by Bishop Chase at the time of the last meeting of the Convention (June 1823), but not a syllable is subjoined respecting the effect produced upon the assembled representatives of the American Church. We are told that Bishop Bowen approves of the plan, and that the Rev. Amos Baldwyn thinks nothing can be better. Doctor Ravenscroft, Bishop of Carolina, is also favourable to the undertaking, and the Postscript informs us that the *Convention* cannot dissent.

"P.S. In order to shew that the Theological Seminary, which Bishop CHASE is endeavouring to establish in the Diocese of Ohio, is entirely in accordance with the Constitution and Canons of the American Episcopal Church, it is thought proper to subjoin a Declaration issued by the House of Bishops, on occasion of the temporary removal of the 'General Theological Seminary' from New York to New Haven—

"The House of Bishops inform the house of Clerical and Lay Deputies, that, in concurring to the Resolutions relative to the Theological Seminary and its removal from the City of New York, they deem it proper to declare, *that they do not mean, by their concurrence, to interfere with any plan now contemplated, or that may hereafter be contemplated, in any Diocese or Dioceses, for the establishment of Theological Institutions or Professorships.*—[*Journal of Convention, 1820 p. 57.*] " *Appeal, p. 15.*

We must now request our readers to turn to the *Letter from a Presbyterian of the Diocese of New York*, and become acquainted with the real state of the case. The writer commences by regretting the necessity of exposing the unfairness of Bishop Chase; and proceeds to accomplish his undertaking in the following terms.

"You have been misled by the publication of your Bishop. In his printed Letter to Bishop White, of forty pages, he does, indeed, in seven lines, recognize the fact that the venerable Prelate addressed by him, and Bishops Kemp, Croes, and Moore, have expressed sentiments unfavourable to his project. But what their objections are, he carefully avoids informing the public; but by publishing Bishop Hobart's Letter, brings him forward as, in fact, the only objector of sufficient consequence to be noticed."

"Bishop Chase announces to his brethren by private communications, a contemplated design, and solicits from each an epistle approbatory of it. Bishop White states his reasons for declining to give his approbation. He states them more strongly and at large, in a second Letter, declaring that he does so at the request of three other Bishops, and in accordance with their views of the subject. Thus far all has been done by private Letters. Bishop Chase chooses to bring the subject before the public. He publishes an answer to Bishop White; takes it for granted that he, and the other Bishops concerned, will consider the answer sufficient to remove all their objections; leaves the public in utter ignorance what those objections are; of course designing that they shall unite with him in believing that he has triumphantly refuted them; and before his correspondent has time to make it known what are the objections thus unceremoniously thrown aside, hurries off to England with his pamphlet, there also to produce, before a word of defence can reach there, by exhibiting but one side of the question, the impression that Bishop White, and the three Bishops in whose name he has written, are thoroughly answered—Let me ask you, Gentlemen, Is this fair?" *Presbyter's Letter*, p. 5.

Bishop White's letter upon the subject is given at full length, but a summary of the contents will be sufficient for our present purpose.

"This Letter, containing such strong objections by Bishops White, Hobart, Croes, and Brownell, and in which the venerable writer declares his belief, are also entertained by the great body of the Clergy, is thrown aside as unworthy of notice, even in a professed answer to its writer.

"The names of Bishops Moore and Kemp do not appear in Bishop White's Letter. As they, however, are mentioned by Bishop Chase among the brethren whose objections he so uncer-

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moniously disregards, they are to be added to the number of those who thought with Bishop Hobart. But they, too, are not suffered to be heard, but are to be considered as of course satisfactorily answered.

"Be pleased, then, Gentlemen, in the next 'Declaration and Protest' which you may think proper to issue, to declare your surprize and grief, and your conviction of the duty of appealing to the public, not only in reference to Bishop Hobart, but to Bishop White, Bishop Moore, Bishop Kemp, Bishop Croes, and Bishop Brownell; and, if Bishop White is to be credited, many of the Clergy.

"But because it appears that six-tenths of our Bishops are thus avowedly of one mind on this subject, it does not follow that the remaining three approve of the design of your's. Bishop Bowen is greatly misunderstood, if deemed to do so. He gives no opinion on the expediency of the visit to England; but expresses himself in a way clearly evincing doubt of it. Nor does he say one word in favour of a Diocesan School in Ohio. His uniform and consistent views and conduct relative to theological instruction, should secure for him the confidence of every candid mind, that a Branch of the General Seminary, to be located in Ohio, is the provision on this subject that he would most approve.

"Bishop Griswold has expressed no opinion on the subject." *Presbyter's Letter*, p. 8.

Our readers, we presume, will now entertain a different opinion of the encouragement given to Bishop Chase in America, from that which they formed on a perusal of his Appeal. And the reference to the Resolutions of the Convention, which he has placed in his Postscript, contains a grosser misrepresentation. That resolution was adopted several years ago, before the General Seminary had obtained universal approbation. The separate colleges to which it alludes have been subsequently abandoned, and the cause of the General Seminary unanimously supported by the Church. The event was hailed with gratitude and joy, and while the congratulations of the American Episcopalians upon the prospect of uninterrupted unanimity are still sounding in his ears, Bishop Chase, not only counteracts their plan, but defends himself in a foreign country, where the facts of the case are little known, by appealing to a resolution which has been abandoned, and representing it as still in force!! As a proof how completely the Convention is misrepresented, *Presbyter* shall inform us what was done with respect to Connecticut, when a separate college was in contemplation for that state.

"The main objections to the General Seminary are removed.

A strong desire of conciliation and compromise has manifested itself in both Houses of Convention. They have acted with astonishing unanimity. The delightful hope is cherished in almost every breast, and expressed by almost every tongue, that now all differences on the momentous subject of theological education will be dropped; and our whole Church act in full accord, and with its undivided energies. The venerable presiding Bishop, with whose wise and prudent counsels that Church has been blessed since its first organization—who, for nearly forty years, has been actively and anxiously engaged in its concerns, expresses, in terms, and with emotions, appealing most powerfully to the virtuous and pious sensibilities of the members, his feelings of joy and gratitude on the prospect thus opened to our Church. Would you, gentlemen, have excused Bishop Hobart, if he now hesitated a single moment in dropping at once all minor objections, and entering, with his whole soul, on a cause which thus, in the course of Divine Providence, had been commended to his peculiar care, and enlisted him in peculiar responsibilities and exertions? Will you not approve the principle which produced, throughout our Church, a general feeling of surprise and regret, when, in less than a year after the effecting of such happy results, the Convention of the Diocese of a Bishop who was among the warmest and most active friends of the new constitution of the seminary, contrary to his expressed sentiments and wishes, and chiefly under the influence of a *few young Deacons*, organized an independent local seminary? And did you not participate in the satisfaction and joy which were felt, when the subsequent Convention of the same Diocese, coming out in the full strength of its talent, in the full ardour of its pious devotion to the prosperity and unity of the Redeemer's kingdom, and under what has ever been, by the divine appointment and blessing, and particularly in those days of primitive purity when the Church was the most evangelical in its principles and order, a chief mean of that prosperity and unity, *the influence of a good and faithful Bishop*, arrested this work of confusion and discord? And do you wonder, gentlemen, that when the Church had just congratulated itself, and raised the pious tribute of its thanks to its Divine Head, that this threatened source of disunion in its counsels, and division among its members, was so promptly removed, we should soon hear that in another Diocese, whose union with our General Convention was hailed with joy by us all, in which we all felt an interest, and which we thought we had every reason to expect would be moulded upon those true principles of ecclesiastical order, which would make it ever to be depended upon as the friend and promoter of the counsels which were generally deemed the best for the interests of the Church—do you wonder that when here, without one word of previous intimation, and without one effort to seek the benefit of theological instruction through the medium of the general institution which the Church had established for the purpose, we found the project of an independent seminary suddenly started, and at once

saw the Bishop of the Diocese on the wing to bear to our mother Church the disgraceful tidings that her American daughter is so hardened against the necessities of a portion of her own household, that its only hope is in foreign bounty—I say, Gentlemen, do you wonder that a feeling of utter astonishment, and of heartfelt regret, should have been excited in the great body of your fellow-members of the American Church?

“In one particular, indeed, the Ohio project differs from that above mentioned. The latter was the work of a Convention in opposition to their Bishop. The former is a plan of the Bishop independently of the Convention. For although your friends and advocates, the conductors of the Washington Theological Repository, give your Convention the credit of resolving upon having a Theological Seminary, and sending your Bishop, as its agent, to England, they are as unfortunate here in point of *fact*, as they are generally, on this subject, in their *inferences and elucidations*. I look in vain into the Journal of your Convention for any evidence in favour of their assertion; and would be obliged to them to point it out.” *Presbyter’s Letter*, p. 32.

Unless Bishop Chase and Lord Gambier can shew that *Presbyter* has spoken falsely, the consistency and good conduct of Bishop Hobart are placed beyond all question, and his opponent, for such after all that has passed, we must call him, requires the aid of an ingenious defender. The disapprobation of the American Church may be regarded as important or unimportant. Difference of opinion on that matter is no subject of reference. But the existence of such disapprobation is an indisputable fact, and Bishop Chase’s attempt to conceal it is not the strongest part of his case.

Such being the precise amount of the approbation which Bishop Chase’s plan obtained in America, and such the Bishop’s representation of it, let us enquire whether he has dealt more candidly with the English half of his argument.

He does us the honour to quote from our Number for May, 1822, in the following terms:

“Some idea may be formed of the overwhelming labour, connected with an infant Diocese in such a country as that of the Western Territory of the States, by the following fact, quoted by the Editor’s of the British Critic, for May 1822, from the Journal of the Convention:—

“Bishop Chase travelled in the course of the year 1820, on horse-back, which is the only way of visiting the infant settlements of that country, a distance of twelve hundred and seventy-one miles, and performed divine Service, and preached eighty-two times, besides attending the sick, the dying, and the afflicted.”

"Very justly do these writers add, in reference to such Bishops of the Protestant Episcopal Church of America, that they

"—have succeeded, not only to the office of the Apostle, but also to their labours and privations."

"On a review of these labours, the Editors of the same work remark—

"In performing this almost continual and fatiguing duty, it is no wonder (as this Primitive Bishop announced to his Clergy and People) that he found his constitution much impaired and his voice almost gone. In consequence of the view of the spiritual wants of the Diocese presented by the Bishop to the Convention, they authorized him to prepare, and transmit to the several Bishops of the United States, an Address 'setting forth the great necessities of the Church within the Diocese of Ohio, and soliciting their aid and assistance in procuring Missionaries to reside therein.'" *Appeal*, p. 2.

"On these touching passages the Editors remark—

"If the foregoing extracts be read with half the feelings which they have excited in our minds, our readers (we are persuaded) will consider the Address whence they are taken, as one of the most powerful and eloquent appeals, ever made to the piety and sympathizing charity of the other members of the body of Christ."

"It was these representations, noticed by Bishop Chase's Son in an American Newspaper, and reported by him to his Father, which kindled hope in their almost despairing minds: and led to the determination to visit a country, where their wants in a western wilderness, were thus known and pitied." *Appeal*, p. 4.

From the sentiments thus expressed, we have no desire to shrink; but what have they to do with the *Appeal*? They are calculated to mislead every reader of that Pamphlet—and while they overwhelm us with a charge of which we are altogether innocent, namely, with having originated and instigated Bishop Chase's voyage to England—they conceal a fact which the appellants well knew,—that every sentiment which has been expressed upon the American question in the *British Critic* is in opposition to such an undertaking; that every principle upon which the American Church has been admired and commended, is violated by the present unhappy measure.

We praised the zeal of Bishop Chase—but it was when his zeal was tempered by discretion—when he was acting under the direction of his Church—when he was proceeding with her concurrence, to plant Christianity in the wilderness—and we had her guarantee for the steadiness of his principles and the sobriety of his conduct. Had he been acting at that time upon his own responsibility, unconnected with his brethren, discountenanced by the greater and the wiser part of them, and avowing his intention to train up a peculiar clergy for

himself, his name would either never have adorned our pages, or we should have classed him with those well-meaning but mistaken men, who have gone forth in such numbers from our own shores, and have forgotten the church and the priesthood in their exaggerated estimate of the rank and importance of a missionary.

When Bishop Chase was doing precisely the contrary to what he is doing now, we hesitated not to pour forth the humble tribute of our applause. At the time when it was delivered, it excited no notice; but as soon as the Bishop has altered his course, the simple readers of the *Appeal* are requested to believe that we are entitled to a place among his warmest panegyrists.

The impracticability then of this Ohio undertaking, the unfairness with which it has claimed the support of the American Church, and the manœuvre by which it has condescended to press the British Critic into its service, are three formidable answers to its claim; but we are prepared with a fourth, of much higher importance, which we should not have ventured to urge against a candid *Appeal* to the public, but which, under existing circumstances, it becomes an imperative duty to notice. In spite of the respectable names which grace Bishop Chase's subscription-list, we are compelled to fear that one object of his undertaking is to alter the character of the American Church, and exchange Episcopalian clergymen for Methodist preachers. This is a serious charge. It is one in which the great body of his European supporters are not implicated. If there is, as we believe, a deception practised in the business, they are not in the class of the seducers but the seduced. We shall endeavour to substantiate our assertions, and open their eyes.

Bishop Hobart, in the preface to his two volumes of Sermons, states a fact with which we were already acquainted, but which must have appeared as new and surprising to him as it may do to many of our readers.

"The publication of Sermons, in England, by an American Clergyman, may require explanation.

"It being deemed necessary by his friends, that the author of these Sermons should enjoy a relaxation from the duties and cares of an extensive diocese and parish, and for this purpose should visit Europe, he followed the example, as he presumes, of most Clergymen under such circumstances, and took with him some Sermons; not with any intention of publishing them, but in order to be prepared to exercise the functions of his Ministry in any case, should the state of his health admit, in which this duty might reasonably be expected from him. On his arrival in England, he

found that, in various publications, some of them extensively circulated, the charge is alleged against the great body of the Bishops and clergy of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America, of not faithfully inculcating the distinguishing doctrines of the Gospel; and the Author is ranked by name among those who are represented as thus neglecting the great essentials of religion, and insisting chiefly on its mere externals.

"While he disclaims the justice of the charge, as it respects his brethren, he has felt it his duty, being thus publicly and particularly implicated, to vindicate himself from one of the most serious imputations which can be urged against a Christian Minister. And to this course he was also prompted by an earnest desire, that, as a Bishop of the American Episcopal Church, he should not appear to have departed from the doctrines of the venerable Church of England to whom that Church is 'indebted, under God, for her first foundation, and for a long continuance of nursing care and protection\*.' The most effectual mode of accomplishing these objects, he conceived, would be the publication of Sermons which, in the course of his duty as a Parochial Minister, he preached to the congregations of which he has the charge." *Hobart's Sermons*, Vol. I. p. iii.

If the Bishop imagines that his declaration or his discourses will silence the calumniators to which he refers, he is not yet sufficiently acquainted with the genius of sectarianism. If he feels any pain from the obloquy with which he is assailed, he may alleviate the smart by recollecting that it is shared with every distinguished member of the Church of England. As many as refuse to preach the doctrines of Wesley or Whitfield, are stigmatized with the same epithets as Bishop Hobart; and as long as the Church of which he is the most efficient and distinguished member, declines encouraging those doctrines, it will be deemed meritorious in this country to divide her children, weaken her union, forsake her institutions, and despise her authority. The Episcopalians in America are always mentioned by our Methodistical writers in the terms which are now applied specifically to Bishop Hobart; and the countenance which they have given to Bishop Chase, has been given on the supposition that he is methodistically inclined.

Whether that supposition be correct or not, (and we have hardly the means of forming an opinion on the subject) it is the corner-stone of Bishop Chase's scheme. And it ought to have been an insuperable obstacle to his success. If he wished to put his orthodoxy beyond dispute, it was in his power so

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\* "Preface to the Book of Common Prayer of the Protestant Episcopal Church."



to do, by establishing a Seminary connected with New York. What does he say on this head?

"In answer to the question—'Whence can we obtain funds to carry our designs, so beneficial to the Church, especially that portion of it scattered in the woods of the West, into full effect?'—Bishop Chase replies in his Letter, to Bishop White—

"What has guided me and my dear brethren of Ohio in this matter, I beg leave to state.

"The interesting attitude which the General Theological Institution had assumed in being so harmoniously established in New York, and the pressing and peculiar demands which she had for all the aid of Episcopalians in the Atlantic States, forbade us to apply to them. Generous as they had been to us, we could never think of soliciting their beneficence while their own Institution languisheth." *Appeal*, p. 10.

This relates entirely to pecuniary assistance, and is no reason why the course of studies adopted at New York should not be also adopted in Ohio. Why has not that pledge been given? The only answer we can imagine, is, because it would not have been redeemed. Had Bishop Chase engrafted his Institution upon the General Theological Seminary, we should have known what principles he intended to inculcate. The books before us, sufficiently shew what both in theory and in practice that Institution is.

"In this country," observes Mr. Turner in his Essay, for Theological Students, "few men, it is presumed, enter the ministry, through pecuniary considerations. Expectations of this nature cannot be greatly influential, because there are very few situations in which they can ever be realized. But it is not improbable, that in some instances, other worldly considerations may have too much weight. The idea of respectability of character, which is universally connected with the ministerial profession, where the decencies of life and the benefits of Christianity are recognized, may readily induce, a young man to offer himself as a candidate for the Gospel ministry, who has no call to the office. Private inducements may also become the chief motive, in determining the choice. It is not intended to say, that such considerations should never, in any case, have any weight at all; certainly they may sometimes serve to decide the judgment; but they should never become the paramount motive. If this be not, a pure desire to advance the glory of God, by maintaining and promoting the influence of the Gospel on the hearts of men; if it be not, a wish to advance the everlasting interests of those, with whom the pastoral relation shall be formed; if it be not, a real love for the souls of others; it is not to be expected, that such a candidate will be either useful or respectable. Not useful, (I mean to the spiritual interests of his congregation,) because, however accurate may be his knowledge

of theology as a science, to which criticism and history and philosophy become tributary, he is ignorant of it as a practical system, operating on the heart, and refining the affections, and sanctifying the motives. In him the uninformed finds no instructor, the inquiring conscience no guide, the lost sheep no pastor. Through the superintendence of Providence, he may be made, in some degree, unexpectedly useful; but such a result is not reasonably to be anticipated. Nor is his respectability any more probable. For, although as 'God's Ambassador,' the minister of Christ may claim the respect which is due to such a station, yet mankind will never pay to the clergy that deference which the office claims, if their characters be at variance with its obligations. Power may indeed compel the people to shew an appearance of respect, but it is piety, ability to perform the duties of the office, and the actual and careful performance of those duties, which only can elicit the honour of the heart. And in the present day, even that weak defence is, in a great measure, abandoned. The time has been, when the civil authority was glad to shelter herself under the wings of the ecclesiastical, and there congratulate herself in the protection of so powerful a defender. But that time has long since passed by, and arrogant pretension has been consigned to its merited contempt. The clerical character must support itself, by the conduct of those who bear it. The office is honourable, but it depends upon the individual, to make the honour, which it challenges, personal.

"Both usefulness and respectability, therefore, depend very much on the character, which the candidate for the ministry shall hereafter sustain, and, by consequence, on the purity of the motives, which govern his choice. His own happiness is also closely connected with this consideration. If there be no congeniality of mind and heart with the occupations of the life, disgust with those occupations must be the necessary consequence. Indeed I cannot conceive of any situation in life, more uncomfortable, than that of a clergyman, who has no taste for the duties of his profession. He is engaged in a constant series of services, which are irksome, because the heart is uninterested. He professes, in the public congregation, sentiments of devotion, which he never feels. He urges duties which he never practises, and inculcates them by motives, by the force of which he is never influenced. There must be true piety in the minister of the Gospel, and in the choice of the profession, he must be influenced by religious and holy views. The Protestant Episcopal Church most unequivocally recognizes the principle of divine influence on the mind, and brings it home most powerfully to the conscience of the candidate for holy orders. Can any language be used, which is stronger on this point, than that of the ordination service? In the office for 'the ordering of priests,' the address of the candidates is made on the presumption, that it is the 'Lord who hath placed them in so high a dignity;' and it declares, that they 'cannot have a mind and will thereto of

themselves, for that will and ability is given of God alone.' And in the same service, the question is put, 'do you think in your heart, that you are truly called, according to the will of our Lord Jesus Christ, to this ministry?' A similar inquiry also is made in the form for 'the ordering of deacons.'—'Do you trust that you are inwardly moved by the Holy Ghost, to take upon you this office and ministration, to serve God for the promoting of his glory, and the edifying of his people?'—It is sufficient to ask, what must be the state of that candidate for so honourable and holy and responsible a station, who, in the presence of God and his church, replies in the words, 'I trust so;' while to such 'inward motion of the Holy Ghost' he is utterly a stranger! I would not attempt to analyze the moral feelings of such a man, nor to describe the lamentable state of the unfortunate congregation, which is destined to undergo so great an affliction, as that of being subjected to his ministrations.

"I do not think it necessary to make any apology, for introducing here, the sentiments already expressed. The pious student will appreciate the motive which suggests them, and he who has inconsiderately begun the study of divinity, with the intention of entering the Christian ministry, may perhaps be induced to pause, and to consider, whether he really is called by God, to assume so responsible a character." *Turner's Essay*, p. 106.

In a similar strain, Dr. Wilson, Professor of Systematic Divinity, concludes an admirable Address upon the subject of Theological Studies, by showing that learning is indispensable to the ministerial character.

"Having thus seen the high claims of Theology, and noticed some of the principal obstacles to its due cultivation, we are naturally led to ask, Is there any thing in the nature of this science, or in any circumstance connected with it, which causes it to stand in no need, like the other sciences, of human exertion and aid, through both the devotion of intellectual powers and the contribution of liberal support, to preserve, improve, and communicate it?—a question intimately connected with the interests of the institution which has been so frequently and earnestly recommended, by the venerable Fathers and the supreme council of our church, to the fostering care of her members:—and so recommended from a deep conviction, on the minds of those best qualified, by their own learning and experience, to form a correct judgment, of the great importance of the institution to the respectability and extensive usefulness of her clergy.

"Far be it from me to question the reality and necessity, or to diminish the importance, of a divine illumination of the mind, which is promised and imparted for the support and advancement of religion. But in the present state of the church, that illumination is not designed to supersede, but only to assist, human exertions. Immediate inspiration has long since ceased; and attentive and labori-

ous study, properly and advantageously directed, must be now the means of acquiring the learning essential to the prosperity of theological science. That learning is thus essential, will now be denied by few. At an early period of the church, it is true, the enthusiastic opinion was introduced, and occasioned considerable controversy, that human learning and study were not only useless, but pernicious to religion;—an opinion which continued to prevail extensively until the reformation, and which, even at the present period, though generally abandoned, has some advocates. But it is one which is contrary to scripture, to reason, to primitive example, and to experience; whether we consider it in relation to the power of communicating theological instruction, or to the preservation and purity of the science itself.

“ With respect to the former, it is obviously absurd to expect solid and correct instruction from the ignorant. And why, in the early ages of Christianity, were supernatural gifts of learning as well as of power—of the ‘ word of wisdom,’ and the ‘ word of knowledge,’ as well as of ‘ miracles’—so liberally bestowed by Heaven upon the heralds of the gospel? Because such gifts were necessary to its success, and those heralds were not, by natural means, possessed of them. When the extraordinary source from which they then flowed ceased, according to the good pleasure of the Almighty, to supply them, could they become unnecessary, because other sources, from which they might be obtained, were to be resorted to? The importance of the learning continued the same, though the means of acquiring it were changed. Even during the age of inspiration, St. Paul exhorted Timothy to ‘ give attendance to reading’ as well as to ‘ exhortation and doctrine.’ The same principle actuated another of the apostles, and also their companions and their immediate successors; as we find from the establishment of seminaries for theological instruction by St. John, St. Mark, and St. Polycarp. Other proofs of regard for learning might be given from the early history of the Christian church. And under the old dispensation, the schools of the prophets were designed for a similar purpose; notwithstanding a succession of prophets, divinely inspired, was kept up during nearly the whole of that dispensation; which might be supposed to render these ordinary means of acquiring knowledge unnecessary.” *Wilson’s Address*, p. 28.

Such being the principles upon which the Theological Seminary is conducted; we have to thank Bishop Hobart for convincing us that its fruits will not be unworthy of the soil. While other professors, make us acquainted with the lessons which the church proposes for her ministers, his sermons now before us shew the manner in which she teaches her children. And the exhibition of sound scriptural instruction contained in these volumes, is not only a confirmation of the integrity and value of the American Church, but an

especial testimony to the General Theological Seminary, of which Bishop Hobart is one of the principal managers.

We extract a few pages from his valuable work, in proof of these assertions. It is impossible to give a detailed account of its contents, but the passages now selected may be taken as fair specimens. Confining ourselves (since our limits require it) to a single sermon, let the reader take the trouble to peruse the following extracts from a discourse upon *walking by faith not sight*.

"Let us contrast the effects of walking by sight and by faith, in respect

"I. To the end of our being.

"Regarding only the suggestions of sense, how greatly should we mistake in this important particular. He who walks by sight, who disregards the views which faith affords him of the end of his being, considers it as consisting only in the gratification of his passions, in securing his prosperity and enjoyment in the world. His character as a spiritual and accountable creature, bound to glorify, by the service of his life, his beneficent Maker, enters not seriously into his thoughts, and forms no part of his calculations. These are all directed to the means of advancing his temporal felicity, and of securing those worldly objects, which possess the highest place in his estimation. The things that are above the world, the spiritual realities of a future and eternal state of existence, are lightly regarded. They never form the subject of his contemplations, never interest his feelings, or influence his conduct. Laying up treasure upon earth, he considers as the end of his being, and the sum of his happiness. And while his supreme efforts are directed to the attainment of those objects that gratify only the inferior powers of his nature, and to a provision for the wants and enjoyments of his weak and perishing body, the salvation of his soul, that momentous concern which should transcend in his thoughts and exertions every other, is forgotten, neglected, or postponed.

"How different the character of him who walks by *faith*, who regulates his views and his conduct by those truths and principles which the Gospel proclaims. He considers it as the end of his existence, to glorify, by the devoted service of his life, that adorable Being, who hath ranked him so high in the scale of creation; who hath endowed him with all those capacities which qualify him for the attainment of temporal happiness, with those high and vigorous powers that fit him for spiritual exercises, for the service and enjoyment of the infinite source of felicity; who preserves his frail nature from the numerous assaults to which it is exposed; who bestows upon him in bountiful profusion innumerable enjoyments; who hath rescued him from sin and misery by the sufferings and death of his only begotten and beloved Son; and who, through the merits and grace of this Son, remits the penalties

of his offences, restores him to the favour which he had forfeited, and prepares for him these glorious and immortal felicities, that perfection of virtue and enjoyment, which though they are the reward of his obedience, infinitely transcend the merits of his best performances, as they exceed his comprehension and his hopes. Habitually regarding the present life but as the threshold of his existence, he directs his views to that eternity in which his destiny is to be fixed in felicity or woe. And considering every thing that ministers to his prosperity and advancement here, to the gratification of the desires and appetites of his corporeal nature, as inferior and sometimes even corrupting objects of pursuit, he devotes his supreme efforts to a provision for the wants of the imperishable principle within him, to securing the salvation of that soul which is destined to live for ever, and which will be the subject of happiness or misery, when the busy scenes and noisy pleasures that in the world engage and attract, are dark and silent as that grave to which they have descended.

"II. The effects of walking by sight, and not by faith, with regard to the character of our being.

"He who regulates his views of himself only by the suggestions of self-love and the dictates of a corrupt reason, considers himself as comparatively pure and perfect. He does not acknowledge or feel that he is subject to the dominion of sin, and obnoxious on account of his actual transgressions to the just displeasure of God. He regards the indulgence of the corrupt propensities of his nature, as sanctioned by the powerful impulse which urges him to the gratification, and by the pleasure which the indulgence affords. The character and effect of his vicious indulgences, as opposed to the holiness, and forbidden by the commands, of that God to whom he is accountable, as involving him in guilt, and rendering him obnoxious to punishment, occupy no share of his thoughts. Or, if his character as a sinful and guilty creature be admitted, the extent to which he is subjected to the dominion of sin, its evils and malignity as opposed to the holiness, violating the authority, and abusing the goodness of God; and the degree of his guilt in the actual transgressions which he hath committed, are not fully and correctly appreciated. The views which the Scripture unfolds of man, as at enmity with God, 'through wicked works,' as unable of himself, without the influences of divine grace, to purify his corrupt nature, and to render to God an acceptable service, are revolting to his pride, and therefore rejected, or only partially felt and acknowledged.

"But these are the views most deeply felt and cherished by him who lives by faith. The corrupt propensities of his nature, which prompt him daily to indulgences and actions offensive to God and forbidden by the divine laws, he feels, acknowledges, and deplors. The evil of sin, in all its consequences, with respect to the authority, the holiness, the justice, and the goodness of God, and to the purity, perfection, and happiness of his own nature, he fully admits,

and seriously contemplates ; and under the sense of its enormity, and of his own subjection to it, the most solicitous object of his attention is, the means of deliverance from its guilt and dominion.

“ On this momentous subject of the means of release from the guilt of sin and of the pardon of transgression, what satisfaction can he obtain who lives only by sight ? What assurance can reason and nature afford of the mode and conditions of pardon ? Is a merciful God prompt to forgive ? Yes : but a holy God must view sin with indignation ; a just God must punish iniquity ; the righteous Governor of the world must preserve his moral government, and cannot permit his laws to be violated, nor his authority to be contemned with impunity. How then can the holy, the just, the righteous, Governor of the Universe forgive sin, remit the penalties incurred by the wilful infraction of his laws ? Would not pardon, even on repentance, in licensing crime by absolving it from punishment, oppose his holiness, violate his justice, and subvert his authority ? Here, to say the least, reason and nature are perplexed ; and he who consults only their dictates and suggestions, who walks only by sight, must be in darkness and doubt as to the momentous enquiry, how God can be just, and yet justify the sinner.

“ This enquiry does not perplex or agitate him who walks by faith. He beholds it luminously answered in the cross of Christ. There it is that ‘ mercy and truth meet together ; ’ that divine holiness is displayed and established, by the infinite dignity and perfection of him who expiated God’s displeasure against sin ; that the divine justice is vindicated by him, who infinite in his nature, paid in man’s nature, the satisfaction which that justice required ; and there the divine authority is maintained in executing to the uttermost on an all-perfect victim, the penalties of a violated law. God is just, God is holy, God is the righteous Governor of the world ; and yet God in mercy forgives the penitent sinner. Oh ! what opposites are reconciled by the cross of Christ—the punishment of sin, and the pardon of the offender ! What a mystery is resolved by the cross of Christ—the display of his holiness, the vindication of his justice, the preservation of his authority ; and yet the boundless exercise of his mercy ! The cross then is the object of wonder, of love, of confidence to him who walks by faith. ‘ God forbid that I should glory save in the cross of our Lord Jesus Christ,’ is the language which evidences his profound sense of the exalted display of all the divine perfections which it affords, and of the precious benefits which it assures to him. Not in the sighs of his contrite spirit ; not in the tears which the sense of guilt calls forth ; not in the confessions by which he laments his unworthiness ; not in the supplications by which he implores pardon ; not in the resolutions by which he pledges himself to renounce sin, and to serve his God ; not in those holy works by which he carries his resolutions into effect does he place his hopes of pardon—these are founded only on the merits of him whom God hath set forth as a propitiation for sin. And while he who walks only by sight is perplexed by

doubts as to his acceptance, or deludes himself by a false dependence, faith in the blood of Christ removes every fear from the soul of the contrite believer, and fills him with holy joy by the inspiring confidence, that God through Christ hath reconciled him unto himself.

“ Trusting to the strength which nature affords, what assurance can he have who walks only by sight, of deliverance from the dominion of sin? Can he hope to expel from his bosom the unholy desires and passions whose sway is so firmly established there; to fix in his soul, the spiritual and holy graces and virtues that are so contrary to its corrupt propensities; to change the habits of sin, for those of holiness, the ways of ungodliness, for those of righteousness—Can he hope to perform a work the difficulty of which is aptly denoted in the ‘Ethiopian’s changing his skin and the leopard his spots,’ by the unassisted efforts of his own mind—by his own resolutions, so changeable—by his own strength, so feeble? To him who feels the dominion of unholy passions and the force of sinful habits, and has experienced the inefficacy of his best resolutions and efforts to subdue and to change them, what consolation and encouragement in the confidence which faith inspires, that the grace of a divine Sanctifier will be sufficient for him, the strength of a divine Guide made perfect in his weakness? While he who walks only by sight, who trusts for his victory over his sinful passions only to his own efforts, remains subject to their dominion; he who walks by faith, who habitually looks for the means of his spiritual triumph to the grace of Christ strengthening him, finds that by this grace he can overcome the world, beat down Satan under his feet; and obtain ‘the glorious liberty of the Sons of God.’”  
*Hobart*, Vol. II. p. 71.

Our inference from these various extracts, is, that the Institution conducted by their authors, is an Institution which Churchmen should support; and that an attempt to educate the American Clergy under other superintendence, and upon other principles, is an attempt which Churchmen should discourage. Bishop Chase may provide a cheaper Seminary, but who is to answer for its orthodoxy. We shall not be suspected of undervaluing the New York Institution when we say, that even there the Clergy learn rather what is indispensable than what is desirable. To reduce the scale would be a fatal step. Bishop Chase and his correspondents, already express themselves in language bordering upon fanaticism and folly, and if they are to be the tutors of the future clergy of Ohio, that clergy will rival the primitive Methodists and modern Ranters. Lord Gambier and his friends will rejoice at such a consummation, but what pleasure will it afford to a very different class of persons who are aiding Bishop Chase in his attack upon American Episco-



palianism? Of the excellence of their motives no doubt can be entertained, and very little respecting the effect of their conduct. Methodism has at present little footing in America; or rather it is confined to those who glory in the name, and has made no formidable inroads upon the Apostolical Church. Future times may date its rise from the stone about to be laid in Ohio, and future historians will report with astonishment and incredulity, that the staunchest and most orthodox English Episcopalians were aiding and abetting the operation. If they have not already advanced too far to remonstrate with effect or to draw back with honour, let them ask Bishop Chase and Lord Gambier to tell us upon what principles the Ohio clergy are to be educated? If there is nothing heterodox, fanatical, or debasing in the proposed scheme; where is the objection to placing the Seminary under the controul of the Convention of the Church?

ART. XI. *Extracts from a Journal, written on the Coasts of Chili, Peru, and Mexico, in the years 1820, 1821, 1822. By Captain Basil Hall, Royal Navy, Author of a voyage to Loo Choo.* 2 vols. 8vo. 1l. 1s. Hurst & Co. 1824.

ART. XII. *Selections from the Works of the Baron de Humboldt, relating to the Climate, Inhabitants, Productions, and Mines of Mexico. With Notes by John Taylor, Esq. Treasurer to the Geological Society, &c.* 8vo. 310 pp. 12s. Longman, & Co. 1824.

ART. XIII. *Journal of a Voyage to Brazil, and residence there, during part of the years 1821, 1822, 1823. By Maria Graham.* 4to. 336 pp. Longman & Co. 1824.

ART. XIV. *Journal of a Residence in Chile, during the year 1822, and a Voyage from Chile to Brazil in 1823. By Maria Graham.* 4to. 512 pp. Longman & Co. 1824.

CAPTAIN HALL apologises for a portion of his work by reminding us that the events to which it relates are imperfectly known in England. It seems that they are not thoroughly

understood even in America, since the Captain's humble duodecimo gives the lie direct to Mrs. Graham's Quartos.

We know not whether the public will feel pleased or perplexed at this opportunity of hearing both sides. But critics disposed to sail to Cape Horn at a single sitting, or skip across the Andes at a bound, and compress Mexico and Peru into an afternoon's lounge, cannot fail to take delight in the collision of a couple of travellers of different sexes. The incident on the present occasion is purely fortuitous. Captain Hall could not have been aware what Mrs. Graham intended to say, or gallantry would have forbidden his saying directly the reverse. Mrs. Graham must have considered herself the only literary traveller newly landed from Peru, or she would not have encountered the flat contradiction undesignedly administered by Captain Hall.

In rating our acquaintance with South American affairs very low, the Captain is strictly borne out by facts; A confused notion of Lord Cochrane, and Sir Gregor M'Gregor, some slight knowledge of Bolivar and San Martin, a determination not to be duped by the Poyais Loan, quickened by the desire of dabbling in Mexican mines, amount to an average crop of information respecting the revolutions in the new world. It has been sedulously culled from the chronicles of the age, and deposited with due method in the organ assigned for that purpose. Little room remains for the important facts, which are communicated in these volumes. The light which beams from the entertaining page of Captain Hall will hardly be able to force its way into that grand receptacle of the obscure. Mr. Taylor's lucid descriptions will be read but not heeded. And the contrasting darkness which Mrs. Graham contrives to furnish, will have no difficulty in restoring the reign of picturesque perplexity, glimmering twilight, and in some instances profound gloom.

We proceed without further preface to introduce our readers and authors to each other. Captain Hall was at Lima during that very interesting period which preceded the establishment of Peruvian independence. He gives the following description of the hero of the day.

"*25th of June.*—I had an interview this day with General San Martin, on board a little schooner, a yacht of his own, anchored in Callao Roads for the convenience of communicating with the deputies, who, during the armistice, had held their sittings on board a ship in the anchorage.

"There was little, at first sight, in his appearance to engage the attention; but when he rose up and began to speak, his super-

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riority was apparent. He received us in very homely style, on the deck of his vessel, dressed in a loose surtout coat, and a large fur cap, and seated at a table made of a few loose planks laid along the top of some empty casks. He is a tall, erect, well-proportioned handsome man, with a large aquiline nose, thick black hair, and immense bushy dark whiskers, extending from ear to ear under the chin; his complexion is deep olive, and his eye, which is large, prominent, and piercing, is jet black; his whole appearance being highly military. He is thoroughly well-bred, and unaffectedly simple in his manners; exceedingly cordial and engaging, and possessed evidently of great kindness of disposition: in short, I have never seen any person, the enchantment of whose address was more irresistible. In conversation he went at once to the strong points of the topic, disdaining, as it were, to trifle with its minor parts; he listened earnestly, and replied with distinctness and fairness, showing wonderful resources in argument, and a most happy fertility of illustration; the effect of which was, to make his audience feel they were understood in the sense they wished. Yet there was nothing showy or ingenious in his discourse; and he certainly seemed, at all times, perfectly in earnest, and deeply possessed with his subject. At times his animation rose to a high pitch; when the flash of his eye, and the whole turn of his expression, became so exceedingly energetic as to rivet the attention of his audience beyond the possibility of evading his arguments. This was most remarkable when the topic was politics; on which subject, I consider myself fortunate in having heard him express himself frequently. But his quiet manner was not less striking, and indicative of a mind of no ordinary stamp: he could even be playful and familiar, when such was the tone of the moment; and whatever effect the subsequent possession of great political power may have had on his mind, I feel confident that his natural disposition is kind and benevolent.

"During the first visit I paid to San Martin, several persons came privately from Lima to discuss the state of affairs, upon which occasion his views and feelings were distinctly stated; and I saw nothing in his conduct afterwards to cast a doubt upon the sincerity with which he then spoke."—*Hall's Journal*, Vol. I. p. 209.

"12th July, 1821.—This day is memorable in the annals of Peru, from the entry of General San Martin into the capital. Whatever intermediate changes may take place in the fortunes of that country, its freedom must eventually be established; and it can never be forgotten, that the first impulse was due entirely to the genius of San Martin, who planned and executed the enterprise which first stimulated the Peruvians to think and act for themselves. Instead of coming in state, as he was well entitled to have done, he waited till the evening, and then rode in without guards, and accompanied by a single aid-de-camp. Indeed, it was contrary to his original intention that he came into the city on this day; for

he was tired, and wished to go quietly to rest in a cottage about half a league off, and to enter the town before daybreak next morning. He had dismounted accordingly, and had just nestled himself into a corner, blessing his stars that he was out of the reach of business; when in came two friars, who, by some means or other, had discovered his retreat. Each of them made him a speech, to which his habitual good nature induced him to listen. One compared him to Cæsar, the other to Lucullus. 'Good heavens!' exclaimed the General, when the fathers left them, 'what are we to do? this will never answer.'—'Oh! sir,' answered the aid-de-camp, 'there are two more of the same stamp close at hand.'—'Indeed! then saddle the horses again, and let us be off.'

"Instead of going straight to the palace, San Martin called at the Marquis of Montemiré's on his way, and the circumstance of his arrival becoming known in a moment, the house, the court, and the street, were soon filled. I happened to be at a house in the neighbourhood, and reached the audience-room before the crowd became impassable. I was desirous of seeing how the General would behave through a scene of no ordinary difficulty; and he certainly acquitted himself very well. There was, as may be supposed, a large allowance of enthusiasm, and high wrought expression, upon the occasion; and to a man innately modest, and naturally averse to show, or ostentation of any kind, it was not an easy matter to receive such praises without betraying impatience.

"At the time I entered the room, a middle aged fine looking woman was presenting herself to the General: as he leaned forward to embrace her, she fell at his feet, clasped his knees, and looking up, exclaimed, that she had three sons at his service, who, she hoped, would now become useful members of society, instead of being slaves as heretofore. San Martin, with much discretion, did not attempt to raise the lady from the ground, but allowed her to make her appeal in the situation she had chosen, and which of course, she considered the best suited to give force to her eloquence; he stooped low to hear all she said, and when her first burst was over, gently raised her; upon which she threw her arms round his neck, and concluded her speech while hanging on his breast. His reply was made with suitable earnestness, and the poor woman's heart seemed ready to burst with gratitude for his attention and affability.

"He was next assailed by five ladies, all of whom wished to clasp his knees at once; but as this could not be managed, two of them fastened themselves round his neck, and all five clamoured so loudly to gain his attention, and weighed so heavy upon him, that he had some difficulty in supporting himself. He soon satisfied each of them with a kind word or two, and then seeing a little girl of ten or twelve years of age belonging to this party, but who had been afraid to come forward before, he lifted up the astonished child, and kissing her cheek, set her down again in such ecstacy, that the poor thing scarcely knew where she was.

"His manner was quite different to the next person who came forward: a tall, rawboned, pale faced friar: a young man, with deep-set dark-blue eyes, and a cloud of care and disappointment wandering across his features. San Martin assumed a look of serious earnestness while he listened to the speech of the monk; who applauded him for the peaceful and Christian-like manner of his entrance into this great city—conduct which, he trusted, was only a forerunner of the gentle character of his future government. The General's answer was in a similar strain, only pitched a few notes higher; and it was curious to observe how the formal cold manner of the priest became animated, under the influence of San Martin's eloquence: at last, loosing all recollection of his sedate character, the young man clapped his hands and shouted, 'Viva! viva! nuestra General!'—'Nay, nay,' said the other, 'do not say so; but join with me in calling, Viva la Independencia del Peru!'

"The Cabildo, or town-council, hastily drawn together, next entered, and as many of them were natives of the place, and liberal men, they had enough to do to conceal their emotion, and to maintain the proper degree of stateliness, belonging to so grave a body, when they came, for the first time, into the presence of their liberator.

"Old men, and old women, and young women, crowded fast upon him: to every one he had something kind and appropriate to say; always going beyond the expectation of each person he addressed. During this scene I was near enough to watch him closely; but I could not detect, either in his manner or in his expressions, the least affectation: there was nothing assumed, or got up; nothing which seemed to refer to self; I could not ever discover the least trace of a self-approving smile. But his manner, at the same time, was the reverse of cold; for he was sufficiently animated, although his satisfaction seemed to be caused solely by the pleasure reflected from others." *Hall's Journal*, Vol. I. p. 239.

Mrs. Graham was introduced to the General a year later at Valparaiso, and she speaks of him in the following terms.

"I am not fond of recording even the topics of private conversation, which I think ought always to be sacred. But San Martin is not a private man; and besides, the subjects were general, not personal. We spoke of government; and there I think his ideas are far from being either clear or decisive. There seems a timidity of intellect, which prevents the daring to give freedom and the daring to be despotic alike. The wish to enjoy the reputation of a liberator and the will to be a tyrant are strangely contrasted in his discourse. He has not read much, nor is his genius of that stamp that can go alone. Accordingly, he continually quoted authors whom he evidently knew but by halves, and of the half he knew he appeared to me to mistake the spirit. When we spoke of religion, and Zenteno joined in the discourse, he talked much of philosophy; and both those gentlemen seemed to think

that philosophy consisted in leaving religion to the priests and to the vulgar, as a state-machine, while the wise man would laugh alike at the monk, the protestant, and the deist. Well does Bacon say, 'None deny there is a God but those for whom it maketh that there were no God;' and truly, when I consider his actions I feel that he should be an atheist if he would avoid despair. But I am probably too severe on San Martin." *Graham's Chile*, p. 281.

"Upon the whole the visit of this evening has not impressed me much in favour of San Martin. His views are narrow, and I think selfish. His philosophy as he calls it, and his religion, are upon a par; both are too openly used as mere masks to impose on the world; and, indeed, they are so worn as that they would not impose on any people but those he has unhappily had to rule. He certainly has no genius; but he has some talents, with no learning, and little general knowledge. Of that little, however, he has the dexterity to make a great deal of use; nobody possesses more of that most useful talent, '*l'art de se faire valoir*.' His fine person, his air of superiority, and that suavity of manner which has so long enabled him to lead others, to give him very decided advantages. He understands English, and speaks French tolerably; and I know no person with whom it might be pleasanter to pass half an hour: but the want of heart, and the want of candour, which are evident even in conversation of any length, would never do for intimacy, far less for friendship.

"At nine o'clock the party left me, much pleased certainly at having seen one of the most remarkable men in South America; and I think that, perhaps, in the time, I saw as much of him as was possible. He aims at universality, in imitation of Napoleon; who had I have heard, something of that weakness, and whom he is always talking of as his model, or rather rival. I think too that he had a mind to exhibit himself to me as a stranger; or Zenteno might have suggested, that even the little additional fame that my report of him could give was worth the trouble of seeking. The fact certainly is, that he did talk to-night for display." *Graham's Chile*, p. 283.

*Utrum horum?* We do not wish to be ungallant, but justice requires us to decide in favour of the gentleman. In the first place he is impartial, blaming San Martin freely for his subsequent conduct, but not refusing to commend his good qualities and good actions. The lady is not exempt from the sudden likes and dislikes of her sex. If her Journal is to be believed, which we doubt, she hated San Martin before she knew any thing about him. The Introduction to her work informs us that Lord Cochrane is her idol; and San Martin, who did not participate in these favourable sentiments is denounced as utterly worthless and

abandoned. But the Journal purports to have been composed from day to day, and on the 22d of May, less than a month after Mrs. Graham's arrival at Valparaiso, she makes the following entry in her book.

" 22nd.—We have news from Peru, for the first time since my arrival, I think. A body of General San Martin's army has been surprised, and destroyed by the royalists. The Chileno squadron, under Lord Cochrane, has returned to Callao, from its dangerous and difficult voyage to Acapulco, after chasing the two last remaining Spanish ships into patriot ports, where they have been forced to surrender; and it is said that San Martin has offered most flattering terms of reconciliation to Lord Cochrane. If I understand matters aright, it may be possible for His Lordship to listen to them, for the sake of the cause; but, personally, he will surely never repose the slightest confidence in him." *Graham's Chile*, p. 129.

Why not? What did Mrs. Graham know on the 22d of May respecting the quarrel between San Martin and Lord Cochrane. She had just arrived from Rio Janeiro, after a fatiguing and painful voyage, at the conclusion of which her husband, the Commander of the *Doris* died. She landed at Valparaiso, established herself in lodgings, and began forthwith to describe—at the rate of several quarto pages per diem. All on a sudden she receives news from Peru, and forgetting how she had been occupied for the last month, she starts up in a moment a full-grown politician.

The fact obviously is, that long after this said 22d of May, Lord Cochrane enlisted the fair Maria among the most devoted of his admirers. From him and his companions she learned the history of previous events, and then by a well known species of *ex post facto* anticipation, she adorned her Note-book with some sagacious remarks which could not possibly have been written at their pretended date.

The political portion of her volumes, therefore, and it is a very large portion, forfeits all claim to authenticity. Having received very important obligations from Lord Cochrane, Mrs. Graham repays him by publishing two quarto volumes, of which his Lordship is the sole and undisputed hero. England, ungrateful England, is condemned for disowning the greatest of her sons. Mexico and Peru, San Martin and Zenteno, are alike insensible to his merits; and, without any fault of his own, he wanders from nation to nation, bidding fair to close his career as a Captain of Buccaneers. We have no desire to depreciate this eccentric creature. As Englishmen we are proud of his skill, courage, and success;

and ashamed of the conduct which has tarnished his laurels. Captain Hall, with admirable discretion, speaks like a sailor of his victories, and says not one syllable of him out of his profession. Mrs. Graham, unfortunately, has a debt of gratitude to discharge, and she sets about it with more vehemence than skill. By abusing every body that opposed Lord Cochrane, she supposes that she shall establish his character in unsullied purity. San Martin is even accused of endeavouring to assassinate him; and this without any better ground than the shrewdness of feminine suspicion. On other occasions the lady's information is less accurate, or her imagination not quite so brilliant. She omits telling us what charges were brought against Lord Cochrane by San Martin; or what answers his Lordship returned to them: yet it is to be presumed, by her way of speaking, that she was possessed both of the one and the other. She omits informing us, why Lord Cochrane did not return to Peru, after the termination of San Martin's power: or why her Mexican friends so politely declined his assistance. She merely lets us know that there were mutual complaints and reproaches, and assures us that Lord Cochrane was not by any means to blame. If the reader will be satisfied with such impartial evidence, he may sail back with Mrs. Graham and the Admiral to Rio; believe that he sends her the first news of his success from private, not from political, friendship, and find her stumbling upon the post of governess to the Princess of Brazil, without the least support from Lord Cochrane. Should any persons refuse to credit this probable tale, we presume they will be satisfied with a hasty perusal of Mrs. Graham's ponderous Journals. They will think that she has devoted too many pages to the defence of a bold bad man; and that a narrative, which would have been tiresome for its repetitions and prolixity, becomes intolerable when it turns out a party pamphlet.

Leaving these various classes of readers to settle their disputes as best they may, we return, with much satisfaction to Captain Hall. His description of the habits and customs of the people whom he visits, is at least equal to his remarks upon their rulers. Take the following instances.

"On our way homeward our host entertained us, by making his people show us the South American method of catching cattle. The instrument used is called in English a Lasso, from the Spanish *Lazo*, which signifies slipknot or noose, and the operation of using it is called *Lassoing*. It consists of a rope made of strips of untanned hide, varying in length from fifteen to twenty yards, and is about as thick as the little finger. It has a noose or running-knot



at one end, the other extremity being fastened by an eye and button to a ring in a strong hide-belt or surcingle, bound tightly round the horse. The coil is grasped by the horseman's left hand, while the noose, which is held in the right, trails along the ground, except when in use, and then it is whirled round the head with considerable velocity, during which, by a peculiar turn of the wrist, it is made to assume a circular form; so that, when delivered from the hand, the noose preserves itself open till it falls over the object at which it has been aimed.

"The unerring precision with which the lasso is thrown is perfectly astonishing, and to one who sees it for the first time, has a very magical appearance. Even when standing still it is by no means an easy thing to throw the lasso; but the difficulty is vastly increased when it comes to be used on horseback and at a gallop, and when, in addition, the rider has to pass over uneven ground, and to leap hedges and ditches in his course: yet such is the dexterity of the guassos, or countrymen, that they are not only sure of catching the animal they are in chase of, but can fix, or, as they term it, place their lasso on any particular part they please; over the horns, round the neck, or the body; or they can include all four legs, or two, or any one of the four; and the whole with such ease and certainty, that it is necessary to witness the feat to have a just conception of the skill displayed; which, like that of the savage Indian in the use of his bow and arrow, can only be gained by the practice of many years. It is, in fact, the earliest amusement of these people; and I have often seen little boys just beginning to run about, actively employed in lassoing cats, and entangling the legs of every dog that was unfortunate enough to pass within reach: in due season they become very expert in their attacks on poultry; and afterwards in catching wild birds: so that, by the time they are mounted on horseback, which is always at an early age, they begin to acquire that matchless skill, from which no animal, of less speed than a horse, has the slightest chance of escaping.

"Let us suppose that a wild bull is to be caught, and that two mounted horsemen, guassos as they are called, undertake to kill him. As soon as they discover him, they remove the coil of the lasso from behind them, and, grasping it in the left hand, prepare the noose in the right, and dash off at full gallop, each swinging his lasso round his head. The first who comes within reach aims at the bull's horns, and when he sees, which he does in an instant, that the lasso will take effect, he stops his horse, and turns it half round, the bull continuing his course, till the whole cord has run out from the guasso's hand. The horse, meanwhile, knowing, by experience, what is going to happen, leans over, as much as he can, in the opposite direction from the bull, and stands in trembling expectation of the violent tug which is given by the bull when brought up by the lasso. So great, indeed, is the jerk which takes place at this moment, that were the horse not to lean over, he would certainly be overturned; but standing, as he does, with his feet planted

firmly on the ground, he offers sufficient resistance to stop the bull as instantaneously as if it had been shot, though at full speed. In some cases, this check is so abrupt and violent, that the animal is not only dashed to the ground, but rolls along at the full stretch of the lasso; while the horse, drawn sideways, ploughs up the earth with his feet for several yards. This, which takes so long to describe, is the work of a few seconds; during which, the other horseman gallops past; and before the bull has time to recover from the shock, places the noose over his horns, and continues advancing till it also is at full stretch. The bull, stupified by the fall, sometimes lies motionless on the ground; but the horsemen soon rouse him up, by tugging him to and fro. When on his legs, with a horseman on each side, he is like a ship moored with two cables; and however unwilling he may be to accompany the guassos, or however great his struggles, he is irresistibly dragged along by them in whatever direction they please." *Hall's Journal*, Vol. I. p. 247.

In this style Captain Hall conducts his readers through two most entertaining volumes. He passes with the greatest ease from the revolutions of an empire to anecdotes respecting a village barber. We see both the public and private life of his acquaintance. And the moderation, good feeling and good sense of the writer, are conspicuous from the beginning to the end. He assures us, we are happy to say, that the independence of South America is achieved: and that no accidents or reverses can change the settled purpose of the people. He does not attempt to disguise the mischief occasioned by the revolution. Several of his most pleasing and pathetic descriptions relate to its innocent victims; but at the same time he points out the immense benefits of the change, the improvements which have already taken place, even amidst confusion, and civil war; and the rapid progress which national greatness and wealth must long continue to make. The excellence of the Spanish character is shewn to have survived amidst all the complicated faults of their government. And the native South Americans, although as yet they have much to learn, are represented as preparing to take a conspicuous place among the nations of the world.

The extension of British commerce which has already been effected, and the innumerable channels into which it is still about to flow, are not the most uninteresting or unimportant considerations connected with South American Independence. The land of shop-keepers should not be ashamed of its shopmen; and the unprecedented wealth, tranquillity, and comfort of every class of our fellow country-

men, may be attributed in great measure to the opening of the South American market. Mr. Taylor proposes to increase the trade by increasing the riches of the country which carries it on; and his plan, far more simple, than the majority of those with which we are pestered, is to apply British enterprise, skill, and capital to the improvement of the American Mines.

His book is of the most useful and valuable description; and even after the lively narrative of Captain Hall, we have read the Selections from Humboldt with great relish and satisfaction. They supply the only desideratum in the more general and popular work; and we recommend them to every reader who feels interested in the inquiries to which they refer. A specimen of their general manner is all that we are able to insert.

“The greatest fault observable in the mines of New Spain, and which renders the working of them extremely expensive, is the want of communication between the different works. They resemble ill constructed buildings, where, to pass from one adjoining room to another, we must go round the whole house. The mine of Valenciana is justly admired on account of its wealth, the magnificence of its walling, and the facility with which it is entered by spacious and commodious stairs; yet it exhibits only a union of small works irregularly conducted; they are as it were *cul de sacs*, and without any lateral communication. I mention this mine, not because it is more faulty than the others in the distribution of its labours, but because we might naturally suppose it to be better organized. As subterraneous geometry had been entirely neglected in Mexico, till the establishment of the School of Mines, there is no plan in existence of the works already executed. Two works in that labyrinth of cross levels and interior winzes, may happen to be very near each other, without its being possible to perceive it. Hence the impossibility of introducing, in the actual state of most of the mines of Mexico, the wheeling by means of barrows, and an economical disposition of the ore plats. A miner brought up in the mines of Freiberg, and accustomed to see so many ingenious means of conveyance practised, can hardly conceive that in the Spanish colonies, where the ores are poor though very abundant, all the metal which is taken from the vein is carried on the backs of men. The Indian *tenateros*, who may be considered as the beasts of burden of the mines of Mexico, remain loaded with a weight of from 250 to 380 pounds for a space of six hours. In the levels of Valenciana and Rayas, they are exposed, as we have already observed in speaking of the health of the miners, to a temperature of from 71° to 77° Fahr.; and during this time they ascend and descend several thousands of steps in shafts of an inclination of 45°. These *tenateros* carry the minerals in

bags (*costales*) made of the thread of the *pité*. To prevent their shoulders from being hurt, (for the miners are generally naked to the middle) they place a woollen covering (*frinda*) under this bag. We met in the mines files of fifty or sixty of these porters, among whom there are men above sixty, and boys of ten or twelve years of age. In ascending the stairs they throw the body forwards, and rest on a staff, which is generally not more than a foot in length. They walk in a zigzag direction, because they have found from long experience, as they affirm, that their respiration is less impeded when they traverse obliquely the current of air which enters the pit from without." *Taylor*, p. 191.

In taking leave of this interesting subject, we have only to express our hope that we may often be permitted to read such books as Captain Hall's and Mr. Taylor's, and that when Mrs. Graham next appears in print, she will not appear in the character of an advocate for Lord Cochrane.

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A little Work, illustrative of the Sentiments of the Two Parties in the Church of England, is now in the Press, entitled *The Two Rectors*, in Ten Papers.

The *Ashantees*. *Mr. Dupuis*, late his Britannic Majesty's Envoy and Consul at *Askantee*, is about to publish a *Journal* of his Residence in that Kingdom.—It will comprise his *Notes and Researches* relative to the *Gold Coast* and the *Interior of Western Africa*, chiefly collected from *Arabie MSS.* and Information communicated by the *Moslems of Guinea*.

*Mr. Loudon*, the Author of the popular *Encyclopædia of Gardening*, is about to follow up that Work, by an *Encyclopædia of Agriculture*; or the Theory and Practice of the Valuation, Transfer, Improvement, and Management of Landed Property; and the Cultivation and Economy of the



Animal and Vegetable Productions of Agriculture, including all the latest Improvements: a General History of Agriculture in all Countries, and a Statistical View of its Present State, with Suggestions for its future Progress in the British Isles.

*Lieut. Morgaz*, has in the Press, *The Emigrant's Note Book*, with Recollections of *Upper and Lower Canada* during the late War. In one Vol. 8vo. With a Map.

An *Essay on the Beneficial Direction of Rural Expenditure*, is announced by *Robert A. Slaney, Esq.*

A Work is in the Press, to be published for the Benefit of the Artists' Benevolent Fund, entitled, *Testimonies to the Genius and Memory of Richard Wilson, R.A.* with some Account of his Life, and Remarks on his Landscapes: to which are added, various Observations respecting the Pleasure and Advantages to be derived from the Study of Nature and the Fine Arts. Collected and arranged by *T. Wright, Esq.*

*Helon's Pilgrimage to Jerusalem*; a Picture of Judaism in the Century which preceded the Advent of the Messiah. Translated from the German of *F. Strauss*. With Notes and Illustrations by the Translator, is preparing for Publication.

The Connoisseurs in Good-eating will speedily be enlightened in the Mysteries of the *Art of French Cookery*. By *M. Beauvilliers*, a Genuine Parisian Restaurateur. The Work will be printed in a 12mo. Vol. uniformly with the *Domestic Cookery*.

*Mr. Harris Nicholas* has in the Press, a small Work, intended for the Use of Antiquaries, Historians, and the Legal Profession; containing Tables shewing *exactly* the Year of our Lord, corresponding with the Year of the Reign of each Monarch; an Alphabetical and Chronological Calendar of Saints' Days, and other Festivals, on which Ancient Records are dated; Tables, shewing on what Day of the Month and Week each Moveable Feast, &c. occurred; an Account of the Provincial Registrars of Wills, with a List of the Parishes in each Diocese subject to peculiar Jurisdictions; and a full Description of the Contents of all the Works published by the Commission for the Preservation of the Public Records; with other useful Matter.

*Mr. J. H. Sprague* has in the Press, an *Appendix to the Pharmacopœias*; containing a Critical Examination of the *London Pharmacopœia* of 1824, with an extensive Supplement of Approved Formulæ, &c. to which is added, a Correct Translation of the last Edition of the *London Pharmacopœia*, with Explanatory Notes.

THE  
BRITISH CRITIC,  
FOR JUNE, 1824.

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ART. I. *A History of England. By the Rev. John Lingard. Vol. IV. containing the Reigns of Henry VIII. and Edward VI. Vol. V. containing the Reigns of Mary and Elizabeth.* 4to. 3l. 10s. Mawman. 1820, 1823.

IN our review of Mr. Lingard's earlier volumes, we bestowed ample commendation upon the good points in his history, and passed no severe censure upon its numerous faults. The diligence with which he unravelled many obscure passages of antiquity, and the spirit with which he painted the manners of our forefathers entitled him to an attentive hearing; while the partiality which disfigured every page was not calculated to do much mischief. In spite of the softened colours in which he painted the corruptions of popery, they were, by his own most unwilling confession, gross and inexcusable. No one could read even his account of the middle ages, without feeling that the Popes had been enemies to the Gospel, enemies to the whole of modern Europe, and especially to the civil and ecclesiastical constitution of Great Britain. Mr. Lingard concealed the extent of their interference and usurpations, but was compelled to admit enough for their conviction. He depreciated the writers who spoke most clearly against his Church, but authority which he could not question sufficed to establish its guilt. And as long as so much open guilt remained, we feared little or no injury from the veil by which a part was screened.

This must be our apology for having passed over the three first volumes of Mr. Lingard's History of England, in a much slighter manner than they deserved. In the fourth and fifth volumes the author assumes a new character: from an insinuating apologist for the Church of Rome, he is converted into a bold enemy of the Reformation. And as soon as he has entered upon offensive warfare, his real character as an historian becomes distinctly visible. He might be allowed to denounce Matthew Paris without exciting any lively interest respecting the merits of a "querulous monk." He was permitted even to misrepresent and calumniate Wi-

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cliffe, and his conduct was still considered unimportant; but when presuming upon impunity, and hardened by habit, he ventures to denounce the fathers of the Church of England, he must expect some enquiry into the justice of his accusations and some expression of the feeling which their truth or falsehood will excite.

We are happy to hear that the laboured attack upon Archbishop Cranmer is about to call forth a vindication of his fame from the pen of the accurate Dr. Todd. This circumstance might alone induce us to pass rapidly over the reigns of Henry and Edward. But when coupled with a recollection of the length to which an examination of both the volumes would lead, it determines us to dismiss the former with a few observations, and direct our own and the reader's principal attention to the latter.

As an introduction, however, to what we have to say on the history of the sister queens, we must take a hasty glance at the reigns of their father and brother. The style in which Mr. Lingard describes the origin of the Reformation forms an admirable prelude to his account of its establishment. Every individual who encouraged it is condemned;—every individual who opposed it is eulogised, acquitted, or excused: the scandalous chronicles of all countries are ransacked, and their contents deposited in Mr. Lingard's conservatory. Anne Boleyn is described as the most shameless of her sex, seduced by Henry long before their marriage, and guilty in all probability of every crime which her savage husband laid to her charge. Catharine Howard, respecting whose early misconduct no doubt can be entertained, is represented as strictly virtuous after her union with the king; and Mr. Lingard "fears that she was sacrificed" by Cranmer "to the manes of Anne Boleyn." We are treated, in a note, with some particulars of the early familiarity between Seymour, the Lord Admiral and the young princess Elizabeth, which prove the gross manners of the age in which they occurred, and nothing more. And in order to shew that the author is not particularly inveterate against the ladies, Cranmer, Cromwell, Latimer and Barnes, are treated with as little ceremony as Queen Anne or Queen Elizabeth.

Take as a specimen, and it is a favourable one to Mr. Lingard, the following account of Cranmer and Gardiner.

"During these transactions the court of Henry was divided by the secret intrigues of the two religious parties, which continued to cherish an implacable hatred against each other. The men of the old learning naturally looked upon Cranmer as their most steady and most dangerous enemy: and, though he was careful

not to commit any open transgression of the law, yet the encouragement which he gave to the new preachers, and the clandestine correspondence which he maintained with the German reformers, would have proved his ruin, had he not found a friend and advocate in his sovereign. Henry still retained a grateful recollection of his former services, and felt no apprehension of resistance or treason from a man, who on all occasions, whatever were his real opinions or wishes, had moulded his conscience in conformity to the royal will. When the prebendaries of Canterbury lodged an information against him, the king issued a commission to examine, not the accused but the accusers; of whom some were imprisoned; all were compelled to ask pardon of the archbishop. In the House of Commons Sir John Gostwick, representative for Bedfordshire, had the boldness to accuse him of heresy; but the king sent a message to the 'varlet,' that if he did not immediately acknowledge his fault, he should be made an example for the instruction of his fellows. On another occasion Henry had consented to the committal of the archbishop; but afterwards he revoked his permission, telling the council that Cranmer was as faithful a man towards him as ever was prelate in the realm, and one to whom he was many ways beholden: or, as another version has it, that he was the only man, who had loved his sovereign so well, as never to have opposed the royal pleasure. In like manner Gardiner, from his acknowledged abilities and his credit with the king, was to the men of the new learning a constant object of apprehension and jealousy. To ruin him in the royal estimation, it was pretended that he had communicated with the papal agents through the imperial ministers: and that, while he pretended to be zealously attached to the interests of the king, he had in reality made his peace with the pontiff. But it was in vain that the accusation was repeatedly urged, and that Gardiner's secretary was even tried, convicted and executed, on a charge of having denied the supremacy: the caution of the bishop bade defiance to the wiles and the malice of his enemies. Aware of the danger which threatened him, he stood constantly on his guard; and though he might prompt the zeal, and second the efforts of those who wished well to the ancient faith, he made it a rule never to originate any religious measure, nor to give his opinion on religious subjects, without the express command of his sovereign. Then he was accustomed to speak his mind with boldness: but though he might sometimes offend the pride, still he preserved the esteem, of Henry, who, unmoved by the suggestions of his adversaries, continued to employ him in affairs of state, and to consult him on questions of religion. As often indeed as he was absent in embassies to foreign courts, Cranmer improved the favourable moment to urge the king to a further reformation. He was heard with attention, he was even twice desired to form the necessary plan, to subjoin his reasons, and to submit them to the royal consideration: still, however, Henry paused to receive the opinion of Gardiner; and, swayed by his

advice, rejected or suspended the execution of the measures proposed by the metropolitan." Vol. IV. p. 341.

Comparing this passage with the generality of the narrative, it may be considered as impartial; for it admits that Gardiner's *caution* preserved him from the malice of his enemies, and it is difficult to believe that if such caution was laudable at Winchester, it might not be excused at Lambeth. But the contrast is drawn in a spirit of habitual unfairness: Cranmer is not entitled to much praise on the score of firmness and resolution, but he ran thrice as many risques as Gardiner: he contradicted the king openly in the face of the parliament, argued against him stoutly day after day, and session after session, and on the whole, had the pleasure of witnessing the slow but certain progress of the Reformation. On the other hand, we are assured by Mr. Lingard himself that Gardiner never gave his opinion unasked; we know that he conformed to all the innovations of his master, and he certainly could not excuse himself by saying that he was gradually advancing towards his object; yet Mr. Lingard dismisses Gardiner without a single word of reprehension, while Cranmer "moulds his conscience to the royal will," and "loves his sovereign so well as never to have opposed his royal pleasure."

Without pursuing these remarks, we may ask if it is not at least a suspicious circumstance, that Mr. Lingard should discover so much that is disadvantageous to Protestants, and so little that is unfavourable to Catholics. Can we doubt, that he is labouring to make out a case—defending a party instead of writing a history; and consequently to be suspected and cross-examined at every word before the careful reader can feel satisfied of his accuracy. We say nothing at present of his authorities, although many of them are of the most questionable description; but there is an evident and unintermitting bias in such narratives as these, which no authority can sanction.

Mr. Lingard's practice with respect to authorities is highly reprehensible. A diligent compiler he has undoubtedly been. He furnishes abundance of quotations and references, and occasionally convicts preceding writers of ignorance or inaccuracy. But for the most part, his object is not to sift conflicting testimony, and trace the thread of truth through the maze in which it is entangled and concealed, but to find a witness who acquits Catholics and condemns Protestants, and who is entitled upon that account to unqualified credit. Thus half the exaggerated charges against Henry VIII. rest upon the authority of Cardinal Pole, an interested party, a

declamatory writer, and an amiable, rather than a strictly upright man. The vices of Anne Boleyn are substantiated by the sarcasms of a French bishop, and a Bull of Pope Clement VII. *Persons* and *Saunders* the Jesuits, so famous in the reign of Queen Elizabeth, are quoted at every page, and their veracity propped up by observing, that they were not more credulous than John Fox. *Noailles*, the French ambassador to Queen Mary, is represented as decidedly proving the participation of Elizabeth in the plots against her sister's throne; though his character for intrigue and falsehood is known and admitted by Mr. Lingard; and he had an obvious motive for pretending that the Princess was favourable to his schemes. Having incurred the displeasure of his King by overstepping his instructions, and assisting too openly in the councils of the disaffected English, he excused himself by shewing that his interference had not been fruitless since Elizabeth had been gained by his means. His testimony under such circumstances, had it been as explicit as it is ambiguous, would be entitled to little credit. Yet it is the corner-stone of a long and laboured chapter, in which Mr. Lingard endeavours to establish the guilt of the Protestant Queen, and the clemency of her injured sister. In short, the constant practice in this new and improved history of England, is to make use of every circumstance, statement, or insinuation which favours the author's opinion, and to take as little notice as possible of less convenient facts. The reigns of the individuals whom Mr. Lingard paints in the character of two rival queens, will furnish ample proof of the justice of this remark.

To begin with the martyrdom of the Reformers.—Let the readers peruse Mr. Lingard's introduction to this melancholy story.

“ It was the lot of Mary to live in an age of religious intolerance, when to punish the professors of erroneous doctrine was inculcated as a duty, no less by those who rejected, than by those who asserted the papal authority. It might perhaps have been expected that the reformers, from their sufferings under Henry VIII. would have learned to respect the rights of conscience. Experience proved the contrary. They had no sooner obtained the ascendancy during the short reign of Edward, than they displayed the same persecuting spirit which they had formerly condemned, burning the anabaptist, and preparing to burn the catholic, at the stake, for no other crime than adherence to religious opinion. The former, by the existing law, was already liable to the penalty of death: the latter enjoyed a precarious respite, because his belief had not yet been pronounced heretical by any acknowledged

authority. But the zeal of archbishop Cranmer observed and supplied this deficiency: and in the code of ecclesiastical discipline which he compiled for the government of the reformed church, he was careful to class the distinguishing doctrines of the ancient worship with those more recently promulgated by Muncer and Socinus. By the new canon law of the metropolitan, to believe in transubstantiation, to admit the papal supremacy, and to deny justification by faith only, were severally made heresy: and it was ordained that individuals accused of holding heretical opinions should be arraigned before the spiritual courts; should be excommunicated on conviction; and after a respite of sixteen days should, if they continued obstinate, be delivered to the civil magistrate, to suffer the punishment provided by law. Fortunately for the professors of the ancient faith, Edward died before this code had obtained the sanction of the legislature: by the accession of Mary the power of the sword passed from the hands of one religious party to those of the other; and within a short time Cranmer and his associates perished in the flames which they had prepared to kindle for the destruction of their opponents." Vol. V. p. 80.

This is pretty well for a beginning,—two anabaptists put to death in the reign of Edward VI. are a justification for the most atrocious persecution ever known in England! The national antipathy with which Philip and Mary, and Gardiner and Bonner, have been regarded for nearly four hundred years, must now be extended to Cranmer, Latimer, and Ridley, because they were ignorant of the rights of conscience! It is true they did not actually burn hundreds of their fellow creatures. But Mr. Lingard suspects that they intended to do something of this kind, and the cruel intention of a Protestant, is as bad as the actual crime of a Catholic. Repeated use is made of the execution of Boucher and Von Parris, as a set-off against the horrors of the succeeding reign. Great pains are taken to exonerate Gardiner and Bonner from the charge of having promoted the cruelties at which they presided. *Persons* proves the innocence of the former, and Mr. Lingard himself vindicates the fair fame of Bonner by inclining to doubt whether he really deserved "all the odium which has been heaped upon him." As Protestants we can have no wish to impede this humane undertaking. The best excuse which the Catholic Church can offer for the massacres of Queen Mary and her bishops, is, that they were caused by the cruel disposition of individuals. When Mr. Lingard shall have succeeded in demolishing this plea, which as yet he is far from having accomplished; it will only remain to attribute their unexampled persecution to the general spirit of his Church. If we acquit her Majesty, her consort, and her prelates, over all of whom Mr. Lingard

spreads his shield, the charge will recoil against the general system, by which those mild and amiable beings were dipped so deep in blood.

"I am inclined to believe that the queen herself was not actuated so much by motives of policy, as of conscience; that she had imbibed the same intolerant opinion, which Cranmer and Ridley laboured to instil into the young mind of Edward: 'that, as Moses ordered blasphemers to be put to death, so it was the duty of a christian prince, and more so of one, who bore the title of defender of the faith, to eradicate the cockle from the field of God's church, to cut out the gangrene, that it might not spread to the sounder parts.' In this principle both parties seem to have agreed: the only difference between them, regarded its application, as often as it affected themselves." Vol. V. p. 102.

The reader's attention has been already called to Mr. Lingard's beginning: but it can hardly have prepared him for this consummation. The cuckoo note of "Cranmer did the same," is rung ten times over in our ears—but that the only difference between Reformer and Catholic, "regarded the application of the principle as often as it affected themselves," is an assertion which it requires no vulgar effrontery to make, and no vulgar bigotry to believe.

This is the offensive portion of the history of the wretched Mary—the rest is simply ludicrous. The attempt to give dignity to her character, and importance to her reign, may be seen through and exposed by a child. And if the uncharitable should doubt whether Mr. Lingard is sincere in his subsequent endeavours to depreciate Queen Elizabeth, we should say in his defence, that a man who is convinced of Queen Mary's virtues, may be convinced without much difficulty of any thing else. In truth, however, Mr. Lingard's talent is greater in accusation than in defence; and accordingly, his assault upon the reputation of Elizabeth, is a more spirited and dexterous performance, than the miserable bungling *tu quoque* common-place, with which he apologises for Gardiner and Bonner.

As specimens of the spirit in which the Maiden Reign is depicted, we beg leave to refer our readers to the following extracts.—The first is a summary of its principal events—the second, an account of Queen Elizabeth's conversion to Protestantism.

"The long reign of her successor, a reign which occupied nearly the half of a century, will offer to his view a succession of still more interesting events. He will observe the steps by which Elizabeth abolished the ancient, and introduced the reformed,



hierarchy and worship; the severities with which she repressed the discontent of the Catholics and the intemperance of the Puritans; her ambiguous, and often unjustifiable, conduct towards the unfortunate Mary Stuart; her intrigues with the Scottish, French, and Flemish religionists; and her wars, the consequences of those intrigues, with their several sovereigns; the extension of the English commerce under her auspices; the triumphs of the English navy over the formidable fleets of Spain; the successive rise and fall of her different favourites; and the cares, the sorrows, and the despondency of her declining age." *Preface.*

"The reader will recollect that, during the reign of her sister, Elizabeth had professed herself a convert to the ancient faith. The catholics were willing to believe that her conformity arose from conviction: the protestants, while they lamented her apostacy, persuaded themselves that she feigned sentiments which she did not feel. It is probable, that in her own mind she was indifferent to either form of worship: but the moment she ascended the throne, a catholic competitor appeared: Mary Stuart, at the command of her father-in-law, assumed the title of queen of England, and quartered the English arms with those of Scotland and France: and the answer of the pontiff proved, what was already known, that, on Catholic principles, Elizabeth had no 'hereditary right to the crown.' The new ministers, whose prospects depended on the change, urged their mistress to put down a religion which proclaimed her a bastard, and to support the reformed doctrines, which alone could give stability to her throne. After some hesitation, Elizabeth complied: but the caution of Cecil checked the precipitancy of the zealots, who condemned every delay as an additional offence of God: and a resolution was adopted to suppress all knowledge of the intended measure, till every precaution had been taken to ensure its success." Vol. V. p. 147.

These passages are in admirable harmony with one another. In the first, Elizabeth's wars are attributed to her intrigues with discontented religionists: in the second, the king of France is represented as endangering her possession of the throne, before her sister had been dead a month, and Elizabeth as turning Protestant in consequence.

To bolster up the second of these enormous fictions, for which Mr. Lingard quotes nothing like sufficient authority; he makes no mention of the doubts respecting Elizabeth's orthodoxy which were entertained and acted upon during the last reign. He conceals the joy with which her accession was hailed by the increased and increasing ranks of her Protestant subjects. He takes no notice of her triumphal entry into London; although he had made the most of a similar adventure when it befel the favoured Mary. He forgets that the Bible was presented to her on this occasion,

and carefully deposited in her bosom. He is ignorant of innumerable other circumstances which prove that she made no secret of her faith, and that it was publicly known to the common people.

And yet the second of what we must take the liberty of calling Mr. Lingard's dreams concerning Queen Elizabeth, is decidedly at variance with the first. Since, if her rights were denied at so critical a period by the king of France—her title assumed by the Queen of Scotland—and her Catholic subjects released from their allegiance by the Pope; it is not quite fair to complain of her intrigues with foreign Protestants, or to blame her for the wars in which she was involved.

To perceive the full extent of Mr. Lingard's infatuation upon the subject of Queen Elizabeth's foreign policy, it is necessary to read the whole of his bulky narrative. Every fresh occurrence affords him a fresh opportunity of exhibiting what in others we might call an anti-English feeling; but what in him we believe to be merely anti-Protestant. That he has some misgivings respecting the goodness of his cause we infer from the omission of any general account of Elizabeth's conduct or difficulties, excepting that which has been extracted from the advertisement. Incidental notices of the religious wars in France, and the other events of the age are introduced, and give occasion to commend the Guises, King Philip, and every other individual who was opposed to the English Queen. But the great contest which was carried on in Europe between freedom and slavery, between a reformed and a corrupt faith, is never once mentioned. The ambitious designs of Philip II. are never once alluded to; and in spite of the admissions which are wrung from him in the course of his history, Mr. Lingard always speaks as if Elizabeth had received no provocation. The account of the Armada is drawn up completely in this style. The facts of the case are so strong, that they force themselves into observation. The pretended cause of quarrel, the Queen's encouragement of the United Provinces, could hardly have sent Philip to the Pope for a blessing and a Cardinal. The desire of conquest and extended empire is plainly manifested throughout the proceeding, and thus is it described by Mr. Lingard.

“ We are now arrived at the most interesting and memorable epoch in the reign of Elizabeth. The reader must have noticed the injuries, which the queen had almost annually offered to the king of Spain. She had intercepted his treasure, had given aid to his rebels, had hired foreign mercenaries to fight against his armies, and had suffered her mariners to plunder and massacre his

defenceless subjects on the high seas, and in his American dominions. Policy taught him to dissemble: he covered his feelings with an affectation of disdain: and the monarch, so haughty to every other power, appeared to bear the provocations given by Elizabeth with the most stoical indifference. But the constant repetition of insult, the sophisms with which his complaints had formerly been answered, and the recollection that the queen, under the reign of her sister, had owed her liberty, perhaps her life, to his protection, sharpened the edge of his resentment: and, if he hesitated to strike, it was only that he might take more sure and ample vengeance. In 1583, after a forbearance of fifteen years, he flattered himself that the day of retribution was come. The duke of Anjou had been driven out of the Netherlands: France trembled on the verge of a civil war; and the defeat of his rival don Antonio, with the reduction of Tercera, had secured on his head the crown of Portugal. Freed from other foes, he turned his attention to the English queen: but he was by nature slow and cautious: to arrange his plans, to make his preparations, demanded leisure and consideration; and five more years were suffered to elapse, before the Armada, destined to subjugate the English nation, was ready to sail from the ports of Spain. During this interval the conduct of Elizabeth had not been calculated to avert his resentment. She had sent to the relief of the Belgian insurgents an English army under a general, who assumed the title and authority of governor of the revolted provinces, and after a trial, unprecedented in the annals of Europe, she had taken, on a scaffold, the life of the queen of Scots. The first was equivalent to a declaration of war, which Philip could not refuse to notice without the imputation of cowardice: the second was an insult to the majesty of sovereigns, which, as the most powerful of christian monarchs, he deemed it his duty to revenge.

"Of all men, the Spanish king should have been the last to acknowledge in the pontiff the right of disposing of the crowns of princes. In former times he had not hesitated to declare war against Paul IV.; and by his general, the duke of Alva, had dictated the terms of peace, in the Vatican. Revenge and ambition taught him a different lesson. In confidence he communicated his object to Sixtus V. the reigning pope, and solicited his co-operation in an attempt, which had for one of its objects the restoration of the papal authority in England. For this purpose, he demanded an aid in money, the renewal of the censures promulgated against Elizabeth by former popes, and a grant of the purple for Dr. Allen, who, in the event of success, might proceed as legate to England, regulate the concerns of religion as had been done by cardinal Pole, and confer on the conqueror the investiture of the kingdom. Allen, ignorant of the project, was at the Spa, for the benefit of his health: under some other pretext, he was drawn to Rome; and, though he declined the dignity, as he had before declined it under Gregory XIII., he was, against his will, created

a cardinal by the title of St. Martin in montibus. But though Sixtus kept the secret locked up within his own breast, the motive of Allen's promotion was suspected by the politicians at the papal court; and the pontiff, apprehensive of the discovery, exhorted Philip to hasten the expedition, offering him a subsidy of a million of crowns, to be paid as soon as the invading army had landed on the coast of England." Vol. V. p. 487.

The man who writes this cannot conceive that Queen Elizabeth was really jealous of the political designs of her Catholic subjects! Cannot believe, that when she executed Catholics for treason, she really supposed them guilty of any thing but heresy. Cannot rejoice, and does not rejoice at the destruction of this formidable Armada, and hardly restrains himself from deploring its fate.

It only remains to enquire whether the internal history of the kingdom is related in the same spirit as the external. And the reader will not hesitate to determine that it is, when we inform him, that the notice of ecclesiastical affairs is meagre and superficial in the extreme—that the literary history of the age is not mentioned or hinted at; and that a dry, tedious account of Mary, Queen of Scots, before and after her flight to England, occupies the principal portion of the volume.

The account contains little that is new; and if it is less marked by prejudice and partiality than the bulk of Mr. Lingard's work, it is at the same time unable to stand the test of a comparison with preceding histories of the same transactions. He leaves the question of Mary's character pretty much where it had previously been. With an inclination to acquit her of the crimes which she is said to have committed in Scotland, he does not venture positively to pronounce her not guilty. And, admitting her connection with the conspirators against Elizabeth, he speaks more temperately than we expected, of her trial and execution. It is difficult to conceive why so virulent an enemy of Queen Elizabeth should pass thus slightly over the worst of her actions. But Mr. Lingard, more anxious to establish her weakness than her wickedness, may grudge her the credit of committing a bold crime.

If this should appear a harsh and uncharitable supposition, we must refer, in its defence, to the character of the Queen, which concludes the volume before us. The greater part of it shall be transferred, for the reader's information, into our own pages. The history of her economy, her dresses, her dinners, her vanity, and her ill-humour, may be spared. Her despotic government and arbitrary proceedings, are known

to every one, and Mr. Lingard may censure them as much and as often as he pleases. With the exception of these threadbare subjects, the following extracts contain all that Mr. Lingard thinks fit to say on the reign and character of his heroine.

“ In the judgment of her contemporaries, and that judgement has been ratified by the consent of posterity, Elizabeth was numbered among the greatest and the most fortunate of our princes. The tranquillity, which, during a reign of nearly half a century, she maintained within her dominions, while the neighbouring nations were convulsed with intestine dissensions, was taken as a proof of the wisdom or the vigour of her government : and her successful resistance against the Spanish monarch, the many injuries which she inflicted on that lord of so many kingdoms, and the spirit displayed by her fleets and armies, in expeditions to France and the Netherlands, to Spain, to the West and even the East Indies, served to give to the world an exalted notion of her military and naval power. When she came to the throne, England ranked only among the secondary kingdoms ; before her death it had risen to a level with the first nations in Europe.

“ Of this rise two causes may be assigned. The one, though more remote, was that spirit of commercial enterprise, which had revived in the reign of Mary, and had been carefully fostered, in that of Elizabeth, by the patronage of the sovereign, and the co-operation of the great. Its benefits were not confined to the trading and sea-faring classes, the two interests more immediately concerned. It gave a new tone to the public mind : it diffused a new energy through all ranks of men. Their views became expanded : their powers were called into action ! and the example of successful adventure furnished a powerful stimulus to the talent and industry of the nation. Men in every profession looked forward to wealth and independance : all were eager to start in the race of improvement.

“ The other cause may be discovered in the system of foreign policy, adopted by the ministers ; a policy, indeed, which it may be difficult to reconcile with honesty and good faith, but which, in the result, proved eminently successful. The reader has seen them perpetually on the watch to sow the seeds of dissension, to foment the spirit of resistance, and to aid the efforts of rebellion in the neighbouring nations. In Scotland the authority of the crown was almost annihilated ; France was reduced to an unexampled state of anarchy, poverty, and distress : and Spain beheld with dismay her wealth continually absorbed, and her armies annually perishing, among the dikes and sand-banks of the Low Countries. The depression of these powers, if not a positive, was a relative benefit. As other princes descended, the English queen appeared to rise on the scale of reputation and power.

“ In what proportion the merit or demerit of these and of other

measures should be shared between Elizabeth and her counsellors, it is impossible to determine. On many subjects she could see only with their eyes, and hear with their ears; yet it is evident that her judgment or her conscience frequently disapproved of their advice. Sometimes, after a long struggle, they submitted to her wisdom or obstinacy; sometimes she was terrified or seduced into the surrender of her own opinion: generally a compromise was effected by mutual concessions. This appears to have happened on most debates of importance, and particularly with respect to the treatment of the unfortunate queen of Scots. Elizabeth may perhaps have dissembled: she may have been actuated by jealousy or hatred: but, if we condemn, we should also remember the arts and frauds of the men by whom she was surrounded, the false information which they supplied, the imaginary dangers which they created, and the dispatches which they dictated in England to be forwarded to the queen through the ambassadors in foreign courts, as the result of their own judgment and observation.

"It may be, that the habitual irresolution of Elizabeth was partially owing to her discovery of such practices: but there is reason to believe that it was a weakness inherent in the constitution of her mind. To deliberate appears to have been her delight: to resolve was her torment. She would receive advice from any; from foreigners as well as natives, from the ladies of her bed-chamber no less than the lords of her council: but her distrust begot hesitation; and she always suspected that some interested motive lurked under the pretence of zeal for her service. Hence she often suffered months, sometimes years, to roll away before she came to a conclusion: and then it required the same industry and address to keep her steady to her purpose, as it had already cost to bring her to it. The ministers, in their confidential correspondence, perpetually lamented this infirmity in the queen: in public they employed all their ingenuity to screen it from notice, and to give the semblance of wisdom to that which, in their own judgment, they characterized as folly." Vol. V. p. 612.

"From the elevation of the throne, we may now follow Elizabeth into the privacy of domestic life. Her natural abilities were great: she had studied under experienced masters; and her stock of literature was much more ample than that of most females of the age. Like her sister Mary, she possessed a knowledge of five languages: but Mary did not venture to converse in Italian, neither could she construe the Greek Testament, like Elizabeth. The queen is said to have excelled on the virginals, and to have understood the most difficult music. But dancing was her principal delight: and in that exercise she displayed a grace and spirit, which was universally admired. She retained her partiality for it to the last: few days passed in which the young nobility of the court were not called to dance before their sovereign; and the queen herself condescended to perform her part in a galliard with the duke of Nevers, at the age of sixty-nine." Vol. V. p. 618.

and he asserts what, if true, would be more creditable to the Queen than any part of that reputation to which Mr. Lingard denies her claim. If with one half of her people disaffected and miserable, their discontents fostered by Jesuits, and their passions excited by a pretender and a pope, the Queen contrived to preserve them in tranquillity for fifty years, her internal administration must have been the best and most skilful upon record. The fact is not true; nobody but Mr. Lingard ever said that it was; and he ought to be ashamed of so bold an assertion, for it has placed him in a dilemma from which he cannot escape.

In conclusion, we may be permitted to hope that Mr. Lingard's volumes will not only be read but studied. This new defence of the Pope and the Jesuits ought to be generally known. The nation at large should be made to understand what can be said for the religion we have forsaken. They will not be troubled with any positive evidence of the merits of unreformed Christianity. On that subject Mr. Lingard is silent; he trusts exclusively to negative testimony, and flatters himself we shall be convinced of the value of popery, when we have listened to his invective against the men that overturned it. Throughout the whole of these two massy volumes, written by a Jesuit as an apology for his faith, it has not been found convenient to state the difference, between the old and new learning; to contrast their respective doctrines, or even to dogmatize upon their respective merits. There is no proof and little presumption that the author believes in Christianity under any of its modifications. The tendency of his work is to bring them all into contempt. If Popery must rise wherever Protestantism declines, Mr. Lingard may yet prove a pillar of his church; for he has laboured to disparage the Reformation and its promoters. If this indirect defence does not suffice, if the chosen advocate of English Jesuits is expected to establish the purity of his religion, if he is required to prove that it has not corrupted the Gospel, that its head, the Pope, is neither an usurper nor a tyrant, that its doctrines are not an insult upon the human understanding, and as such direct stepping-stones to profaneness and infidelity; for these things we must turn to some less skilful apologist: there is not a syllable upon the subject in the pages of Mr. Lingard.

ART. II. *The Cross and the Crescent; an Heroic Metrical Romance.* By the Rev. James Beresford. 8vo. 382 pp. 14s. Hatchard. 1824.

MR. BERESFORD has already introduced himself to the public by his pen. We say *introduced himself*; for, among all the writers of the present day, no one appears to us to be distinguished by greater independence of spirit, or a more fixed determination to owe to his own exertions whatever laurels are awarded him.

In the "*Miseries of Human Life*" he gave a fearless specimen of originality and humour. He there ridiculed the folly of permitting our tempers to be ruffled by trifles, or our happiness to suffer from such common occurrences as meeting a flock of sheep on a dusty road, or finding a split pen and dry inkstand, when hastening to write an unnecessary letter. We dare say no one ever read that book regularly through, yet few could look into it without laughing, and, during a dull debate in a certain house, (if they are ever dull there), or a tedious journey, or a valetudinarian's attendance on Astley Cooper or Abernethy, it may still have its use.

The next character (we believe) in which our author appeared, was that of a judicious defender of our Established Church, and an orthodox expounder of its articles.

It is something to rejoice at in the present day, that *such a man* should be a poet; or rather, that, previous to coming forward as a poet, he should have proved himself to be such a man. Instead of opening his pages with a tremendous apprehension lest they should contain filth or blasphemy, we can prepare to follow him on his way with a certainty, that, neither for selfish ends, nor with a political purpose, still less for an irreligious object, will he be tempted to his flight by avaricious or party views, or be winged, during his progress, by Infidelity.

The title of Mr. Beresford's Poem, "the Cross and the Crescent," intimates its connection with that period of our history, when religion and chivalry united and armed nearly the whole of civilized Europe under the red-cross banner, against the Saracens' unhallowed possession of the sacred sepulchre. The time fixed upon is that of the third Crusade, A. D. 1191, after Richard of England and Philip of France had agreed to join forces, and to assemble at Messina. To the readers of *Sir James Bland Burgess*, there may be some-

P p



thing alarming in the very mention of *Cœur de Lion*, and if we wished to frighten them from perusing the Poem before us, we might imitate the Arab mothers, who, for years after the Crusade, used to excite the fears of their children by telling them "Richard was coming." In this case, however, the alarm would be groundless. In the "*Cross and the Crescent*," Richard is *not* coming; that is, as the principal personage or hero of the tale.

We are told in the title-page, and it is all we are told, that the story is founded upon Madame Cottin's *Mathilde*. It matters, however, but little, to a poetical reader, upon what the story of a bard is built. Indeed, Mr. Beresford seems to think so to a greater extent than might be wished; for, presuming that every one is acquainted with the recorded events of the twelfth century, he does not vouchsafe a single note of explanation throughout a Poem of nine books, and (we should guess) about five hundred stanzas, containing, besides allusions not known to many, terms of armory, chivalry, and the like, such as few have met with, and of those few, some have forgotten. In saying this, we by no means complain that there is no *preface*. We wish there could be a law against prefaces, which, as modest apologies, mean nothing, and as abridged narratives of the coming work, mean too much. But this objection does not apply to *notes*, which, if not "by linked *learning* long drawn out," would, we are satisfied, form instructive addenda, and be welcome to those readers who have not seen William of Tyre or Mathew Paris. We urge this in spite of the Poem's being styled a *Romance*, since it contains so many historical facts, so many names of uncommon use:

"Petrary, Trabuchat, and Espringall,  
Scorpion, War-wolf, and dread Mangonall;"

so much, in short, that requires to be accompanied with notes.

Having remarked upon this *omission*, we will just hint at the *commission* of certain little short lines . . . (we know not the printer's name for them) of novel use, and intended, we suppose, to aid, while, in our opinion, they puzzle the reader: at least, we were often rather bewildered by them, and are ready to declare our attachment to the good old style of punctuation. Having performed this duty, we proceed to give an outline of the story.

Previous to joining the Crusaders, Richard Plantagenet, accompanied by the venerable High Pontiff of Tyre, pays a visit to his sister *Matilda*. She had been, from her child-

hood, the inmate of a "convent's lonely cell," when the presence of her brother roused new religious impulses, and occasioned her departure. Thus, while the Lady Abbess and her virgin companions, "dropp'd on their knees and bless'd the cause" in which Richard was engaging, the pious Matilda desired to leave those tranquil shades, and "seek the land that kiss'd of yore her lov'd Redeemer's feet." Her wish accorded with the spirit of those times; so that, having obtained the blessings of the holy society, she prepared to embark with her lion-hearted brother.

" 'Tis night, -- and to her cell the maid retires :--  
 And hath she sunk to rest ?  
 Nay—Slumber binds not with his golden chain  
 The body, while the ferrid soul aspires  
 To liberty, --and life through ev'ry vein  
 Runs wild, --and Hope, her glowing guest,  
 Shows loftier destinies, that call to range  
 Where scenes of holy triumph, great and strange,  
 Rise, like a brighter morn, with salutation blest.

" Thus vital joy sustain'd the wakeful fair.  
 What marvel ?—e'en the world's ignoble brood,  
 In chase of many an empty name,  
 Laugh sleep to scorn, . . and seem to thrive on air,  
 While flashes of to-morrow fire the frame :--  
 See the fierce warrior pile his path of blood  
 With hecatombs to vengeance, gold, or pow'r, --  
 Deeming his brightest hope made good  
 By the brief twilight of terrestrial fame !  
 He, though his toiling arm, from hour to hour,  
 Hews on, . . while at the battle's mighty close  
 He finds no food, and, girt with dangers dire,  
 Thanks the cold ground for all the rest he knows ;--  
 E'en he, by thought refresh'd, forgets to tire ;  
 What ! -- can the slave of earth forbid  
 Repose to light upon his lid, . .  
 And shall the spirit drowse, when heav'nly hopes inspire ?"

*Book I. stanz. 23, 4.*

Quitting the convent, Matilda is conveyed to Messina, where the united forces of England and France are transported, but not directly to "Salem's holy towers," since

" On Acre's billow-beaten wall  
 First the pending stroke must fall ;  
 Then crowd the foes."

commanded by the mighty Saladine. A storm, however, diverts them from their course, and the armaments are com-

pelled to take refuge in the Bay of Cyprus. A tempest described in verses like the following, may make our readers rejoice that it occurred.

“ A mortal stillness held the shudd’ring deep.  
 Heavy with doom,—with lurid volumes hung,  
 Conglob’d with must’ring masses . . heap o’er heap—  
 Slow labours the dark load of storm along.  
 That load is pois’d:—that darkness, like a spell,  
 Blinds all th’ abyss with horror breath’d from hell !—  
 At signal from a darted flash, the sky  
 Groan’d thunder;—Expectation groans reply !—  
 Again the quiv’ring forks outfly, . .  
 While, with full burst, the voice o’er head,  
 Redoubling crack on crack, with boundless peal,  
 Roars at the world, as it would wake the dead !—  
 Wide Nature, . . to her centre’s made to feel  
 The mighty shake, and from her basis reel,  
 While many a boom sends awfully around,  
 Through all the jarring realms, big-rolling tides of sound.”

*Book I. stanz. 38.*

At Cyprus Matilda finds a companion, and Richard one whom he shortly makes his bride in *Lennora*, (the Berengaria of history), Princess of Navarre, shipwrecked at the same time. No sooner, however, had Richard obtained a Queen, than war entices him from her arms, and *Lusignan*, the Ex-King of Jerusalem, receives his promise of support against *Conrad*, aiming at the vacant throne, with Philip as his friend. The jealousy thus excited between Philip and Richard, prevented them from prosecuting the siege of Acre, (or Ptolemais), though their armies were assembled beneath its walls, and Montmorenci was dispatched to Cyprus to convey away the royal ladies. During the voyage Matilda’s charms make a deep, though unseen impression, upon the heart of her gallant conductor, but (such is the waywardness of fortune) *Hadal*, the valiant brother of Saladin, is upon the ocean, and doomed, by the capture of their vessel, to become himself the slave of the beloved Matilda.

Here the *Romance* commences, and our narration must be contracted. In order that he may enjoy more frequent opportunities of approaching Matilda, Hadal dismisses the pious Wilhelm, together with Montmorenci. They repair to the camp, and the rival kings are persuaded, by the venerable Priest, to forget their quarrel, and attack the town.

“ So have I seen a master of the lyre,  
 Prelusive to his potent lay,  
 Dispose to concord ev’ry jarring wire,  
 And steal their dissonance away :

With jealous ear, and with enquiring hand,  
He prov'd the gradual ranks of sound,—  
The unsocial string relax'd or wound,—  
And reconcil'd the chords with nice command;  
Then link'd in union sweet, through each degree,  
Stood all the loving tribes of harmony."

*Book IV. stanz. 35.*

We give the foregoing comparison, not because the thought is new, but because it is well expressed.

The siege of Acre now commences, in a description always spirited, and frequently rising to a high point of grandeur and magnificence. It is possible our early studies may have favoured the effect of Mr. Beresford's muse. Certainly we were glad to see a contest maintained by valour and strength such as Homer would have given his heroes; while courage and the deeds of the brave were sometimes illustrated by similes and comparisons, such as the Mæonian bard might not have disdained to use. We may have been predisposed also to view with delight a town attacked and won somewhat after the old classical style of warfare, battered to destruction by

"The brazen-fronted ram—the trav'ling tow'r,  
Balista huge,"

while

"Catapults releas'd the darts they bore."

We think, however, that they who read what has pleased us, will understand our feelings, and rejoice with us, that Mr. Beresford is not only a poet of no mean order, but a scholar also, whose mind is strongly imbued with the flavour of that literature, which ages have agreed to admire. The siege of Acre is rather a striking feature in this Poem. What appears throughout the whole work, is here particularly evident, namely, that Horace's salutary maxim of "*sape stylum veritas*," has not been neglected, and that our bard omitted nothing in his power to render that perfect, which he was about to make public. His command of words, (we wish he had *invented* fewer), his flow of language, his careful selection of apt and forcible epithets, must strike every reader. Perhaps he has not sufficiently restrained himself in some respects, and the curb, which Longinus rightly thinks is often as requisite as the spur, seems to have been occasionally disused in our author's anxiety to make the construction of his lines expressive of meaning—the sound indicate the sense: an endeavour in which he has often succeeded, but which, we think, he has too frequently made. If his descriptions too

appear sometimes retailed to too great a length—no wonder. He tells us, and probably with truth, of his subject,

“ I find its fever in my song,  
And feel it in my burning brain.”

*Book IV. stanz. 33.*

However, we plead guilty to having turned over a leaf or two forwards, in more parts than one, of this Poem, in order to see how far the course of inspiration was to bear us along. But it is, at the same time, impossible to deny, that the poet often carried us onwards in a rapid and wonderful manner, while, with an originality almost peculiar to himself, he shortened or lengthened his verses, now adopting rhyme, now imperceptibly rejecting it—raising, in his gigantic efforts, “ *Ossa super Pelion*,” till he elevated us to a high degree of poetical sympathy, and inspired us with much, if not all, of the glowing ardour that he felt. Thus Acre is besieged amid such “ iron music” and “ deafning discord,”

“ That e’en while ocean heav’d at hand,  
O’er-tumbling, bursts and bounds against the land,  
Each heavy-thund’ring surge but seems to kiss the shore.”

*Book IV. stanz. 49.*

Our readers will easily believe that a British Bard, of the nineteenth century, could not look upon the walls of Acre, without feeling an added glow of patriotism, and weaving a crown for the warrior’s brow that has lately made it the theatre of his glory. Sir Sydney Smith could not be forgotten while all that was courageous and intrepid was thus being made the theme of song, nor was the transition from him to the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo, avoidable, while heroism was seen to throw away its scabbard, and victory to wave its banner upon the well-fought field. They who desire that the brave defenders of our country should be immortal, will rejoice that Mr. Beresford has not neglected the opportunity which his subject afforded. But, as both with respect to the tribute of the Poet and the siege itself, our limits preclude us from extracting as we could wish, we must be content again to refer our readers to what we feel convinced their own taste for the powerful and brilliant, will not overlook in the perusal.

We now return to Matilda, of whose heart the high-minded Hadal has, meanwhile, been obtaining, by degrees, a firm possession. Unfortunately for the captive maid, but happily for the readers of poetry, the conflict, raised within her breast by the opposite dictates of religion and nature, is continued in situations and among scenes, highly favourable to poetical

embellishment. The faith of the Moslem Chief, ("remove but that mountain!") placed an insuperable barrier in the path of his love. In vain did he urge his suit. In vain did the heart of Matilda plead in his behalf, with all its sweet and treacherous casuistry. In vain did she almost convince herself that one *so perfect* as Hadal, *must* soon cease to worship the false prophet. He had well nigh become an apostate with his lips, but even then he *too honestly* prepared her to expect no change in his convictions. And could a Christian Princess, journeying from a convent to the Holy Sepulchre, agree to wed the follower of Mahomet? The question was often put, and hopes of his conversion—as false as she was fair—succeeded; but the final answer was—that it was impossible.

During these discussions of the heart, Matilda was pitied by Lennora, and piously supported by Wilhelm. But she was destined to be threatened and terrified by a female fury, once the object, and still jealous, of Hadal's preference. With a mind almost distracted by the revelations and denunciations of *Agnes*, she flies she knows not whither, till she plunges into a wood, called, by Moslems, the "Demon Wood," in consequence, not only of its natural horrors, and its being the seat of Ribauld rites, but of the legend of destruction against their religion, which the entrance into it, of a Christian under particular circumstances, should accomplish. Hadal, alarmed at Matilda's danger, and heedless of destiny, pursues her into the gloom which "not the deep-retiring owl dares know ;"

" That dingle's shade among  
The lone maid sudden sees  
An eye all blood and fire, with glance that stings,  
At her keen-pointing its infernal aim!—  
Stone still with horror,---then down sinking slow  
Before the trailing miscreant as he came,  
She died within.—No help her champion brings!—  
Proof to her agony, th' erected foe,  
Long o'er her head in cruel sport flings,  
Twining his limber volumes to and fro :—  
Now gathering up his billowy length below,  
He shrinks into the coil that gives him wings,  
And busy with his lightning tongue,  
Distends his throat, as mischief heaves and swells  
Through all its angry-working cells!—  
Bloated immense, and like a fiend up-sprung,  
He darts!—

But e'er the flitting moment go,  
 An' arm, by love's energetic rage possess,  
 Hath visited that hateful crest,...  
 Though dizzy vengeance half-defrauds the blow."

*Book III. stanz. 42.*

Here, surely, is poetry, and an animated representation truly terrific!

Matilda returns with Hadal. But the warnings of her spiritual guide, ere he is dismissed by the Moslem Chief, lead her to a more determined flight, and she profits by the absence of Hadal, to brave the horrors of the desert, in search of a pious monk, to whose care Wilhelm had recommended her. When we say that Mr. Beresford has ventured to describe a journey over that "fiery sea of sand, without mark, break, or bound," we need add nothing to prove that he is, at any rate, a most intrepid poet. We will leave our readers to judge for themselves hereafter, how far he has succeeded, in order that we may briefly conclude the story.

Matilda's guards are destroyed by Arabs; Hadal, *of course*, arrives to rescue her, and the progress of love is, *of course*, not interrupted. But at this time Montmorenci brings intelligence that an armistice had been agreed to by Richard and Saladine. The captives are now released, Richard having consented that Hadal, of whose love he had been apprised, should receive the hand of Matilda, upon becoming a Christian. Montmorenci escorts the princesses, but is attacked by the treachery of an Arab, in conjunction with the furious Agnes; and, losing his life in defending Matilda, gives occasion to some pathetic verses. The royal ladies reach the camp of Richard; a tournament is held, and described with considerable gracefulness, where we have minstrels, as of yore, and lovely ladies, and chivalrous knights "amid the sheen of banners;" after which, Hadal is called upon to declare his faith, and Matilda learns that he is—*not a Christian*. Richard then proposes that she should accept, in his stead, the ambitious and treacherous Lusignan, who, from his first interview at Cyprus, had aspired, though in secret, to this *convenient* alliance. He is rejected, meditates revenge, and employs an assassin to take away the life of his rival. The murderer strikes a blow—fatal, but not causing instant death. Hadal lingers for a while. Matilda, weakened by trial and distress, is permitted to visit him in his last hour; speaks to him the words of eternal truth; and at length hears Hadal declare himself a convert to Christianity. Their sorrows are now over, and with them this world's joys. No sooner are they one in faith, than they are one in death;

*Beresford's Cross and the Crescent.*

" And, welcoming the golden reign of bliss  
That waits them—seal their first—last hallow'd kiss ;"  
after which,

" O'er their quench'd eyes the heavier lids fall slow."

*Book IX.*

Such is the outline, and but the outline, of the story. We will only add to it that, in one part of the Poem, the character of Saladine receives rather a singular tribute, as coming from a bard. The praise awarded him is doubtless just, and was fairly earned by that victorious and generous chief. But it is amusing to learn from the historian, that "*poets were safe in the contempt of Saladine.*"

We extract a few specimens of the battle songs, in which Mr. Beresford's merit is conspicuous.

" It gleam'd at last . . the Morning's welcome ray :—  
True to the signal, down from Hill, and Scaur,  
In dark, broad masses, mov'd the Sons of War.  
Still, as the fervid Sun exalts his car,  
Bright, and more bright, the diamond sparks of Day  
On arms and armour touch in dazzling play.—  
Where frowns the vanward casque in air,  
Arch'd with a crest of tossing hair,  
Each King-led Armament behold,--  
Their acts in solemn Story told:  
Forth-marching, . . fraught with ev'ry pow'r  
By Force employ'd in Battle's hour,  
And all that in the Brave inspires  
Loftier hopes, and livelier fires,--  
Harness, clanging full and fast,  
Shook by the tread of legions vast,—  
Clarions, with courageous breath,  
Shrill publishing their tunes of death,—  
Gong, that with rebounding beat  
Ratifies the trumpet's threat,—  
Gonfalons, that, flourish'd high,  
Now shew, . . now ravish from the eye, . .  
Their proud chivalric blazonry ---  
The Armies of the Lord, out-pour'd amain,  
In lightning, and in thunder, sweep the lab'ring Plain!"

P. 151.

" What fall was there, . . that with immod'rate roar  
Shook to its firm foundations all the shore?  
'Twas Gallia's Deed :—Then tumbled Acra's pride!  
From yonder Tow'r, that many an age had stood,  
Mocking the Siege of Battle, Blast, and Flood,  
Had Philip drawn the solid Base, before,  
And upright beams with secret art supplied.



*Beresford's Cross and the Crescent.*

Soon,--to the Victims all unknown,--  
 Consuming fires, by many a breath strong-blown,  
 Embrac'd the timbers round.—On ev'ry side  
 The Miners fled for life---when, with a shock,  
 Dire as the downfal of a mountain-rock,  
 The pile, with all its iron-cumber'd Host  
 Of Infidels, in headlong ruin lost,  
 Clang'd thunder, as it broke into the Deep:--  
 There, till Earth's final hour, you walt'ring Crew shall sleep!

“ Tremendous as the wild-invading Sea,  
 When, slighting ev'ry bar, it hurries on,  
 O'erwhelming Life and Land,--the Chivalry  
 Of Gallia through the yawning breach is gone,—  
 Arm'd Europe foll'wing in.—The Pagan Brood,  
 With hearts that give no harbour to Despair,  
 (Nought but the Wolves of Rage are there!)  
 Welcome the fatal chance; and issuing all  
 From Ballium, Turret, Bartizan, and Wall,  
 With frenzied eagerness,--their Prophet call,—  
 In fancy rend their Prey, and howl for blood!

“ Man threatens—but the Battle is the Lord's.  
 Like foaming Oceans met, the desp'rate Foes  
 Plunge deep in death,--while ev'ry vein that flows  
 Reddens the flash of thousand quart'ring swords.  
 Look where join in mounting strife  
 Yon Leaders, flush'd with fervent life!--  
 Look again!--Pale clods they lie,  
 Spurn'd by the Crowds that trample by!--  
 In hurtling fury torn, or prest,--  
 Their shields dash'd back upon the breast,--  
 Repell'd--rebounding,--shoal'd aside.--  
 They reel, they toss, in struggling tide,...  
 Suck'd in the vortex of the Fray,--  
 Or flung in fragments far away!--  
 None stop to pant;--no thought is here  
 Of wound, or weakness--flight, or fear:--  
 As Battle were a festal game,  
 On all, the mortal Madness came!” P. 189.

It will have been seen that Mr. Beresford has chosen a field, upon which a bard, gifted with a great variety and grasp of poetical talent, might yet find “ample room and verge enough” for its exercise. Wisely keeping clear of Jerusalem, whose liberation had been sung by the Italian muse, he has selected such scenes for description as few would have attempted to paint, and fewer still would have succeeded in painting well. His characters are not only personages of

high degree, but strongly marked and boldly portrayed. He takes us over the ocean in storms, places us within the awful view of battle, makes us enter with him the burning interminable desert, and breathe with him the dreadful Simoom. During our progress, we find him travelling with ease, "from grave to gay, from lively to severe;" often exhibiting profound reflection, with no inconsiderable knowledge of the human heart, representing violent passions in vivid colours, and giving nervous thoughts with a rare power, and soft emotions with a sweet tenderness of language.

His subjects required great courage and ability to undertake and complete them; yet we are of opinion that, so far from degrading the dignity of his theme, Mr. Beresford has always maintained, often advanced it.

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**ART. III.** *The Annual Register, or a View of the History, Politics, and Literature of the year 1822.* 8vo. 1612 pp. 18s. Rivingtons. 1824.

WE have much satisfaction in recommending to our readers another volume of the *Annual Register*. The same good sense and impartiality which we have repeatedly extolled, continue to guide the judgment of the Editor, as well in the selection of his materials as in the remarks which he makes on the spirit of the times and on the principal actors in the great drama of political life. Devoted to no party he does justice to all: praises the industry of Hume, the manly frankness of Peel, and the splendid eloquence of Canning. As to general principles and views, he, no doubt, bestows his approbation most unreservedly upon the conduct of Administration; and in this particular his opinions coincide with those of almost the whole nation, and with those which the *British Critic* has uniformly supported, even when they did not enjoy the countenance of so large a majority as is now found to maintain them.

The time of peace, as the Editor observes, is not usually esteemed the most favourable for the labours of the annalist. Public events are neither so numerous nor so interesting as in the bustling period of war, when the fate of the country and the fortunes of individuals are suspended upon the skill of a general or the wisdom of a plenipotentiary. But notwithstanding the tranquillity which is at present enjoyed by the great European commonwealth, there are before the eye of the philosopher much materials for deep thought and serious

anticipation, relative to the future history of the most powerful states of which that commonwealth is composed. There are every where to be seen the most unequivocal symptoms of that struggle of opinion and principle which has evidently begun in every kingdom of Europe: "and which, however, its progress may be disguised, or its crisis delayed by the varying circumstances of each particular state, menaces in all a consummation which it is in the nature of things should ultimately take place."

"Our generation," says he, "will not see it, nor probably the next; its approach, however, is not therefore the less actual: and not a day passes over us that does not insensibly add its co-operation to the accomplishment of this mighty catastrophe. In the cursory review of our labours, in which we sometimes indulge in these prefatory remarks, we have more than once alluded to this aspect of modern politics; and we recur to it again, because it is the consideration that most powerfully forces itself upon the mind, in the contemplation of every portion of our contemporary history. And it is this circumstance that gives to that history a distinctive character; imparting even to its subordinate details, a kind of interest, which, in the eyes of the reflecting reader, is hardly possessed by all the court favour and ministerial ascendancy, or even the vicissitudes of dynasty and conquest with which the history of former times is almost exclusively occupied."

We cannot refrain from participating in these thoughts and forebodings. There is, assuredly, a spirit at work in many parts of Europe which will not rest satisfied without effecting very material innovations both in politics and religion. Public opinion is every where acquiring a most gigantic strength: and if rulers have not wisdom enough to direct its energies and in some degree to concede to its claims, it will be sure to unsettle the foundations even of some of those institutions which seem to have the firmest hold of our habits and principles. The only chance of safety, or at least of avoiding the severity of the shock which would not fail to result from the collision of two such antagonist forces as appear to be marshalling against each other, is afforded by the hope that government will maintain an equal progress with the great body of the people, in the advancement of knowledge and liberal ideas, and thereby find themselves able to yield where resistance would be wrong; and to resist where concession would be dangerous. If knowledge be power, the most valuable exercise of it consists in discovering the weak parts of ancient systems, and in accommodating them to the inevitable changes of society and the demands of more enlightened times. The want of this knowledge brought

Charles the First to the block : whilst, to the seasonable application of it may be ascribed some of the most successful adventures which have distinguished the politics of Europe since the era of the Reformation.

But it is our duty to give some account of this volume, and not to speculate on political contingencies. We have to observe then, in the first place, that the abstract which is here given of the national business during the year 1822, is extremely well drawn up. The agricultural question was the most important of those domestic interests that occupied the attention of parliament at the period now stated; and its merits are well appreciated by the Editor, and the views of both sides of the house candidly recorded. That the pressure complained of by farmers and landlords arose from an excess of production, admits no longer of the smallest doubt; and that this excess was occasioned by a succession of good seasons backed by improved methods of managing the soil, is equally obvious to every reflecting observer whether of rural or mercantile affairs.

In general, indeed, the "History of Europe" is most judiciously compiled: supplying at once the best materials for the future historian, and condensing, for the convenience of the modern reader, a mass of valuable information which he would in vain look for in any other species of literary work.

The "Chronicle" contains the usual abridgment of occurrences and accidents, which supplies to every reader a fund of entertainment, more amusing than a novel, and more instructive than the most brilliant effort of imagination. His Majesty's visit to Scotland occupies a considerable number of its pages; presenting in colours of the most pleasing description, the leading events of that royal excursion, so dear to the remembrance of our fellow-subjects in the north.

The "State Papers" are a most important addition to the value of the Register. In truth, they constitute the only unequivocal commentary on the motives of the European governments, and afford a key whereby to gain an accurate and consistent view at once of their actions and intentions.

The Literary and Philosophical departments are as complete as the object of such a compilation will admit. Amusement and instruction are so skilfully combined, that each promotes the furtherance of the other; with the exception of those extracts from St. Helena novels which profess to give the Memorabilia of Bonaparte, but which have always appeared to us more remotely allied to facts than the Tales of my Landlord, or the exploits of Quenten Durward.

As a specimen of the manner and style in which this

volume of the *Annual Register* is brought forward, we shall transcribe a paragraph or two from the first chapter of the *History of Europe*, in which is given a "general view of the state of domestic politics at the commencement of the year."

"If public considerations alone influenced the votes of members in the House of Commons, ministers perhaps would never have had less ground of apprehension in meeting Parliament than in the present instance. Aware, however, that other views and motives are apt to interfere in the decision of these matters, they conceived it prudent to strengthen themselves as a party by all the means which circumstances allowed to them. Mr. Peel was associated to the cabinet as Secretary of State for the Home Department: Lord Sidmouth being induced by the state of his health to retire from the active duties of office, though he still retained his seat in the cabinet. There is, perhaps, no public man of the present day who has acquired so considerable a portion of public confidence and esteem as Mr. Peel, and his acceptance of office was generally considered to confer a very important accession of character and talent upon administration. His conduct hitherto has been marked by that frankness and manliness of tone and consistency of principle, which, taken together, constitute both the best and the most popular qualifications for an English statesman. It is these, principally, which have gained him the ear of the House of Commons; for though his sentiments are always those of a man of sense and sound judgment, and his language is that of a scholar, yet as an orator, he is not fluent; nor can his speeches be said to betray much brilliancy of imagination, nor perhaps much extraordinary superiority of intellect, distinctively so called; two qualities, the want of which, would stand more in his way as a speaker than as a statesman.

"What we have here said of Mr. Peel, by something of the association of contrast, reminds us of another distinguished character of the present day, who, it was hoped, would be again induced to resume a seat in the Cabinet. Mr. Canning may, in some respect, be said to be illustrative of the fact, how important it is for a public man in this country, that his conduct should be marked by a certain character of openness and simplicity, which may, in all cases, enable the plain, straight-forward, and not very refining people of England, perfectly to understand and sympathize with his motives. We are persuaded that Mr. Canning is, personally, as honourable and disinterested as any public man of the present day; he has been, too, perfectly consistent in his opinions and principles throughout; and, we think, has grounded his claim to these praises, by occasional sacrifices as meritorious as any which the most Roman of his contemporaries can boast of. Yet certain it is that he has by no means acquired the confidence of the country on some of those points at all in proportion to what we believe to be his real claims for it; and the unfavourable impression which exists is, we think, exclusively attributable to the cir-

circumstance, that, on more than one occasion of his public life, his deportment has been wanting in that frankness and directness of proceeding, which alone can leave no room for the malice of party to suggest the operation of any equivocal motive.—Whatever injustice has been done to Mr. Canning in these respects, he has had a full measure of credit on the score of ability and talent. He was allowed by all parties, to be at this time the best speaker in the House of Commons; and it was a subject of some curiosity to know how this talent which could not be expected to lie idle, would be disposed of in the future arrangements of the administration. We have spoken in our last volume, of the circumstances which we supposed to have opposed his resumption of a seat in the cabinet; and it was at length announced that he was about to succeed the Marquess of Hastings in the supreme government of our Indian possessions. This certainly did not appear to be the most appropriate destination of Mr. Canning's powers; and it is probable that the single inducement for its selection was the circumstance that it is the only office, not of the cabinet, that he could with honour or credit condescend to accept. His approaching departure seemed to be contemplated by people in general, less with any apprehension of material inconvenience to the public arising from the want of his counsels as a statesman, than with regret for the loss of those delightful flashes of eloquence and pleasantry with which he, and we might almost say he alone, was accustomed to relieve the dryness of our parliamentary discussions."

Upon the whole, we are perfectly satisfied that this volume is equal to any of those which have preceded it in point of good principle, impartial judgment, and careful compilation. It contains a magazine of the most important information, digested with the utmost regard to perspicuity and intelligence, and produced without any reference to party interests or temporary feelings. Its greatest merit consists in its being a book for all classes and orders of politicians, and in its having no cause to support but that of truth, honour, and integrity. It propounds itself to all generations, and looks for support and approbation, rather to the future than to the present. We know no record of passing events that we should so much like to be put into the hands of our children, and by which we should like our friends to be weighed, even our enemies being judges.

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ART. IV. *Morning Thoughts in Prose and Verse on single Verses in the successive Chapters in the Gospel of St. Matthew.* By a Country Clergyman. 12mo. 108 pp. 3s. Hatchard. 1824.

In the "Country Clergyman" who penned this volume "be as much in love as his rhymes speak," then, to don-

tinue in the words which the Bard of Avon uses elsewhere, "Reason and Love keep little company together now-a-days." What! shall not a plain Parish Priest turn his "Morning Thoughts" to the solemn truths of Religion, without at the same time tacking on sickly sonnets to the tail of his meditations? Must he sing as well as say his beads of divinity? And cannot he preach without also

"Playing on pipes of corn, and versing love?"

O thou omnipotent Cupid! "that in some respects makest a beast a man, in some other a man a beast," canst thou not confine thy vagaries to some plumpy and purple-lighted youth among our laity, but must thou turn out a middle-aged parson also, in wanton masquerade, to catch butterflies and play fooleries among flowers, till his hot blood, and hot thoughts, and hot words, almost set fire to his cassock.

It was in the early hours of some winter mornings, in 1822-3, (we should rather have supposed it to have been in the following May,) that "particular circumstances" induced a Country Clergyman contrary to his usual habit, as these words seem to imply, to read the New Testament; and from an uncomfortable fidgettiness of constitution, finding it difficult to fix his thoughts upon the subjects therein delivered, he determined to commit to paper his observations, as they arose in his mind. The next very natural step was to believe that what he wrote was worth printing; and thus far many an honest, simple hearted, village divine has trod in company with him; to the waste of nobody's time but his own, and to the injury of no interests but those of his publisher—if his evil stars should happen to provide him with one. Not content, however, with dilating the Gospels into maudlin prose, and tricking out the Evangelists in flaunting and meretricious finery, he went on to fancy that his daily meditations would be much improved, if he fastened rhymes to them as rudders.

"But, having sought in vain for verses touching on the various topics of the successive commentaries, which altogether met his wishes, he has been compelled, *with the assistance of a Friend*, to compose for himself what he could not obtain from others. If that Friend had found the opportunity of contributing more largely to this little collection of verses, the apology would be less necessary for the manner of their execution, which the Author now feels it incumbent on him to offer. Should the readers of this work feel any curiosity to determine to which of the two writers the various copies of verses are to be ascribed, they will not err in setting down all which have any real merit to the Friend to whom the Author has referred, and the rest to the Author himself." P. vi.

Alas!

"Never durst Poet touch a pen to write,  
Unless his ink were tempered with love's sighs."

No sooner does this grave, well-meaning and orderly gentleman get astride on Pegasus, than all those prapish and amorous propensities of his youth, which he has so long (and we doubt not, so successfully) schooled himself to mortify and suppress, ooze from his heart and liver, flow down the taper canals of his fingers, and burst out through his grey goose quill, till they deluge the unstained and virgin foolscap which he had dedicated to spiritual meditation. Nor is it otherwise with his sympathizing friend—*Arcades ambo*—they are both in the same tune, and keep jiggeting and curvetting together, all tenderness and dalliance, through more than a hundred duodecimo pages.

Who this friend is, though his name is concealed for very obvious reasons, we have a most shrewd suspicion. Poetry, like travelling and politics, brings a man acquainted with strange bedfellows; and if we are not deceived by a force of internal evidence, which indeed appears almost irresistible, it is not the first time that the author of the following lines has been guilty of "little sinning in love."

"If her lamp, while she slumbers, begins to grow dim,  
It is still so replenish'd with oil from above,  
That the flame will revive which she hastens to trim,  
And will light up her path to THE BANQUET OF LOVE." P. 95.

There can be no doubt of the subject matter of this stanza; the only wonder is "how the — it got there?" It plainly relates to the hapless and over-inquisitive Psyche at the very moment of discovery; when the scalding drop is about to fall upon the bosom of her mysterious bridegroom—the theme of so many children of fancy, whether love-sick or sentimental, from the days of Apuleius to our own. Neither, Gentle Reader, can you doubt the identity of this Poet whom we here present to you, let him disguise himself as he may. Have you not already outrun our judgment, and "not without some choler" (as honest Stapleton expresses it) at finding Saul among the Prophets, have you not broken forth to yourself, in the words of Erasmus to the great (not the LITTLE) Sir Thomas, "*Aut tu MORUS es, aut nullus?*"

But ecce iterum.

"How cheering the thought, that the spirits in bliss  
Will bow their bright wings to a world such as this;

Q q



Will leave the sweet songs of the mansion above,  
To breathe o'er our bosoms some message of love!" P. 15.

And "here's another more potent than the first;"

"How sweet \* \* \* \* \* to repair  
To the Garden where Mary delighted to rove;  
To watch her wan cheek and her eye of despair,  
To hear her low whisper of sorrow and love;  
\* \* \* \* \*

Contented with Mary to sorrow below,  
If with her we may \* \* \* \* \* " P. 108.

Now mark the perpetual burden of these Ballads.

"To the sight and the arms of," &c. P. 8.  
"And lay me to rest in the arms of," &c. P. 15.  
"But ascends &c. to sink in his arms." P. 57.  
"And lay me to rest in their arms." P. 74.  
"I long to be with thee in heaven." P. 88.  
"Go bask in the beam of his smiles." P. 50.

And lastly, their powers of description,

"I have seen the young morn, as it shed its first ray,  
Engage with the mists of the hill, as in fight;  
Till, cloth'd in the far-piercing splendours of day,  
It pour'd o'er the landscape a torrent of light." P. 57.

"The wand'ring moon, with feeble beam,  
Plants her fair image on the stream;  
Where the pale flower her seedling casts,  
A kindred flower adorns the wastes." P. 65.

"Like the dew of the mountain it lay,  
All sparkling and fresh on the ground;  
Like the dew of the mountain it melted away,  
And its place could no longer be found." P. 91.

We do not pretend exactly to adjust the claims of these two brother bards, who, like Bion and Moschus of old, stand cheek by jowl in one volume of amatory *minora*; but the strains of least Corybantian fury are most probably the right and property of the author of the Preface: who, to make amends for the greater lack of fire in his allotment of Poetry, sometimes runs out of breath and bursts almost into metre, when we least look for it, in his Prose. In this department also, we now and then fancy that we recognise a pen with which we are not unacquainted.

"This world is indeed, as far as the pursuits and habits of man are concerned, a world of shadows." P. 80.

Now we would wager our honesty as the stake, that the

hand which wrote these words was deeply dipped in the *World without Souls*; and if so, we are not far wrong in our distribution of the Parnassian laurels. Every body knows how much Poetry is to be found in *De Rancè*.

As to Doctrine, in the few droppings of it which are to be collected, it is just what might be expected.

“ ‘A man’s foes’ may, even now, be sometimes found in the bosom of ‘his own household.’ The same beam from heaven which visits one part of a family may not reach another. Those linked to a sincere Christian by the bonds of nature, may, as in the case of our Lord, consider him as ‘beside himself.’ In this case, let the sacrifice cost what it will, it is essential, in a certain sense, to ‘forsake’ those who forsake Christ. We cannot adopt their principles; we cannot imitate their habits; and we may be called to separate from their society.” P. 69.

This smacks strongly of the prying spirit of that school, the disciples of which, under the masque of religious zeal and affectionate remonstrance intrude upon the sacred privacy of the domestic hearth, promote separation instead of unity among those in one house, and canker the peace of families by setting up the intoxicated fancy of the children against the sober judgment of the parents.

“ *Scire volunt secreta domus atque inde timeri.*”

Again we are told that,

“ In man, the creature who of all the works of the Lord has fallen the farthest from the perfection of his original nature.” &c. P. 40.

Here we would ask the profound expositor whether the Devils are not among the works of the Lord? and if so, whether he holds that man has fallen farther than the Devils from the perfection of his original nature? Perhaps he would answer in the affirmative.

But enough of this: we did not expect to meet in these pages with much of a didactic character, and from the specimens which we have afforded, we shall not quarrel with the author of them because there is no more. Neither will we press too hardly upon that scholarship which permits itself to write “ the Sea of Tiberius.” P. 26. But we are threatened with three other volumes of *Morning Thoughts*; if they come, there is a proverb respecting *δευτέραι προνοίαι* which we sincerely trust will not lose its application. We are not, however, without hope that they may be stifled before their birth; for their appearance, we are told, is to depend upon the degree of public approbation which may be won by this, their

precursor. On the *public* opinion, we dare venture to pronounce boldly, but the opinion of a *party* may perhaps be accepted by the blindness of self-love for the opinion of the *public*. In quitting this volume, therefore, we would propose a single question to its author, with all good will, but with all earnestness and solemnity; and upon the return of a *conscientious* answer to it, we would rest our hope that the embryo mischief might even yet be suppressed. Is it consistent with the duties of a Christian minister to debauch the minds of the young, by introducing into that teaching the characteristics of which are simplicity and sobriety, inflammatory images and undefined language; which *may be* diverted to impure purposes, and applied with greater facility to an earthly than to a heavenly flame; which are not outdone in ambiguous fervor by the crazy aspirations of a Moravian Canticle; and which, after all, at the best, are but parodies of those *Melodies* so pregnant with meaning, which fashion permits to be trilled languidly and lusciously, by the lips of many who would blush if they were suspected of ability to explain the precise bearing and intelligence of words, respecting which they do not hesitate to express their general and most unqualified admiration?

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ART. V. *The Precepts of Jesus the Guide to Peace and Happiness, extracted from the Books of the New Testament ascribed to the Four Evangelists. To which are added, the first, second, and final Appeal to the Christian Public, in reply to the Observations of Dr. Marshman, of Serampore. By Rammohun Roy. 8vo. 672 pp. 14s. Calcutta, printed; London, reprinted by the Unitarian Society. 1824.*

THIS is a very curious and remarkable publication, and, if we are not mistaken, it is calculated to produce a very different effect from that which has led our English Unitarians to reprint it amongst us. Its author, Rammohun Roy, as is well known, is a learned Brahmin, who, like many of the ancient philosophers, not being satisfied with the popular idolatries of his countrymen, set his wits to work, to extract, out of the heterogeneous mass of Hindoo superstitions, a system of pure Theism; or, as it is now termed, Monotheism. He does not appear to have been very successful in these attempts to reform the opinions of his brethren; and we

imagine that he produced much about the same effect by his translation of "*The Vedant*" on the inhabitants of India, as was formerly produced on the slaves of Rome by the writings of Epictetus, or on its patricians by those of Antoninus.

Not being quite satisfied with the success arising out of these Monotheistic deductions from the Veda and the Vedant, this worthy Brahmin next turned his attention to the writers of the New Testament—from the perusal of which he asserts, that,

"In his long and uninterrupted researches into religious truth, he found the doctrines of Christ more conducive to moral principles, and better adapted for the use of rational beings, than any other which had come to his knowledge. The doctrine of the Trinity, however, which appeared to his mind quite as objectionable as the Polytheism of the Hindoos, presented an insuperable obstacle to his conversion to Christianity, as he found it professed by those with whom he conversed. But as the system so fully approved itself, in other respects, to his reason and his piety, his candour would not, on account of this single difficulty, allow him at once to reject it as false. As the most likely method of acquiring a correct knowledge of its doctrines, he determined upon a careful perusal of the Jewish and Christian Scriptures in their original languages. From this undertaking he arose with a firm persuasion, that the doctrine of the Trinity was not inculcated in them, and that the Christian religion was true and divine." Preface, p. xiii.

Having now commenced a Unitarian—no, we beg his pardon—an Arian Christian—he lost no time in presenting his countrymen with the fruits of his conversion. To this end he published the work which is the basis of the present article: "*The precepts of Jesus*," &c. This consists entirely of extracts from the four Evangelists; i. e. their moral sentences disjoined from their doctrinal sentiments. It is not surprising that such a publication attracted the notice of our Christian Missionaries; accordingly, it soon produced a controversy at Calcutta, just as would have happened in this quarter of the world.

We have no wish at all to enter into the particulars of this controversy. The publications of Dr. Marshman and his friends, have been reprinted, we believe, by the Baptist Society in this country—also, per contra, those of Rammohun Roy are now reprinted by the Unitarians. As members of the Church of England, we have no immediate concern with either of these parties, and we conceive that our neutrality in this respect, enables us to give a candid view of the general merits of the controversy.

Most of our readers are no doubt acquainted with the celebrated Epistle, which our English Unitarians, in the reign of Charles the Second, addressed to "his illustrious Excellency Ruzeth Ben Reneth, Ambassador of the mighty Emperor of Fez and Morrocco"—in which they say, that "God hath raised your Mahomet to defend the faith with a sword, as a scourge against the idolizing Christians"—and in which they openly prefer Mahometanism to orthodox Christianity. Now, we think it impossible to look into the present part which the Unitarians are playing at Calcutta, without being reminded of this celebrated Epistle. They republish the works of a Renegado Brahmin with the utmost joy and triumph, merely because he adopts their Unitarian interpretation of the Scriptures; as if there was any thing wonderful, that a philosophical Pagan should dislike the revealed doctrine of the Trinity, or as if their cause could gain any accession of authority from such an evidence.

Yet to such a pitch of debasement are they sunk as Christians, that they are obliged to make an apology for the comparative orthodoxy of their new associate. "They are aware that, holding as they do, the *strict and proper humanity* of Christ as one of their fundamental tenets, they may possibly be charged with a dereliction of principle in their circulating under their authority, a work which maintains his pre-existence and superangelic dignity." Preface, p. xiii.—Truly we pity the situation of "Thomas Rees, Secretary to the Unitarian Society," who signs this preface, and who is thus obliged to do obeisance to the faith of Rammohun. Yet this is the man who complains of being called a "*Socinian*;" but perhaps it is for the same reason, that the Brahmin would blush to be called a *Unitarian*.

Truly these are days when the Christian Church "is out of joint," or we could scarcely behold such wondrous spectacles. We are clearly of opinion, however, that their extravagance will prove their remedy. When madness has arisen to a certain pitch, it generally leads to sudden dissolution.

The first part of this work, as we have already remarked, consists of moral extracts, miscellaneously extracted from the four Evangelists, carefully avoiding any intermixture of doctrinal passages. We need not say, that the effect is dull and heavy in the extreme, and that it bears the same resemblance to the Gospels in their native form as a corpse bears to a living body; or, which is the same thing, as Unitarianism bears to orthodox Christianity.

Yet even with these mutilations, the language cannot be

quite brought down to a mere human level. Take the following passages—"I am the vine, my Father is the husbandman," &c.—"As the Father hath loved me, so have I loved you," &c.—"Herein is my Father glorified," &c. p. 97. Now, we say, that such passages scarcely convey any meaning if read on the Unitarian hypothesis, and that they can convey little or no definite sense to the readers of "*The Precepts of Jesus*." The same observation will hold good of numberless other passages.

The next Tract consists of "a Defence" of the former publications against the objections of "*Christian Missionaries*." It is not destitute of acuteness, but the most curious passage in it is the following, which we recommend to the serious attention of all subscribers to the Bible Society.

"The compiler, residing in the same spot where European missionary gentlemen and others for a period of upwards of twenty years have been, with a view to promote Christianity, distributing in vain amongst the natives numberless copies of the complete Bible, written in different languages, could not be altogether ignorant of the causes of their disappointment. He, however, never doubted their zeal for the promulgation of Christianity, nor the accuracy of their statement with regard to immense sums of money being annually expended in preparing vast numbers of copies of the Scriptures; but he has seen with regret, that they have completely counteracted their own benevolent efforts, by introducing all the dogmas and mysteries taught in Christian Churches to people by no means prepared to receive them; and that they have been so incautious and inconsiderate in their attempts to enlighten the natives of India, as to address their instructions to them in the same way as if they were reasoning with persons brought up in a Christian country, with those dogmatical notions imbibed from their infancy. The consequence has been, that the natives in general, instead of benefiting by the perusal of the Bible, copies of which they always receive gratuitously, exchange them very often for blank paper; and generally use several of the dogmatical terms in their native language, as a mark of slight in an irreverent manner; the mention of which is repugnant to my feelings. Sabat, an eminently learned but grossly unprincipled Arab, whom our divines supposed that they had converted to Christianity, and whom they of course instructed in all the dogmas and doctrines, wrote a few years ago a treatise in Arabic against those very dogmas, and printed himself and published several hundred copies of this work. And another Moosulman, of the name of Ena'et Ahmud, a man of respectable family, who is still alive, speedily returned to Mohummudanism from Christianity, pleading that he had not been able to reconcile to his understanding certain dogmas which were imparted to him. It has been owing to their beginning with the introduc-

tion of mysterious dogmas, and of relations that at first sight appear incredible, that notwithstanding every exertion on the part of our divines, I am not aware that we can find a single respectable Moosulman or Hindoo, who were not in want of the common comforts of life, once glorified with the truth of Christianity, constantly adhering to it. Of the few hundred natives who have been nominally converted to Christianity, and who have been generally of the most ignorant class, there is ground to suspect that the greater number have been allured to change their faith by other attractions than by a conviction of the truth and reasonableness of those dogmas; as we find nearly all of them are employed or fed by their spiritual teachers, and in case of neglect are apt to manifest a rebellious spirit;—a circumstance which is well known to the compiler from several local facts, as well as from the following occurrence. About three years ago, the compiler, on his visit to an English gentleman, who is still residing in the vicinity of Calcutta, saw a great number of Christian converts with a petition, which they intended to present to the highest ecclesiastical authority, stating, that their teachers, through false promises of advancement, had induced them to give up their ancient religion. The compiler felt indignant at their presumption, and suggested to the gentleman, as a friend, the propriety of not countenancing a set of men who, from their own declaration, seemed so unprincipled. The missionaries themselves are as well aware as the compiler, that those very dogmas are the points which the people always select as the most proper for attack, both in their oral and written controversies with Christian teachers; all of which, if required, the compiler is prepared to prove by the most unquestionable testimony." P. 117.

This is followed by "a second Defence" against fresh attacks from the same quarter. It consists of a great number of misinterpretations of Scripture, which exhibit much about the same quantity of learning as may be found in the writings of Mr. Belsham. There is a curious admission, p. 203, that the sufferings of Jesus are unaccountable on any principle of human reasoning. The whole argument, if analyzed, is this—that no Hindoo can conscientiously prefer the doctrine of a Trinity to Hindooism, *ergo*, true Christianity is without this doctrine!

Whoever has looked into the writings of our English Unitarians must have been struck with their pretences to superior wisdom; but to moderate their arrogance, we beg them to turn to Rammohun's chapter on *the Atonement and the Impersonality of the Spirit*, in which they will find, that the same degrees of learning may be acquired without any assistance from Mr. Wellbeloved's Seminary at York. We need scarcely say, that the cloven foot is hardly concealed; and that a Brahmin who prates about the Council of Nice,

and Mr. Serle's "*Horæ Solitariae*," cannot be quite unacquainted with some Unitarian Missionaries at Calcutta. We wish them joy of this compound of Mahometanism, Hindooism, and pseudo-Christianity.

We have now arrived at "the final Appeal in defence of the Precepts." It consists of an attempt to rebut the charge of vanity and presumption in affecting to understand the doctrines of Jesus better than the great majority of the Christian Church, and in a repetition of the former perversions of Scripture. Our readers will excuse us, we are sure, from detecting the falsity of chapters which attempt to show that "attributes peculiar to God are never ascribed to Jesus," or that "Jesus was *like the sun*, an instrument in the hands of God," &c. The following passage, however, deserves insertion, as it testifies the good effects which have accrued to the natives from the English power in the East.

"I now conclude my Essay by offering up thanks to the Supreme Disposer of the events of this universe, for having unexpectedly delivered this country from the long-continued tyranny of its former rulers, and placed it under the government of the English,—a nation who not only are blessed with the enjoyment of civil and political liberty, but also interest themselves in promoting liberty and social happiness, as well as free inquiry into literary and religious subjects, among those nations to which their influence extends." P. 672.

We cannot finish our notice of this curious work without again remarking on the strange phenomena of beholding men who call themselves Christians taking part with a man who is evidently nothing more than a philosophical Deist. Rammohun Roy, disgusted with the gross idolatries and superstitions of his countrymen, was fascinated with the morality of the New Testament. For a while he read and believed in it like the great body of orthodox Christians, but in an evil hour he met with some member of the Unitarian Society at Calcutta. Then he soon found out the method to reconcile the four Evangelists with his love of Monotheism. Pleased with their new associate, the society encouraged him to print and publish, he supplying the Arabic, Sangscrit and Bengalee; and they helping him with the Improved Version, and with the works of Priestley, Belsham, &c. The result of this coalition is here presented to the public, and if it does not open the eyes of the blind to see the *real principles* of our English Unitarians, we shall beg the assistance of Prince Hohenlohe to help us in another article.



ART. VI. *Memoirs of his Serene Highness Antony-Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, Prince of the Blood. Written by Himself. Translated from the French. 8vo. 264 pp. 9s. Treuttell & Würtz. 1824.*

LITTLE is to be said in praise of most of the narratives which have hitherto fallen from the pens of the Bourbons: but this before us, by one of the most gallant and amiable of their family, is an exception from the general bad taste by which they have been marked. The Duke of Montpensier, during a long residence in England, was respected and loved wherever he was known, and the account which is now published of his captivity at Marseilles, as recorded by himself, is by no means likely to diminish the regret which was universally felt for his early loss.

Antony-Philip d'Orleans, Duke of Montpensier, the second son of Louis Philip Joseph, Duke of Orleans, was born in 1775. In the early period of the Revolution, participating in the sentiments of his family, he entered as sub-lieutenant in the dragoon regiment of his brother, the Duke of Chartres, and distinguished himself under the command of Gen. Kellermann, at the battles of Valmy and Gemmappes. In the winter of 1792, he passed under the orders of the Duke of Biron; and here his eyes were first opened to the egregious error which had induced him to look for the establishment of rational liberty at the hands of the infuriate faction which was preparing to deluge France with her richest blood. The Duke of Biron was made the involuntary instrument of the young Prince's arrest by order of the Committee of Public Safety. The order was executed with all possible lenity; and by his permission, and through his advice, two letters were destroyed which might have been sufficient to ruin the prisoner before the Revolutionary tribunal. They were from the Duke of Chartres, expressing, in strong terms, his disapprobation of the turn which the cause in which they had blindly engaged, was taking, and his earnest wish to detach himself from it. A few minutes after these were burned, the Commissioners of the Convention arrived. They found nothing of the least importance in their prisoner's possession, but to all they found, even to blank writing paper, they affixed their seals.

The Duke of Biron was a man of loose principles and of profligate habits, closely connected with the still more profligate and unprincipled Duke of Orleans. They had both

espoused the same unnatural cause, and both, too late, discovered their error, and paid the same price for their weakness or wickedness. It is impossible to deny physical courage to the subject of the following anecdote; but if it is cited by the editor of these Memoirs, who subjoins it in a note, as a proof of any nobler quality, we solemnly enter our protest against his assertion. Struensee was no less distinguished for "adventurous gallantry and wit," as the varnish of worldly courtesy nicknames licentiousness, and abuse of talent. Struensee and Biron also both met death with apparently equal calmness; but how far more touching is the dignity of Christian repentance which marked the last moments of the one\*, than the stony hardness which forbade the other to feel. We say nothing of the strange jumble in the following passage between the doctrines of the Porch and of the Garden, by both of which Biron is supposed to be animated at the same time, and of any difference between which, it is probable the annotator is wholly ignorant.

"Conveyed to the Conciergerie, he appeared, on the 31st of December 1793, before the revolutionary tribunal, by which he was immediately condemned to death. The duke of Biron heard the decree with *Stoical* calmness. On his return to prison, his philosophy resumed that character of *Epicurean* indifference which had accompanied his happier years; he ordered some oysters and white wine. The executioner entered as he was taking this last repast. 'My friend,' said Biron, 'I will attend you; but let me finish my oysters. You must require strength for the business you have to perform: you shall drink a glass of wine with me.' Biron filled a glass for the executioner, another for the turnkey, and one for himself; and went to the place of execution, where he met death with the courage that distinguished almost all the victims of that fearful period." P. 7.

Even after this arrest, the Duke of Montpensier might readily have escaped; for the sentry posted at his door knew not whom he was guarding—was unacquainted with the Prince's person—and was left, most probably, on purpose, without a countersign. At the age of seventeen and a-half, it is no slight evidence of a noble and heroic disposition, that the Duke resolved not to profit by the opportunity thus offered to him. He felt that his escape would have compromised the peace and safety of those relatives whom he must leave

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\* See the *Conversion and Death of Count Struensee, with Notes, by the Rev. T. Rennell*; a volume which has powerfully arrested our attention, and which is admirably adapted as a manual for the Christian Minister, in his attendance upon the bed of sickness.

behind; and he surrendered all idea of flight. The Duke of Chartres, who had made his retreat good, was differently circumstanced. He had compromised himself by adopting the same expressions as Dumourier, and if he remained he could not doubt his fate. Against the Duke of Montpensier, on the other hand, not even an incautious word could be objected; and he was not yet aware that his birth alone would be considered a sufficient crime to bring him to the very verge of the scaffold.

An officer of Gendarmerie escorted him from Nice—at Brignoles a number of Jacobins stopped the carriage, and demanded a sight of their passports.

“The officer, who was a very brave man, and who on similar occasions had saved the lives of several persons, whom he was conducting to prison, answered firmly, that he was carrying despatches to the Convention, and none but enemies to the public weal would retard his progress. They cried, that they would see his orders, for they believed us to be aristocrats, in disguise. The officer whispered to me; ‘If I show them my orders, you are a lost man; for when they know who you are, they will cut you to pieces; but don’t be alarmed, they shall take my life before they have your’s.’ Then, addressing them, he said, that he could not entrust his papers, or what he had in charge, which was in the carriage, to any one; but if they would send the mayor, or the *procureur de la commune*, he would show them his orders. To this they consented grumblingly; and when the persons abovementioned came to the coach door, my brave guard (whose name was Pelissier) read his orders to them, arranging them in his own way; and then showing them the signatures of the commissioners of the Convention and the general-in-chief, he said: ‘You see I am acting under proper authority, and that my mission is important; therefore let me not be detained any longer.’ With this, ordering the postillion to go on, we departed, though the people continued to call after us, ‘Stop! Stop!’”

P. 10.

The danger was increased at Aix, where the officer was suspected to be an Aristocrat in disguise. Both himself and his charge were here forcibly detained as prisoners, and were exposed to the visits and the insults of a brutal mob of *Sans Culottes*. The authorities would not, however, dispose of them till they had consulted the administrators of the Department who were at Marseilles, and from these, in the end, they received an order for the transfer of the prisoners to that city. The Prince soon found that he was to be separated from his former escort; and was advised by his new conductor to walk rather than to enter Marseilles in their carriage, as the best means of escaping recognition by the immense croud,

which would be waiting his arrival. During his walk of eight leagues, the grenadiers who composed his guard, uttered the most ferocious and revolting expressions, purposely addressed to his hearing. "We have put down the trunk indeed; but the business will be only half done unless we exterminate all the shoots, as otherwise the tree may sprout out again." On reaching Marseilles, an immense mob was collected to see the prisoner of State, who had been announced. Through this, protected, or rather made more conspicuous, by the assistance of the municipality, notwithstanding a violent pressure, and most threatening gestures, he reached the House of the Department, and was almost immediately conducted through several passages into a dungeon, about nine feet square, without any light but from a small grated air-hole looking into a gloomy court. On complaining of the insufferable stench of this cell, the jailor offered to burn a faggot; and having kindled this, he left the Prince alone.

"I was sitting by the fire, and abandoning myself to my melancholy reflections, when I heard a mournful voice behind me exclaim,— 'They are going to burn me! They are going to burn me!' I turned round, and saw an old man, with a long grey beard, covered with rags, hastily ascending a little staircase, which the darkness had prevented my seeing, at the extremity of my dungeon. I knew not at first what to think of this apparition; but I afterwards imagined that he was some poor creature whose brain was turned by his imprisonment. However it might be, I was surprised and distressed at his appearance. When my jailor returned, I told him what had happened and interrogated him on the subject. He burst out into a laugh, and said, 'O, it is the old mayor of Salon; he is lodged over your head, and probably came down to warm himself. He has been here these two months; but he may act the madman as he pleases, he will not escape the guillotine!' In fact, the poor creature was dragged to it some time after, without any proof of his not being mad." P. 24.

The Duke's valet, Gamache, who had attended him from his infancy, had discovered his place of confinement, and, with that generous self-devotion which is so often called out by great misfortunes, he resolved to share his master's imprisonment. On the fourth day, not in consequence of the Duke's representation, but of those of the municipal officers, who were instructed to be constantly with him, relieving each other every twenty-four hours, and who complained bitterly of the noisomeness of their post, he was removed to a cleaner and more wholesome chamber: but even here three-fourths of the windows were walled up, and the remainder very closely grated. His greatest annoyance, however, was the presence

of the officers, who harassed him with questions, and two or three times every night held a lantern over his face, to ascertain whether he was asleep. Here he first learned the intelligence of his brother's escape. The Prince of Cobourg, to whose head quarters at Mons, the Duke of Chartres had fled; when he was informed of the decree for his arrest, conducted him to the Archduke Charles, who offered him the rank of lieutenant-general in the Austrian service. But he refused to bear arms against even revolutionary France, and accepted only a passport for Switzerland. His subsequent adventures in the Alps, until, at length, he found an asylum within the walls of a College, in which he was admitted as a Professor without being known, were of the most romantic cast.

On the thirteenth night after his arrival at Marseilles, the Duke of Montpensier was abruptly awakened, and ordered to dress himself immediately. Without knowing whither he was about to be conveyed, nor for what purpose, he was hurried to the fortress of *Notre-Dame de la Garde*, and there he was soon joined by his father, (*Egalité*), his younger brother, (Count *Beaujolais*), his aunt, (the Duchess of Bourbon, mother of the Duke d'Enghien), and the Prince of Conti. For the four first days, the two sons and the father occupied the same apartment; afterwards their intercourse was prohibited; the Duke of Montpensier was removed to a separate chamber, and only permitted to take his meals with his relatives. If they met during their hours of exercise, they were not allowed to converse, nor even to stop as they passed; and the vexatious insolence of brief authority was frequently exercised by preventing them from eating together, notwithstanding the permission which had been granted; by interrupting the comfort of these short seasons of meeting by stationing national guards, with their muskets, at the table; and by perpetually ordering them to return to their chambers.

In a few days they were separately examined before the Tribunal. The Duchess of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti first, the Duke of Orleans and Count *Beaujolais* next; and the latter, although only thirteen and a half years' old, occupied the stool on which the prisoner under interrogatory was placed, for a considerable time.

"At length my turn came. The tribunal sat in a church. Its members were dressed in black, with a Henry IV.'s hat, ornamented with black plumes on the head, and a tri-coloured riband passing round the neck and crossed on the bosom. They were seated round a table, and looked extremely grave. They kept me on the stool about an hour and a quarter. At every question, the public accuser, one G\*\*\* (who afterwards caused so much blood to be

shed at Marseilles,) stood up, and said aloud, in a pedantic and pompous tone,—‘ I desire the president of the criminal tribunal to ask the prisoner,’ &c. and he always endeavoured to puzzle me, so as to make me contradict myself. I was by no means intimidated, but excessively provoked. Among other things he said to me,— ‘ You must have been acquainted with the liberticide intentions of your brother since you were always with him ; and you ought to know, that your failing to denounce him was rendering yourself his accomplice!’ I answered, that I had never any knowledge of his intention to quit France ; and could assert, with truth, that the news of it had given me the greatest astonishment.—‘ You left your brother then, only to come, in concert with him, to betray the republic in the south, while he was betraying it in the north!’ —‘ This question appears to me of a kind that it is impossible for me to answer. You will permit me, therefore, citizen, merely to observe to you, that if I had betrayed, or intended to betray, the republic, I certainly should not be now before your tribunal.’” P. 48.

“ A few hours after, we witnessed a scene by no means calculated to raise our spirits. One of the administrators on guard, uneasy at some denunciation just lodged against him, or perhaps tired of his life, conceived the design of putting an end to it, and chose for its execution, the fortress where we were confined. The report of the pistol that terminated his life, and was discharged very near us, was immediately followed by shouts of ‘ Guards ! guards ! an administrator has just been assassinated!’ We were immediately shut up very abruptly. At length, at the expiration of half an hour, we were informed that we might take a walk in the fortress as before, and that *the deceased administrator had committed suicide.*” P. 50.

Soon afterwards the prisoners, under an escort of five hundred men, were removed to the fortress of St. John. Here, in the upper part of a gloomy tower, were enclosed the Duke of Orleans and Count Beaujolais, below in a still more wretched dungeon, the Duke of Montpensier was left alone, till he was again joined by the faithful Gamache. This excellent and kind-hearted domestic only left his master’s cell to accompany the Duke of Orleans, some months after, on his way to Paris and the scaffold. He is still living, and to be found in Paris, as keeper of the gardens of Mousseaux. The Duke of Montpensier’s cell was dimly lighted through strong-grated air-holes. The walls and vault were completely black, and the former had several heavy iron rings let into the stone work. The stench and heat was oppressive in the extreme ; for it was summer ; and the sewers of the prison adjoined this pestiferous chamber. The Duke and Gamache frequently passed the day in their shirts, notwithstanding the dampness

to which they were exposed; and as a remedy against the foulness of the air, they burned sugar. After the first day the Duke was prohibited from seeing his father; and although the one apartment was immediately under the other, three months passed without an interview. Their knives, razors, scissors, and penknives, were taken away, and, on one occasion, the meat with which they were provided being left uncut, they were obliged to tear it for their supper.

My father, having ineffectually asked permission on his own account to take the air, ~~was~~ it only at the gate of the tower, now solicited it for Beaujolais, whose health began to suffer from such close confinement; and his tender years obviating every pretext for denial, it was granted, on condition, however, that one of the administrators should keep him constantly in sight. In the course of the day he was sent for, and suffered to remain in the open air for two or three hours, and then remanded to his dungeon. He often earnestly begged to be allowed to come and see me; but his request was constantly refused. His cell being above mine, he was obliged to pass my door in his way out, and he never failed to call to me 'Good day, Montpensier! how are you?' It is impossible to describe the effect his voice had upon me, or the distress I felt when a day passed without my hearing it; for he was sometimes actually forbidden to utter these few words, and was always hurried by so quickly, that he had scarcely time to hear my answer. Once, however, that he had been permitted to remain till my dinner was brought, he crept so close to the heels of the bearer of the basket, that, in spite of the administrators, who tried to hold him back, he darted into my cell, and embraced me. It was six weeks since I had seen him—six wretched weeks! The moment was precious; but, ah! how short! He was torn from me forthwith, with threats of being no more allowed to go out, should the same scene be repeated. Is such barbarity credible? For what grounds, what possible excuse could they offer for preventing two brothers, the one but thirteen and a half, and the other not eighteen years of age, from enjoying the consolation of a moment's interview before witnesses? Nor was I myself any more permitted, when my door opened, to go near enough to catch the breeze which passed through the miserable narrow staircase. One morning only, when my breakfast was brought, I was allowed to remain for an instant at the threshold. While I stood there, how my heart yearned as I heard my father's voice for the first time after so long a period! He was only separated from the staircase by an iron grating; but there was a sentry who could observe his motions, and accost him when he chose. To this grating, the municipal officers and administrators let their friends come to satisfy their curiosity; and the advantage of being able to breathe a little more freely was, in my opinion, dearly purchased at such a sacrifice. A similar privilege had been offered to me, of

a grating in place of my massy door; but I declined it; nor could I conceive how my unhappy father could prefer the inconveniences I have mentioned to seclusion by a bolted door. But these had no effect upon him; he even liked to see many faces, be they who they might; and he was pleased to have some one now and then to whom he could speak. At the time I allude to, I heard him ask the sentry what o'clock it was; and I hastened to call out 'Nine—good day, my dear father!—how do you find yourself?'—'Ah! Montpensier!' replied he, 'how happy I am to hear your voice! My health is none of the best, my poor child; but if I could see you it would do me much good.' I then heard him ask leave to see me for a moment; but it was refused, and the door was immediately shut." P. 78.

Beaujolais at length, through the unexpected kindness of one of his attendants, was permitted to pass two hours with his brother, and the visit was renewed almost without intermission, every day for three weeks. At the close of August, Marseilles, after a slight resistance, fell into the power of Carteaux, who established a sort of military government. In the confusion resulting from his entry, the Duke of Montpensier, in spite of the vigilance of his sentries, obtained a short stolen interview with his father, and a more free intercourse was soon established by the connivance of the new garrison. Beaujolais was allowed to take exercise in the open air, and an officer, kinder than his brethren, at last removed the prohibition from the two other prisoners.

"It is impossible for any one who has not felt it, to form an idea of the dizziness occasioned by the broad day-light, after having been long deprived of it, and by suddenly breathing the pure air. I was at first so overcome, that it was several minutes before I could walk. After this dizziness, a kind of drunkenness came over me that made me stagger, and I experienced at the same time a humming in my ears that utterly prevented my hearing a word that was said. It was more than a quarter of an hour before I was capable of enjoying the blessing that had been granted me. Our promenade was on a little terrace adjoining the tower in which we were confined. We were left there an hour and a half, and when night approached were conducted back to our cells. The next and following days we were allowed the same indulgence. Some officers, however, either from bad-heartedness, or the fear of committing themselves, refused it; but this rarely happened; and when it did, a few bottles of wine, and some pipes of good tobacco, induced the sergeants to take it upon themselves, to allow us a short visit to the terrace." P. 98.

In October, Egalité was summoned to Paris, and the fol-

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lowing account of his treatment after his arrival is extracted by the editor of this volume from *Memoires du Temps de la Revolution Française*.

"The duke of Orleans arrived at Paris in the night between the 5th and 6th of November, and was taken directly to the Conciergerie, where he was informed that he must appear the next day before the tribunal. It was not till then that he was made acquainted with the decree of accusation upon which he was to be tried. How great was his astonishment, when he found that it was, word for word, the same as the decree which had been drawn up against the Girondins, and upon which they had been condemned and executed a week before. Pains had not been taken to make a separate one, that it might at least appear applicable to the Duke's case. Among the leading charges, was one aimed at the deputy Carra, who was reproached, but very unjustly, with wishing to place the duke of York on the throne of France. When the duke of Orleans heard this article read, he said, drily, 'Really, this has the air of a joke!' Summoned by the tribunal to declare what answer he had to make to the charges against him, he merely remarked, that they destroyed themselves, and could have no application to him, since it was well known that he had always been in opposition to the system and measures of the party he was accused of favoring. Nevertheless, the tribunal having gone through the case, and condemned him to death, without quitting their places, he heard his sentence without being for a moment disconcerted, and said, 'Since you were resolved I should perish, you ought at least to have found more plausible pretexts by which to accomplish your views; for you will never be able to make any one believe that you suppose me capable of the several things of which you have just declared me convicted; and especially you, sir (fixing his eyes on the foreman of the jury, Antonelle), who know me so well! Still,' continued he, 'since my fate is decided, I have only to request, that you will not suffer me to languish here till to-morrow, but order me instantly to be conducted to the place of execution.' This melancholy favour was readily granted. Crossing the square before the Palais Royal, the cart was stopped for a few moments, during which he turned his eyes with indifference to the front of his palace. Having reached the square of Louis XV. he ascended the scaffold with a firm step, and received the stroke of death on the 16th of Brumaire, year 8, (6th November, 1793,) at four in the afternoon." P. 118.

In the Duke of Montpensier, the regret which he strongly expresses for his father's bloody fate, is not only pardonable but praiseworthy; but there is no other pen which could record the last act of Egalité's life without considering it as an inadequate atonement for his crimes.

The five months after the execution of their father were

passed in yet closer confinement, and more distressing privation: they were expressly forbidden to see any person from without, their maintenance was rated at twenty-four francs in assignats daily, then equivalent to no more than eight in silver, and of these,—*qui dispensat franget sibi*,—more than half was appropriated to himself by the villainy of the purveyor through whose hands they passed. 12,000 francs had been placed by the Duchess their mother, at their disposal, through a merchant of Marseilles; but this sum, although confided to the authorities of the district, did not reach its destination. Clothes were coarsely supplied them, and after many remonstrances they obtained the privilege of catering for themselves, and cooking in their cells.

In March, 1794, Maignet, a new representative arrived, in Marseilles, with the express intention, as was announced, of repairing the injustice of his predecessors. The Prince of Conti was now added to the two brothers, and the grotesqueness of his grief, in spite of the miseries which surrounded them, afforded some relief to the younger captives. The Prince of Conti retained the habits and the dress of the old Court; he was allowed the assistance of a valet, who regularly curled his hair in papillotes during the whole of his confinement; and an understanding not strong by nature, had been still more weakened by the frightful scenes through which he had passed: so that he was perpetually a victim to the idlest terrors, and saw an order for execution or assassination in every fresh change however unimportant.

They were now removed to much better apartments; but their pleasure at the transfer was much damped by the news which was ostentatiously forced on them of the execution of the Princess Elizabeth. The Prince of Conti, and not without reason at the time, read this as their own sentence. Beaujoulais, he said, as too young for the scaffold, would be poisoned; or, (using the horrible jest of the capuchin Chabot on the murder of the Dauphin in the Temple) would be commended to the care of the apothecary; "you," continued he to the Duke of Montpensier, "should be nineteen in a month, but I prophecy that you will never arrive at that age; no, you will never be nineteen, I tell you so! you are lost! we are all lost beyond redemption!"

Every thing indeed appeared to portend this termination to their miseries. The news-papers with which they were furnished presented a catalogue of daily victims, most of them well known, and allied to them in close friendship. One night they passed in full belief that a decree had arrived sum-

moving them before the Commission at Orange, which would have been, in fact, only the preliminary to death; but in this instance the fears of the Prince of Conti had deceived him, for the order related not to themselves but to some prisoners lodged over them, who in reality were carried to Orange and thence to the scaffold. The jailors were officially instructed to close the little garden, which of late had been open to the prisoners, and to redouble their vigilance. The Duchess of Bourbon was denounced, confined *au secret*, and was daily expecting her trial. This gathering of the storm would no doubt have ended in that which their persecutors termed an explosion, if the fall of Robespierre (9th Thermidor, 27th July, 1794,) had not snatched them from their fate.

It was soon evident, even within the walls of their prison, that a great revulsion had taken place; the jacobins in their turn were hurried into dungeons, and the fortress of St. John was crowded with wretches who had long contributed to people its cells. The president of the tribunal at Marseilles, who had been distinguished for blood-thirstiness, in an attempt to escape over the roof of a house, fell, and broke his neck; his death did not immediately ensue, and he breathed his last in prison. Whether it was from the joy produced by these brightened prospects, or from natural caprice of temper, appears to be questionable, but the Prince of Conti about this time quarrelled with his fellow-prisoners, and during the remainder of their joint imprisonment, there was almost an entire suspension of intercourse between them. By dint of petitioning, the Duke of Montpensier at length shamed the authorities into the repayment of one-fourth of the 12,000 francs which had been entrusted to them; but these nominal 3,000 were depreciated to 600 only. Besides this unexpected gain they were now permitted to roam at liberty any where within the fortress; a privilege, the value of which can only be fully estimated by those who have endured eighteen months confinement. The Prince of Conti alone declined this freedom; such a favour, he remarked, wore a suspicious aspect.

A decree of the Convention was issued about this time, ordering the detention in prison of all members of the Bourbon family, as long as the general safety should require it. This edict darkened the hope which was beginning to dawn on the captives, and they listened to some faithless overtures which were made to assist their escape. The parties who volunteered their aid received the little sum which had just been recovered, and then treacherously decamped with it. This loss was in some measure atoned for by the farther pay-

ment of the balance of the 12000 francs, and some other small additions which reached them through various channels.

The ravages of the *children of the sun* had already commenced, and bands of young men whose relations had been sacrificed by the jacobins, revenged their deaths by deeds of equal horror and ferocity. Many prisoners on their way to the fortress of St. John were sabred under the eyes of its inmates, and daily threats of a general massacre in some measure prepared them for the frightful enormities which they were to witness on the 6th of June, 1795. About five in the afternoon of that day the garrison was called to arms, but it was too late to raise the draw-bridges. The sentinels were driven back and a crowd of people rudely armed, without uniforms, and most of them having their sleeves tucked above their elbows, rushed forward singing the well known revolutionary air *le reveil du peuple*, which had so often been the prelude to deeds of blood. The princes were clearly not the objects whom they sought; but the intoxication and fury of the assailants might lead them to mistake their victims. No time, therefore, was lost in barricading the door of their chamber with such furniture as first offered itself; and the preparations were scarcely finished before loud voices demanded that they should open and admit the assistant-commandant of the fort, who was dying; at the same time stating that they knew the persons within the cell, and would by no means harm them. On this assurance they unbarred the door, and ten or twelve young men, very well dressed, with their sleeves turned up, and sword in hand, bore in the officer. They asked the prisoners if they were not the Princes of Orleans, and on receiving an answer in the affirmative, they promised their protection, and added that they were about to execute an act of justice. Having drunk some spirits they hastened away. The assistant, who had been frightened, but not wounded, soon recovered, and wished to go out, in order that by his presence he might check the outrages which he feared were intended, but he was prevented by two sentinels who were stationed at the door.

"At that moment, we heard the door of one of the cells in the second court broken in, and soon after dreadful cries, deep groans, and shouts of joy. The blood froze in our veins, and we kept the most profound silence. At the end of about twenty minutes, during which the butchery in that cell lasted, we heard the savage troop returning into the first court, of which one of our windows commanded a view: approaching it by an instinctive movement, which it is impossible to describe, we saw them trying to break in the door of the cell, No. 1, which was directly opposite our win-

dow, and in which there were about twenty prisoners. They had already murdered about twenty-five in the other cell. Those in No. 1, the door of which, fortunately for them, opened inwards, barricaded themselves so well, that after labouring ineffectually for more than a quarter of an hour to break it in, the massacrers, after firing a few pistol shots through the bars, abandoned it, but with the promise of returning as soon as they had despatched the others.

"About six o'clock, the commandant of the fortress was brought to us by two of these persons, who had only left him the sheath of his sword, and who shut him up with his assistant and us. He had presented himself at the drawbridge, which he had found raised, and not succeeding in getting it lowered, he had contrived to scale it by the ditch; but he had no sooner got into the fortress, than he was disarmed and brought to us. He swore, he stormed, he bit his fingers, and reproached his assistant for the paleness and fright which were visible on his countenance. We still heard the cries of the victims, and the pistol shots, and blows from the swords and clubs of the cut-throats. About seven o'clock we heard a cannon shot fired in the fortress, and we learned afterwards, that it had been discharged by the assassins against the cell No. 9, the prisoners in which, to the number of thirty and upwards, were blown to pieces and burnt; for, to make *the work* (to use their odious expression), go on quicker, they had actually set fire to the cell, after introducing a great quantity of straw through the air holes." P. 192.

Four hours passed before the massacre was stopped by the arrival of the representatives of the people; eighty persons had fallen in the carnage, in which, as is usual in all cases in which a rabble takes the law into its own hands, the innocent suffered indiscriminately with the guilty. Not one of the principal jacobins was killed, but an unhappy shoe-maker, who had been imprisoned solely for crying *vive le Roi*, met his death unwittingly. On the following day the fortress, strewed with bodies of the dead and dying, resembled a field of battle. Pools of blood were sprinkled in many parts of it, and an infectious stench arose from the cells which had been fired. Several of the victims survived three or four days, and horrible to relate, they received no surgical assistance which could relieve their torments. Among the prisoners confined at the time was an Englishman, supercargo of a merchant-vessel which had been taken by a privateer. He had been brought to the fortress only two days previous to the massacre; he spoke no French, and knowing neither the cause nor the authors of the bloody scene, he fancied that the mob consisted of jacobins who would infal-

libly put him to death on account of his country. The Princes who were good English scholars, succeeded in calming his fears, and afterwards assisted his escape.

In August, the Duchess of Bourbon and the Prince of Conti were set at liberty. The former retired to Spain; she returned to France at the restoration, and did not quit it during the 100 days. She died in 1822, in her 72<sup>nd</sup> year. The latter died at Barcelona, (to which place he first betook himself) in 1814, in his 80<sup>th</sup> year. The release of their fellow-prisoners appears to have roused the impatience of the young princes; and fearful lest their confinement should again become more rigorous, so as to prevent all hope of its termination, they determined upon escape. For this purpose, by the assistance of a trusty agent, they secured a passage in an Italian vessel, having procured passports under fictitious names, from a clerk of the Commune, who obtained a roguish livelihood by selling them in blank at two Louis each. By waiting till it was dark they were sure of passing the draw-bridge, nevertheless they provided themselves with a rope, by which, as a last resource, they might lower themselves from the window of their cell, which was washed by the sea. A person without the walls had been gained over to promise them a night's lodging. On the 18<sup>th</sup> of November, at a quarter past five, when it was quite dark, Comte Beaujolais, as was agreed, went out first. He passed the draw-bridge undiscovered, and in five minutes he was followed by the Duke of Montpensier, wrapped in his cloak, with his hat slouched over his face, having double locked the door of his chamber. He got by four sentinels unchallenged, and was already without the walls, when he was recognized by the commandant of the fortress, and remanded to his chamber. From the window of this, by the assistance of the maid-servant, he resolved to make a last desperate attempt.

"The poor woman then protested to me that she would not leave me; that her only anxiety was on my account; and that as I had determined to escape by the window, she would not go away until she saw me at the bottom. In consequence, after fastening the rope round a kind of large pin attached to the window, I recommended to the good Frances to take care it did not unfasten; and after expressing how much I felt at the proofs of attachment she showed me, I put my leg over the window, and committed myself to the fatal rope. Scarcely had I descended about half the distance, namely, thirty feet, when the rope broke, and I fell senseless; not, however, before I heard the good Frances exclaiming 'Ah! mother of God! he is killed! The poor child!' In fact, I lay like a dead person for more than a quarter of an hour.

When I opened my eyes, I was struck with the brightness of the moon, and found myself in the sea, up to my middle in water. I suffered very much in the loins, and in the right foot, which I thought I had merely sprained, thanks to the sand on which I had fallen. But after waiting some time for the boat which Beaujolais was to bring me, I resolved to cross the harbour by swimming, and then to proceed in the best way I could to the house of rendezvous, or to any other in which I might be in safety.\*

"I then perceived by the excessive pain I felt, that I had broke my leg; and my strength failing me, I had the greatest difficulty in making five or six fathoms to get hold of the harbour chain, and rest myself on it. It was not yet shut, and I flattered myself, that before it was, some vessel would pass which would take me up. I had about thirty Louis with me in gold, which was the half we possessed, and Beaujolais had the other half. I was in hopes that a part of that sum, or, if necessary, the whole, would be sufficient to induce some boatman to take me up as he passed. But, not during the two mortal hours that I remained upon the chain, seven boats passed, to each of which I made my melancholy supplications, accompanied with promises. 'Who art thou then?' said they to me, 'and what art thou doing there?' 'I am dying; if you will only come and take me into your boat, you will not repent your trouble, and I will pay you handsomely for it.'—'Oh!' said they, 'we have not time!' then adding, 'It can only be some worthless fellow: for what can any honest man be doing there at this hour?' They continued rowing on. During this time, I suffered martyrdom, both physical and moral. The pain of my foot and loins had given me a violent fever, and a shivering which made my teeth chatter. I was besides up to my middle in water, and a bath of that kind in the middle of November completed my misery. Every time that I heard the noise of a boat, my hopes revived; but the shocking hard-heartedness of these men soon after replunged me into the most alarming despondency. At last, when I was beginning to lose all recollection, I heard an eighth boat approaching, when I summoned immediately all my remaining strength to address my prayer to those who were on board, and this time the answer was not so grating, without being altogether satisfactory. 'We cannot at present, for we must first go home; but we shall not be long, and will return again immediately!'—'Oh! my friends, make haste: for if you do not, you will come too late: I feel I am dying!' I had the greatest difficulty in articulating those few words, and fell afterwards into a complete swoon, from which I was relieved in a quarter of an hour's time, by the return of the boat, the men on board which lifted me up to put me into it. I was so stiff with the cold, and every part of my body

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\* \* I learned afterwards, that Beaujolais, not finding me arrive, would have immediately taken a boat to come in search of me; but, in spite of all his offers, he could not prevail on a single boatman to go out of the harbour at that hour."

felt so sore, that the operation was extremely painful. When I had got into the boat, they asked me who I was; I could scarcely stammer out a few words, but I made shift to make them understand, that as they appeared to me brave fellows, I had no doubt but their humanity would induce them to take me to the house I should name to them, without overwhelming me with questions, which I was not then in a state to answer; that in addition, I should pay them for their trouble in a way that would not make them repent it. The house I named was close at hand, and belonged to a very honest hair-dresser, named Maugin, in whom I had every confidence. One of these men immediately said, 'I know who you are; I recollected you immediately, from having frequently seen you in the fortress, when the national guard was on duty there; but I will take no advantage of you, and you may make yourself easy. I am a good royalist, and I will take you to Maugin, who is a friend of mine.' This assurance tranquillized me greatly; little did I expect what happened immediately after. As they were obliged, in landing me, to take the same precautions which had been necessary just before, to put me into the boat, it allowed time and opportunity to some idlers passing along the quay, to stop and satisfy their curiosity. 'So! here is a man wounded! Where have they brought him from? What could have put him into that state?' Several others assembled around them, and a crowd was collected in a moment. 'Oh! 'tis nothing at all,' said my protector; 'We have just found this man, who, from his apparent drunkenness, has been fighting with some one, and got wounded; we are taking him home.' At that moment one of the spectators approached, and after examining me very closely, called out, in his frightful language! 'Oh, b—t him! he is one of the Orleans'; I know him well: he must have been trying to make his escape!' And immediately the guard was called, and a messenger dispatched to citizen Freron; to inform him of the capture that had been made, and to take his orders respecting me. During this time I was provisionally deposited at Maugin's, with four men of the national guard, and a sentinel at his door. I asked for a surgeon, for I was suffering martyrdom, and his assistance was indispensable to me. They brought me an old man in a fine *peruque*, who, after looking at my leg, said it was then too much inflamed to allow any thing to be done with it, and only ordered some cataplasms to be applied to it until next morning. The whole night I passed in the most frightful torture of mind and body. After fancying myself almost certain of recovering my liberty, of which I had been deprived for two years and a half, I found myself all at once fallen back (probably for ever) into the infernal talons of those whose inhuman dispositions I knew by experience; and which this attempt of mine would probably inflame more than ever. I knew not besides what had become of my brother; I was probably destined never to see him again, to be deprived of the consolation of having him



for a companion; I was about to drag a solitary wretched existence, at the bottom of some dungeon, until the very moment when they would think it desirable to dispatch me! These reflections, and a thousand others of the same nature, coupled with the excessive pain my leg occasioned me, completed the anguish of my situation."

Under these tortures he was cruelly subjected to an interrogatory. In the morning his leg was set; and he learned the generous sacrifice of his own personal liberty which had been made by the noble-minded Beaujolais; who no sooner heard of his brother's misfortune and recapture, than he voluntarily surrendered himself, and returned to confinement in order that he might attend upon him. In the most excruciating agony the Duke of Montpensier was once more carried back to his prison, and such was the inhumanity of the commandant that he refused him a surgeon during the whole of the first night.

It was not until October, 1796, that the release of these Princes was permitted by the Directory; and it was then only obtained by a stipulation that the Duke of Orleans as well as themselves should embark for America. At the earnest request of his mother, he unhesitatingly consented to this hard measure. The Duchess had been unwearied in her endeavours to procure the freedom of her sons. Her own life had been wonderfully preserved during the reign of terror. In September, 1793, by virtue of a law concerning the suspected, she was committed to the Luxembourg. In June, 1794, Madame Elizabeth had mounted the scaffold, and the Duchess of Orleans was ordered to be transferred to the Conciergerie, the usual step preparatory to execution. The fidelity of an obscure individual, the keeper of the Luxembourg, (his name deserves record, it was Benoit) saved the Princess. He stated that she was too ill to be removed, and he refused to deliver her to the agents of the Committee of Public Safety. Her life was owing to this act of courage, but she was doomed to bitter humiliation; for in order to aggravate the bitterness of her confinement, a common prostitute was ordered to partake of her cell. The overthrow of the Terrorists restored her to partial liberty, and she then exerted herself unceasingly in behalf of her children.

The narrative terminates with the landing of the Duke of Montpensier in the United States. The generous demeanour of General Willot, who softened the rigour of the latter days of their confinement, and conducted the particulars of their release with singular delicacy, must not be forgotten. Little more is to be added to this history. Till the close of 1797

the three brothers continued to reside in America in comparative comfort: although even then, they who had been born the heirs of the richest house in Europe, were at one time unable, for want of money, to quit Philadelphia, in which the yellow fever was raging. In 1809 they determined to seek an asylum in England, and on their arrival, they fixed their principal residence at Twickenham. The Duke of Montpensier successfully turned his attention to painting, in which art he shewed considerable skill. Several of his works still exist, and some of them are records of his captivity. A pulmonary attack, of which he had long exhibited symptoms, terminated his existence in the year 1817, and his remains were consigned to Westminster Abbey. The Comte de Beaujolais died in the year following at Malta, of a similar complaint.

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**ART. VII. *Plan for the Establishment of a National Bank.***  
*By the late David Ricardo, Esq. M.P.* 8vo. 32 pp.  
2s. 6d. Murray. 1824.

POSTHUMOUS publications are dangerous things. If the fame of the writer has been established during his life, that fame may be impaired by the appearance of an insignificant or imperfect work. And where literary merit has remained unknown until the claimant ceased to breathe, the chances are that he has not much to claim.

Mr. Ricardo is notoriously in the first of these situations, and we doubt whether he has escaped its perils. His character as a political economist stood higher than that of any contemporary. His theory, whether true or false, was making its way into general favour: and his practical suggestions were often adopted, always attended to and respected. It was natural that such a person should turn his mind to the important subject of Banking, and whatever his opinions might be, the public would listen to them with respect. But when those opinions were hastily thrown into the shape of a pamphlet, perused and partially objected to by a member of his family, and left by his sudden death in an unfinished state, we are not sure that it was prudent to communicate them to the public. The reader shall be introduced without further ceremony to the work, and enabled to judge for himself.

The loss sustained under the existing system is pointed out in the clearest manner.

"The public, or the government on behalf of the public, is indebted to the Bank in a sum of money larger than the whole amount of bank notes in circulation; for the government not only owes the Bank fifteen millions, its original capital, which is lent at three per cent. interest, but also many more millions, which are advanced on Exchequer bills, on half-pay and pension annuities, and on other securities. It is evident, therefore, that if the government itself were to be the sole issuer of paper money, instead of borrowing it of the Bank, the only difference would be with respect to the interest;—the Bank would no longer receive interest, and the government would no longer pay it; but all other classes in the community would be exactly in the same position in which they now stand. It is evident too, that there would be just as much money in circulation; for it could make no difference, in that respect, whether the sixteen millions of paper money now circulating in London, were issued by government, or by a banking corporation. The merchants could suffer no inconvenience from any want of facility in getting the usual advances made to them, in the way of discount, or in any other manner; for, first, the amount of those advances must essentially depend upon the amount of money in circulation, and that would be just the same as before; and, secondly, of the amount in circulation, the Bank would have precisely the same proportion, neither less nor more, to lend to the merchants." P. 2.

"It may however be said, that, if the Bank were deprived of that part of its business which consists in issuing paper money, it would have no motive to continue a joint stock company, and would agree on a dissolution of its partnership. I believe no such thing; it would still have profitable means of employing its own funds: but suppose I am wrong, and that the company were dissolved, what inconvenience would commerce sustain from it? If the joint stock of the company be managed by a few directors, chosen by the general body of proprietors; or if it be divided amongst the proprietors themselves, and each share be managed by the individual to whom it belongs, will that make any difference in its real amount, or in the efficacy with which it may be employed for commercial purposes? It is probable that in no case would it be managed by the individual proprietors, but that it would be collected in a mass or masses, and managed with much more economy and skill than it is now managed by the Bank. A great deal too much stress has always been laid on the benefits which commerce derives from the accommodation afforded to merchants by the Bank. I believe it to be quite insignificant compared with that which is afforded by the private funds of individuals. We know that at the present moment the advances by the Bank to merchants, on discount, are of a very trifling amount; and we have abundant evidence to prove, that at no time have they been great." P. 5.

" If the view which I have taken of this subject be a correct one, it appears that the commerce of the country would not be in the least impeded by depriving the Bank of England of the power of issuing paper money, provided an amount of such money, equal to the Bank circulation, was issued by government: and that the sole effect of depriving the Bank of this privilege, would be to transfer the profit which accrues from the interest of the money so issued from the Bank, to government." P. 10.

This is an outline of the inconvenience to be removed, and we believe that it is capable of being filled up in such a manner as will render it altogether unanswerable. That in the dealings between the Bank and the public, the former has been an immense gainer, and the latter a proportionate loser, is a proposition which it is hardly possible to dispute. Government *must* alter the terms of the bargain, and at no very distant day; but whether Mr. Ricardo's plan is the proper succedaneum, is a question upon which we entertain considerable doubts.

" I would propose, then, some such plan as the following, for the establishment of a National Bank.

" 1. Five commissioners shall be appointed, in whom the full power of issuing all the paper money of the country shall be exclusively vested.

" 2. On the expiration of the charter of the Bank of England, in 1833, the commissioners shall issue fifteen millions of paper money, the amount of the capital of the Bank, lent to government, with which that debt shall be discharged. From that time the annual interest of 3 per cent. shall cease and determine.

" 3. On the same day, ten millions of paper money shall be employed by the commissioners in the following manner. With such parts of that sum as they may think expedient, they shall purchase gold bullion of the Bank, or of other persons; and with the remainder, within six months from the day above mentioned, they shall redeem a part of the government debt to the Bank, on exchequer bills. The exchequer bills, so redeemed, shall thereafter remain at the disposal of the commissioners.

" 4. The Bank shall be obliged, with as little delay as convenient after the expiration of its charter, to redeem all its notes in circulation, by the payment of them in the new notes issued by government. It shall not pay them in gold, but shall be obliged to keep always a reserve of the new notes, equal in amount to its own notes, which may remain in circulation.

" 5. The notes of the Bank of England shall be current for six months after the expiration of the Bank charter, after which they shall no longer be received by government in payment of the revenue.

" 6. Within six months after the expiration of the Bank char-

ter, the notes of the country banks shall cease to circulate, and the different banks, which shall have issued them, shall be under the same obligation as the Bank of England to pay them in government notes. They shall have the privilege of paying their notes in gold coin, if they prefer so to do.

" 7. For the greater security of the holders of government notes, residing in the country, there shall be agents in the different towns, who shall be obliged, on demand, to verify the genuineness of the notes, by affixing their signatures to them, after which, such notes shall be exchangeable only in the district where they are so signed.

" 8. Notes issued in one district, or bearing the signature of an agent in one district, shall not be payable in any other; but on the deposit of any number of notes, in the office of the district where they were originally issued, or where they were signed, agreeably to the last regulation, a bill may be obtained, on any other district, payable in the notes of that district.

" 9. Notes issued in the country shall not be payable in coin in the country; but for such notes a bill may be obtained in London, which will be paid in coin, or in London notes, at the option of the party presenting the bill in London.

" 10. Any one depositing coin, or London notes, in the London office, may obtain a bill payable in the notes of any other district, to be named at the time of obtaining the bill. And any one depositing coin in the London office may obtain London notes to an equal amount.

" 11. The commissioners in London shall be obliged to buy any quantity of gold of standard fineness, and exceeding one hundred ounces in weight, that may be offered them, at a price not less than *5*l.* 17*s.* 6*d.** per oz.

" 12. From the moment of the establishment of the National Bank, the commissioners shall be obliged to pay their notes and bills, on demand, in gold coin.

" 13. Notes of one pound shall be issued at the first establishment of the National Bank, and shall be given to any one requiring them in exchange for notes of a larger amount, if the person presenting them prefer such notes to coin. This regulation to continue in force only for one year, as far as regards London, but to be a permanent one in all the country districts.

" 14. It must be well understood, that in country districts the agents will neither be liable to give notes for coin, nor coin for notes.

" 15. The commissioners shall act as the general banker to all the public departments, in the same manner as the Bank of England now acts; but they shall be precluded from fulfilling the same office, either to any corporation, or to any individual whatever."

**P. 16:**

For one obvious defect in this scheme, namely, the difficulty which would be experienced in the country from the

notes of one district not being payable in another, Mr. Ricardo conceived that he could easily devise a remedy. Several equally obvious and more important objections have not been noticed.

Where, for instance, did Mr. Ricardo learn, that because his five Commissioners were not removeable by Government, they would therefore be exempt from political bias; and would never contract or increase their issues in order to assist or thwart the government of the day? Where again did he discover, that it is expedient to resume the circulation of one pound notes? How could the influence of the crown be more immeasurably augmented than by the appointment of country agents for the purposes specified in this plan? Unless one of them were placed in every market-town, the trade of the country would be impeded; and such an officer in every town, acquainted with the particulars of every tradesman's business, and regularly corresponding with the five immaculate Commissioners, would prove an intolerable nuisance.

These are a few of the obvious objections to a National Bank, and we apprehend it would be difficult to remove them. The principles of political economy, furnish others of an equally obstinate character.

If trade ought to be free, which Mr. Ricardo and his disciples affirm, the trade in money should be as unshackled as that in any other commodity, and the theoretical defect in the Bank of England, is its monopoly. To do away with this monopoly, to reinstate every individual within the metropolis as well as out of it, in his natural right of issuing what promissory notes he pleases, is an undertaking in which Mr. Ricardo might have been expected to embark, and in which, if he had proved unsuccessful, at least he would not have been inconsistent. But because he considered such a scheme impracticable, as we have no manner of doubt that it is, must we agree with him in wishing to extend the present system of restriction, and virtually turn the Government into an overwhelming Bank? What proof could Mr. Ricardo adduce of the evils of country notes, sufficient to authorize a prohibition of them? They circulate now, merely because the people prefer them to bank paper and to cash. While the Bank is compellable to pay in coin, there is no reason to fear an injurious over issue in the country; and if such a danger exists, it should be obviated by a milder treatment than the proposed National Bank and its branches. The explanation furnished in the remainder of the pamphlet, do not touch these fundamental objections; and in spite of the advantages which Mr. Ricardo promises, we consider these objections invincible.

"If the plan now proposed should be adopted, the country would, probably, on the most moderate computation, save 750,000*l.* per annum. Suppose the circulation of paper money to amount to twenty-five millions, and the Government deposits to four millions; these together make twenty-nine millions. On all this sum interest would be saved, with the exception of six millions, perhaps, which it might be thought necessary to retain as deposits, in gold coin and bullion; and which would consequently be unproductive. Reckoning interest then at three per cent. only, on twenty-three millions, the public would be gainers of 690,000*l.* To this must be added 248,000*l.* which is now paid for the management of the public debt; making together 938,000*l.* Now, supposing the expenses to amount to 188,000*l.*, there would remain for the public an annual saving or gain of 750,000*l.*" P. 29.

This statement suggests a simpler remedy than that which we are now considering. The great merit of the proposed National Bank, is its economy. Would it not be better to engraft that exotic virtue upon the present establishment in Threadneedle Street? An annual half million, or three-quarters of a million, is a sum which the nation ought to save, if it can. By shewing that such saving is not absolutely impossible, Mr. Ricardo, "even in his ashes," has rendered good service. He would have been entitled to a double share of praise, if his genius had not wandered after an *igne fatuus* of its own creation; but contented itself with shewing what the Bank ought to pay for its monopoly, its public balances, and its exemption from stamp duty upon its notes. The Chancellor of the Exchequer, who shall calculate these sums, and act upon the calculation, will be worth a whole Lombard Street of National Banks.

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ART. VIII. *The Works of the Rev. Daniel Waterland, D.D. &c. &c. collected and arranged in Eleven Volumes; to which is prefixed, a Review of the Author's Life and Writings. By W. Van Mildert, D.D. Lord Bishop of Mlandaff.* 8vo. 4*l.* 16*s.* Clarendon Press. 1823.

FROM the title prefixed to this article, it will be readily understood, that we intend to confine our remarks to the biographical introduction prefixed, and which occupies the first volume of the work.

It has been often said, that the life of a student is one, which of all others, affords the fewest materials and the least in-

teresting details for the pen of the biographer. Such is at least the impression very generally prevalent upon the minds of those whose pursuits are more connected with the busy world. They are apt to turn away, with an anticipation of weariness if not disgust, from the details of monotonous retirement, prolix literary discussions, and perhaps interminable hostilities of the *genus irritabile*. With still greater horror do they recoil from such productions, if the subject of them happen to be a religious writer, or above all a controversialist, or a dignitary of the Church; they are then sure they can expect to be treated with nothing but a dull series of dates of promotions, and a prolix list of the various ecclesiastical dignities which were successively heaped upon the head of one who had earned them by his meritorious exertions, in defence of the system by which these dignities are supported; enlivened perhaps now and then with some choice specimen of controversial acuteness in dispute upon some unintelligible dogma, and plentifully seasoned with the bitterness and asperity proper to this class of worthies.

If such should chance to be the impression on the minds of any of our readers, on glancing their eye over the title prefixed to this article, we would beg them to pause and judge before they condemn unheard. We would ask them, whether there be any real value in a pure and uncorrupted Scriptural religion, and an apostolic Church Establishment? Whether any thing can tend more to dissipate prejudice and error, than the preservation of the truth free from pollution and contamination? Whether for the superior illumination which is the boast of the present age, we are not deeply indebted to those who have stood forward to ward off the attacks of enemies to pure and uncorrupt religion, who, widely different in their peculiar tenets, were yet equally distinguished by a blind and misguided zeal for trampling down all rational, moderate, and practical systems, and for establishing instead systems, which by going to one extreme or other, would infallibly tend to the destruction of every thing which went in the safe and moderate path between them. It surely then cannot be a subject altogether devoid of interest, to take a view of the life and labours of one who was eminently distinguished in the contest for truth. Nor need the reader be alarmed with any expectation of a mere dull detail, or of any specimens of bigotted and unchristian controversial asperity. The subject of the memoir before us, was a man of a very different stamp; and the narrative here given of his life and labours, is to us, at least we confess, one of more than ordinary interest.

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With every student in sound divinity, and with every real friend to the pure doctrines of the Church of England, the name of Waterland must be held in the highest estimation: and no one in the least acquainted with the history of our Church during the period in which he lived, can feel otherwise than deeply interested in the records of his private pursuits and public labours; for all these were uniformly and consistently directed to the same great ends,—the defence and vindication of the truth; and the support of those sacred institutions established by the concentrated piety and wisdom of our reformers; and proved, by long experience, to be the most beneficial in their application and results, and indeed most essential to keeping up the genuine spirit of true religion among our countrymen.

The age in which he lived, was one in which the Church, having gone through the trials of external adversity, was still subjected to the perhaps more dangerous evils of internal dissension. He lived in an age when literary and theological research were carried to as great an extent as in any former; and when the taste for such pursuits was certainly much more generally diffused. In the theological disquisitions of the day, the labours of this distinguished man bore the most considerable share; and amidst the constellation of talent and acquirement which was then conspicuous in the English Church, he shone with no ordinary lustre: but it was not to that age alone, and to the question which then agitated the Church, that his celebrity or his utility were confined. His labours were of a nature far more valuable in their character, and more permanent in their results, than mere temporary productions however excellent.

In taking a leading part in the controversies of his time, he was in fact labouring in the cause of the orthodox belief, for the benefit of after ages. From his laborious and candid enquiries after truth, from his dispassionate and irrefragable confutations of error, not only was the immediate diffusion of heterodox opinions in his own age arrested, but the opus of the Church of England, and therein of genuine Christianity, was triumphantly supported, and its doctrine and discipline preserved pure to future times. His writings, though originally produced with reference to the specific purposes which the opinions and events of the day required, were in fact a *κρημα εις αει* to all true sons of our Apostolic Church.

The first section of the work before us, opens with a few short and pertinent reflections on the importance of Waterland's labours; and after passing a well-merited eulogium

on his acknowledged pre-eminence in the theological world, the Right Rev. Author proceeds very justly to remark,—

“ Yet notwithstanding this strong impression in his favour, it is remarkable, that during the period of more than eighty years, elapsed since his decease, no entire collection of his writings has hitherto been made: and several of them have never been reprinted. The increasing avidity with which of late years they have been sought for, is a proof however that their intrinsic worth has obtained for them a more permanent character than usually belongs to polemical productions; and the scarcity of the far greater number of them, has been long a subject of general regret. No apology, therefore, appears to be necessary for calling the attention of the public to the revival of productions which can hardly but be acceptable to every theological student.”

The rest of the introductory part is occupied by a detail of the various sources of information which the author and several of his friends examined with the greatest diligence: and we are happy to observe, that in several of the public depositories of literature, many interesting documents were recovered which were hitherto unknown. Of all these, ample use is made in the subsequent narrative.

Dr. Daniel Waterland was born at Walesby, in Lincolnshire, of which place his father, Dr. Henry Waterland, was rector. He appears to have displayed great proficiency at a very early age; and his exercises at the grammar school at Lincoln, seem to have attracted much notice.

In his 16th year, he was admitted at Magdalen College, Cambridge, where he shortly obtained a Scholarship; took his A.B. degree in 1703, and was elected fellow of his college shortly after. He seems to have enjoyed considerable fame as tutor, and to have greatly raised the reputation of the College. He commenced M.A. in 1706, and in 1713, was appointed Master, and presented to the rectory of Ellingham in Norfolk. Contrary to usual practice he continued the office of tutor after this appointment, and as his whole time seems to have been devoted to these college duties, he with a highly creditable liberality, gave up nearly the whole revenue of his living to his curate. His tract, entitled “ Advice to a Student,” written while he was engaged in that service, though not published till many years afterwards, is a proof how diligently he applied himself to this laborious duty. It is evident however, even at this period, he must have been scarcely less indefatigable in the studies belonging to his sacred profession: and that he was then laying the ground-work of that splendid reputation, which classed him

among the most distinguished theologians of his time. In the immense application which he displayed at this particular period of life, he resembled, and has been resembled by, a number of equally distinguished men; as well as in the natural consequence of it, a serious impairment of health.

We will not follow him through the course of all his various academical pursuits and appointments. They are ~~much~~ of the same description as those to which all men of eminent talent are sure to find their way in our universities; and from which the future celebrity of the individual may be most confidently predicted.

We now come to the first occasion, on which the subject of the memoir before us, became distinguished as a divine. This was the act for his divinity degree in the year 1714. The disputation attracted great attention; and from the very conspicuous light in which it places both the intellectual attainments, and the theological learning of Dr. Waterland, we are induced to extract the passage at length, in which it is described, and which in the volume before us, occurs as a quotation from Mr. Seed.

"His first question was 'Whether Arian subscription was lawful?' a question worthy of him, who had the integrity to abhor, with a generous scorn, all prevarication, and the capacity to see through, and detect those evasive arts, by which some would palliate their disingenuity. When Dr. James, the Professor, had endeavoured to answer his thesis, and embarrass the question, with the dexterity of a person long practised in all the arts of a subtle disputant; he immediately replied in an extempore discourse of above half an hour long, with such an easy glow of proper and significant words, and such an undisturbed presence of mind, as if he had been reading, what he has since printed, 'The case of Arian subscription considered,' and the supplement to it. He unravelled the Professor's fallacies, reinforced his own reasonings, and shewed himself so perfect a master of the language, the subject, and himself, that all agreed no one ever appeared to greater advantage. There were several members of the University of Oxford present, who remember the great applauses he received and the uncommon satisfaction he gave. He was happy in a first opponent, one of the greatest ornaments of the Church, and finest writers of the age, who gave full play to his abilities, and called forth all that strength of reason of which he was master."

This opponent was Dr. Sherlock. It has been observed that, probably the account of this performance having reached Dr. Clarke's ears; gave occasion to his omitting, in the second edition of his *Scripture doctrine of the Trinity*, the passage

in the first edition, respecting subscription to the articles which had given offence.

In November 1715, Dr. Waterland came into office as Vice-Chancellor. At this eventful period in our history, political animosity was at its height, and it required no little discretion, moderation and firmness, to conduct the affairs of the university at such a crisis. Dr. Waterland however, during a year of office, which appears to have been unusually occupied with active business, and on several occasions, in which all the animosity of party feeling was involved, displayed so much temper and good sense in moderating between the contending parties, as to have added in the opinion of all to his established fame as a theologian, an equal character for prudence, and the management of public business. It is not to be supposed from what we have here said, that he in any degree, compromised his political any more than his religious principles. He was in principle a Whig, a strenuous supporter of the Hanoverian succession, which was by no means the prevailing sentiment at that time in Cambridge. On more than one occasion his measures excited the animosity of the Tories, and in no instance more so, than in the proposal of an address of congratulation to the King on the suppression of the Rebellion. Against Dr. Bentley, who took a very active part in the support of that measure, the resentment of the Jacobite party knew no bounds. But though Dr. Waterland by no means escaped a share in their dislike, yet his great moderation and good temper, protected him against much of the obloquy and ill-will, which were so strongly shown towards Bentley and others of the same party.

It seems to have been in some measure from the attachment which in all these affairs he manifested for the constitution, as well as to his other merits, that he soon after received the appointment of Chaplain in Ordinary to the King. His enemies of course accused him of interested motives in supporting those principles which he espoused; but a candid observer would readily acknowledge from his known character and disposition, that such accusations could not be founded on any thing like a solid base.

It was undoubtedly his sincere desire to uphold the public tranquillity against those, who, with whatever purity of intention were pursuing an object utterly unattainable, without the hazard of involving the nation again in civil war, and incurring evils of which none could calculate the extent, or foresee the termination. The operation of such evils upon the interests of religion and morals he earnestly deprecated,

and particularly as affecting the university. A passage so admirably expressive of his sentiments on this subject occurs in his thanksgiving sermon in 1716, that we cannot deny ourselves the pleasure of quoting it.

“As there are none more sensible of these things than ourselves, or more likely to suffer by them; so I beg leave to intimate how becoming and proper a part of our profession and business it is to do, what in us lies to prevent the growth and increase of them. While animosities prevail, arts and sciences will gradually decay and lose ground: not only as wanting suitable encouragement, but also as being deprived of that freedom, quiet and repose, which are necessary to raise and cherish them. As divisions increase, Christian charity will decline daily, till it becomes an empty name or an *idæa* only. Discipline will of course slacken and hang loose, and the consequence of that must be a general dissoluteness and corruption of manners. Nor will the enemy be wanting to sow tares to corrupt our faith, as well as practice, and to introduce a general latitude of opinions. Arianism, Deism, Atheism, will insensibly steal upon us, while our heads and hearts run after politics and parties.”

These remarks, made originally to apply to a particular state of things, are, we think, most excellent, as applying generally to the bitterness of party spirit, and pointing out the evils to which an indulgence in it naturally tends.

As the Right Rev. Author professedly designed the work as an account of the writings, as well as life of Dr. Waterland, he has, we think, very judiciously divided the main body of the narrative into separate sections, each comprising the outline of some of his works. And the direct thread of the biographical history being broken off at the end of the second section, is not resumed till towards the close of the volume. To enter into any detailed review of each of these sections, would far exceed our limits; though when we came to examine the concise and masterly analysis which each of them contains of some important publication or series of works of this eminent divine, we felt so strong an interest excited in the valuable productions thus brought under our notice, as to make it difficult to decide upon which to chuse for the better satisfaction of our readers.

Section 3, contains an account of Waterland's various controversial writings in vindication of the doctrine of the Trinity. It is perhaps upon these, that his reputation mainly rests; and the author of the biography has done them ample justice in a very copious and masterly analysis. The train of his arguments is exhibited in an unbroken view, and his

luminous and comprehensive arrangement displayed to its full effect.

Section 4, comprises a shorter account of the incidental controversies arising out of the former, and contains the review of several lesser publications, on points connected with the dispute against Socinians, in which the learning and zeal of Waterland are not less strikingly displayed than in his larger works.

In section 5, we find a full account of his various productions against the Deists, and in defence of revelation in general.

Section 6 describes the controversies in which Dr. W. was shortly after engaged, respecting the nature of the Eucharist; and which gave rise to one of his most justly celebrated treatises.

In section 7, we are presented with copious accounts of, and extracts from his various occasional sermons and archidiaconal charges. And if, in looking over the former articles, we have to acknowledge him as the most acute, candid and irrefragable of controversialists, we have in the section now before us, the perhaps greater satisfaction of seeing him equally great in the capacity of a public preacher and superintendent of the Christian flock. The nature of the Sacraments, and the authority of the Church, are among the most preminent subjects of discussion.

Section 8, contains an account of his various posthumous publications, among which are some of acknowledged excellence.

In the 9th section, the Bishop resumes the thread of his narrative, which had been interrupted in order to present a connected view of the literary and theological labours of this distinguished man. After briefly recapitulating the principal events before recorded, we find that the great and acknowledged merit of Dr. W. soon acquired for him extensive reputation and patronage. In 1721, soon after the publication of his sermons, at the Lady Moyer's lecture, he was presented by the Dean and Chapter of St. Paul's to the rectory of St. Austin, and St. Faith, London; and became a valuable acquisition to a body of clergy, which at that time peculiarly adorned the city of London. Among them were many of considerable talents and reputation, and whose names have since shone with distinguished lustre. Hitherto we have seen Waterland making a conspicuous figure in the public affairs of the University, and in the polemical contest for the cause of truth and loyalty. We have now to view him in a different and perhaps more pleasing character; we have to follow him

from the study and the senate house, and the schools, into the retirements of pastoral labour, and to witness the same zeal, and the same talents devoted to the humbler, but not less important task, of superintending his parochial flock. It is to his diligence, in the discharge of these duties, that we owe those excellent sermons which were published after his decease. At the same time his literary pursuits suffered no interruption; and it was during this period that several of the important works before noticed, made their appearance.

Dr. W. did not long continue in his London benefice. Within two years he was promoted to the Chancellorship of the diocese of York, solely, as it appears, from the high estimation in which his public services were held. The next step in his promotion was a Canonry of Windsor, in 1727, which was followed, in 1730, by his presentation to the Vicarage of Twickenham; on which occasion he resigned St. Austin's. In the same year he was collated to the Archdeaconry of Middlesex. This was the last piece of preferment he attained; and with these different appointments, it must be admitted, that he had now before him a wide and extensive sphere of action, with full scope for the exercise of his various attainments. His residence appears to have been pretty equally divided between Windsor, Twickenham, and Cambridge; and in each situation he doubtless found ample room for the exercise of those particular endowments, and the following up those particular pursuits, which would seem peculiarly connected with them. His pastoral duties, his religious and literary labours, and his active administration of academical discipline, were thus carried on with undiminished vigour, and for the exercise of all those faculties with which he was so highly gifted, full scope was afforded in one or other of these situations. Yet in the midst of these almost incessant avocations, we are assured by his personal friends (and his letters bear testimony to the same effect) that he was not of that morose and retired disposition, which many would consider necessary to the conscientious discharge of spiritual labours; and which unfortunately is too often generated by a life of study and abstraction: but on the contrary he kept up at all times habits of free and social intercourse with those about him, and especially with many excellent and valued friends who had the honor of his intimacy: he cultivated and improved his acquaintance with all around him: and found leisure to assist and encourage others in every laudable undertaking. In 1734, an additional honor awaited him, and of which he could not but be deeply sensible, he was chosen to be Pro-

locutor to the lower House of Convocation. This distinguished mark of the attachment of the clerical body, however, he was induced to decline, probably from his sedentary disposition and declining health.

From this period, his biographer observes, but few particulars occur in his history requiring especial notice: his pursuits; however, in each branch of his profession were still carried on to the benefit of the Church with undiminished ardour; and several of his most esteemed works were produced.

"But," observes the biographer, "we shall not form an adequate conception of our obligations to Dr. Waterland, if we limit them to those productions, however numerous and important, which he himself submitted to the public eye. The extent of his literary aid to others is known to have been very considerable. Dr. William Berriman, Dr. Felton, Dr. Trapp, Mr. Wheatley, and Mr. John Berriman, acknowledge great obligations to him in their discourses for the Lady Moyer's Lectures."

A number of instances are then brought forward (which we cannot now particularize) in which the extent and liberality of his assistance and advice are shewn in a manner the most creditable, both to his abilities and his benevolence.

The extensive good which Dr. Waterland was thus doing to the cause of true religion, both by his own labours, and his assistance to those of others, neither could, nor did pass unnoticed by those who had the disposal of the highest stations in the church. It appears undoubtedly to have been the intention to elevate him to the Episcopal bench. Mr. Seed says, "he might have been advanced much higher by the recommendation and interest of that very excellent prelate, who, in the opinion of every true friend to the Church, deservedly fills the highest station in it (Archbishop Potter.)" This is explained in the *Biographia Britannica*, to have been the actual offer of the bishopric of Llandaff, which, however, he declined accepting. The date of this offer is not mentioned; but, from collateral evidence, it must have been either in 1738 or 1740. His reasons for this "*Noto Episcopi*," do not clearly appear. His health was certainly in a delicate state; and probably he contemplated such an elevation in the church, if not with apprehension of its difficulties and dangers, yet with a disinclination to relinquish the comparatively easy and tranquil enjoyments of literary labour; and perhaps, as his biographer observes,

"With that diffidence of his own powers which none but himself would have allowed to be well founded. Be that as it may, the



determination, however wise and prudent with regard to himself, could not but be felt by the real friends of the Church as a matter of deep regret. The accession of such a man to the episcopal bench, would, at any time, have been highly valuable; and more especially so, when many, even of the clergy of our Church, seemed disposed to halt between the different opinions which the spirit of controversy had spread among them; his advancement to the mitre at such a crisis might have done much to fix the wavering, to fortify the irresolute, and to uphold those who were disposed to adhere to their profession with a well regulated zeal."

We cannot omit quoting a brief note which occurs at the foot of the page from which the above extract is made, especially at a time when the subject of church revenues is so much canvassed:—it is as follows, speaking of his refusal of a bishoprick.

"Possibly also (if we may judge from a witticism related of him, respecting the scanty revenues of the see of Llandaff) prudential motives of another kind might have had their influence upon his decision."

His important labours, however, were not much longer to be continued to the church. From a letter of his from Cambridge, in July, 1740, he appears to have been quietly stationary there in the enjoyment of rational society and literary occupations: and particularly alludes to the death of a distinguished individual, Mr. Baker, upon which event he expresses himself in terms of condolence. From the cheerful tenor of this letter, his biographer observes, it could little be expected how soon the latter part of it would become applicable to himself. In the same month a complaint, which he had too long neglected, (a nail growing into the foot,) obliged him to call in the assistance of a Cambridge surgeon, from whom obtaining no relief, he removed to London, and placed himself under the care of Mr. Cheselden: but it seems to have been now too late: a bad habit of body, contracted by too intense application, rendered a recovery impossible: and after undergoing several painful operations, to which he submitted with the greatest fortitude and patience, a mortification came on, and he expired with truly Christian composure on the 28d of December in the same year, and consequently in the 57th of his age.

This great and good man was not without enemies, whom his zealous attachment to, and defence of, the cause of the Church, would naturally call forth. Among these none were more bitter than those of the Warburtonian school. Of the characteristic bitterness and animosity of that party, a strong

instance is afforded in a pitiful attempt to circulate an anecdote connected with the latter period of his life, which, whether true or false, would be altogether unworthy of notice, had not such men as Pope, Warburton, and Middleton thought fit to magnify it into a matter of serious animated version. The story is related with unfeeling levity, and in the coarsest terms, in one of Middleton's letters to Warburton only a fortnight after Waterland's death.

"The Church," says he, "has received a great loss by the death of Dr. W——d. I cannot say an irreparable one whilst C——n lives, to whom he has left some unfinished papers on infant communion, and wisely ordered all the rest to be burnt." He has bequeathed to the college such of his printed books as they find scribbled by his own hand, for such I hear is his own description of them. By the silence of the public papers upon the fall of so great a luminary, we are to expect, I imagine, in a proper time, some laboured panegyric from a masterly hand. Though the great *Hooker*\* seems to have exhausted himself in an effort of the last week, to do justice to the character of the excellent *Busefield*\*, who is preparing to give the *coup de grace* to that subtle and ingenious but infamous writer, the *Moral Philosopher*\*. But as to W——d, whenever they think fit to oblige the public with his life, they will not forget one story, I hope, which is truly worthy of him, shews the real spirit of the man, and which I can venture to tell you on good authority.

Then follows the story, which, divested of its grossness and a few *embellishments*, is simply this, that on his way to London, with Dr. Plumtre his physician, and Mr. Chessel-den, Dr. W. found it necessary to send for an apothecary in a town through which he passed, for some medical assistance: the apothecary mistaking the name of Waterland, for Warburton, was overpowered with the supposed honour conferred upon him; and assured Dr. W's friends, that he was not a stranger to the merit and character of the Dr., but had read with much pleasure his ingenious book, the *Divine Legation of Moses*:—upon this blunder being communicated to Waterland, he was provoked by it to a violent passion, called the poor man ill names, and notwithstanding Dr. P's. endeavours to mitigate his displeasure, would not suffer him to administer the necessary aid. Middleton then adds, "with such wretched passions and prejudices did this poor man march to the grave; which might deserve to be laughed at rather than lamented, if we did not see what pernicious influence they had in the church, to defame and

\* These were assumed names of periodical writers.

depress men of sense and virtue, who have had the courage to despise them." This anecdote appears to have been highly relished by Warburton and Pope. The latter of whom, thanks the former, for communicating "that very entertaining, and I think, instructive story of Dr. W., who was in this the image of ———, who never admit of any remedy from the hand they dislike. But, I am sorry, he had so much of the modern Christian rancour; as I believe he may be convinced by this time, that the kingdom of heaven is not for such."

This story is, itself, too trifling to deserve serious examination:—whether true or false, it can prove nothing from a few expressions, which, in a moment of pain and irritation, escaped the lips of a man, in every instance remarkable for mildness and benevolence. And that these were pre-eminently displayed as characteristic of his disposition, appears not only from the tenor of his life, but from the testimony of several persons whose intimacy with him gave them the best opportunity of judging. There are several extracts to this effect in the concluding part of the narrative; particularly one from Mr. Seed, who attended him constantly during his last illness. He was buried in St. George's Chapel at Windsor.

The Biographer terminates his history with a brief review of the various important affairs in which Dr. W. more or less took part. Some account is given of the distinguished individuals with whom he was intimate, and from the character and celebrity of these associates, the Bishop justly remarks: we might have inferred the excellence and attainments of Dr. W., the maxim "*noscitur a sociis*," never could have been more honourably applied. And not only from the character of his friends, but from that of his opponents may a man be known, and his value and importance duly estimated. The antagonists with whom Dr. W. had to contend, were all men of the most brilliant talents, but who were all more or less, opposed to some leading doctrines of the orthodox faith, or to some point of church discipline. He was, however, both by friends and enemies, acknowledged as a man of no ordinary powers, and his fame was neither limited to the praises of one party or of his own country. His reputation was as great among the Protestant divines of the Continent, as at home:—this is shown by many very flattering testimonials, extracted from various foreign publications.

Amidst the various admirable observations which the Bishop of Llandaff makes in the volume before us, both on

the genius of Waterland's writings; and the subjects on which he wrote, there is one passage which has particularly struck us as worthy of the particular notice of our readers, as it bears a reference to that question so much agitated and so much misunderstood in the present day—the authority to be given to *reason* in matters of *revelation*; and with this extract we shall close our remarks.

"In his controversy with the Arians, these qualifications were put to a severe test. The perplexities to be unravelled were many and intricate; and his opponents were admirably skilled, in rendering them more so. Though the appeal on their part, for determining the points in dispute, was professedly made to Scripture only, and the authority of the Fathers and of other Scripture interpreters, was treated as of little worth; yet difficulties purely of a *metaphysical* kind were continually suffered to prevail, to the rejection of the most simple and obvious meaning of Scripture no less than to the perversion of its primitive expositors. Through these labyrinths, Waterland guided himself with admirable caution. That he was no inconsiderable adept in metaphysical science is manifest. But he forebore to apply it, either in proof or in elucidation of the mysteries of revealed religion, farther than might shew its insufficiency to invalidate the truths of Holy Writ. He betrayed no fondness for abstract hypothesis or theories, to accommodate such doctrines to philosophical views; but laid their foundation deep in the authority of revelation only, and grounded them upon faith as their main support. To discard metaphysics altogether from such subjects, is perhaps impossible; but to attempt either to establish or to defend purely *divine* truth upon principles of human science, is to forget that our knowledge of the truths themselves originates in another source, and that they can neither be proved nor disproved from any intrinsic information that can be brought to bear upon them. Yet upon such grounds rest most of the subtleties of Arian writers. Metaphysical definitions of *unity*, *person*, *substance*, are assumed as postulates to establish one hypothesis, or to refute another; as if it were demonstrable that the mode of existence perceptible to our faculties in the visible world, must necessarily be the same with that which belongs to the world invisible; or that which we discern by the testimony of sense and experience, can be an adequate criterion of that which is capable of no such testimony.

We must here terminate our examination of this valuable and highly interesting production. Earnestly recommending it to the careful perusal of every one who feels an interest in the welfare of the Established Church, and in the maintenance of its pure and scriptural doctrines. In a more especial manner, will it be valuable to the theological student con-

taining, as it does, a most excellent and judicious abstract of the principal contents of all Dr. Waterland's works, to the complete collection of which this volume forms a most appropriate introduction.

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ART. IX. *Observations on the History and Doctrine of Christianity, and, as historically connected, on the primeval Religion, on the Judaic, and on the Heathen, Public, Mystical, and Philosophical; the latter proposed as an Appendix to the Political and Military History of Greece. By William Mitford, Esq. 2 Vols. 8vo. 9s. Rodwell. 1823.*

WE entertain such sincere respect for the venerable author of this little volume, that it is seldom we have met with a work which has given us more pain. In spite of his many eccentricities as a writer, the works of Mr. Mitford have done good service to the cause of truth as well as of literature. His history of Greece is one which will never cease to be a standard in our language; it contains so many new and original views; is so replete with sound and unaffected learning; it is so completely the production of a man who has formed his conclusions from the study of authentic writers, without any regard to mere traditional opinions, that its value can never be superseded; not even by the appearance of a history which might happen to be more free from errors and imperfections. Mr. Mitford's opinions on the subject to which he has devoted so many years of his life, are and always will be considered as an authority. It is not as a compiler of facts, but as a judge and a critic, that his fame will endure; and in this point of view, although the faults of his style may detract much from the splendour of his reputation, yet after all, they interfere but little with the true merit that belongs to him. Even his faults offend only against critical taste; there is in them no taint of vulgarity, of flippancy, or affectation; and in this respect we do not hesitate to say, that taking the word taste in a large sense, as a moral attribute of the mind, and not as a mere critical attainment, we have been shocked and disgusted a hundred times while reading the historian "Of the Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire," for once that we have been made peevish and out of humour by the thousand foolish heresies, with which Mr. Mitford is so perverse as to amuse himself.

But in this little work before us, we are sorry to say, that our excellent and venerable historian, does not confine his disposition to differ from received opinions within the innocent bounds to which they have heretofore been limited. His ancient quarrel with the genius of the English language appears indeed to be as violent as it ever was—even if it be not somewhat more acrimonious. The reader of his present publication is still, as heretofore, obliged to translate his sentences into Latin, and then re-translate them into English, or the ingenuity which is displayed in the style, and the labours which it must have cost the author of it, will be totally unperceived; but this is an old story; our present complaints against Mr. Mitford are of a more grave kind. The work before us is opened with the following apologetical remarks.

“ The variety of opinions among professors of Christianity concerning many articles of both faith and practice, beginning even with the apostles; chosen by the Divine Author of the religion to be, first, as his assistants, and, after his removal from earth, with supreme authority, its propagators, cannot but be striking to all who have any information on the subject, and matter of most serious consideration for all who feel interested in it. Among not a few that consideration may have tended to infuse the doubts, and nourish the indifference, observable among many bred to the profession of that religion, and, before the French revolution, enough manifesting its rapid growth, in open avowal, Europe over; more especially among the higher orders, and most where the Roman is the religion of the state; checked then by the enormities practised in the name of philosophy; but, as the horror of these, with time, producing gradual oblivion, has faded, it may be feared growing again.

“ To solve such doubts, to obviate such indifference, to awaken piety, to cultivate morality, generally through Christendom, has been made the peculiar duty of an order of men, dedicated, according to the several rules of several churches, to that called the clerical profession; one sect only, I believe, reckoning it, indifferently the office of all Christians. Nevertheless I have observed that some of the most respected clerical writers of the church of England have acknowledged the value of the assistance of laymen, who have published their thoughts on religious subjects; some of whom, indeed, have been of talents and reputation to make them powerful allies in any cause. But, for assisting in that, to the service of which the ecclesiastical order is dedicated, it has been remarked as an important farther advantage, that they are not, like ecclesiastics, open to the imputation which allurements of worldly interest, or impulse of professional engagements, might stimulate them to labour in it. Sharing in this advantage, without presuma-

ing upon any other, not till after much doubting, and, at length, not without fearfulness, I have resolved to follow in their train, so far as to offer some of my thoughts to the world; hoping that, if any are right, some good may follow; and, if any are wrong, that, by exciting refutation, and so promoting consideration of the highly important subject, still they may produce some good; or that, rejected as unworthy of notice, they will be harmless." Vol. I. p. 1.

Mr. Mitford then proceeds to make some comments upon the intolerant spirit, with which the Roman Catholics exclude from the pale of the church all who do not acknowledge the authority of the see of Rome. He adds some remarks upon the impolicy of permitting persons holding this tenet to possess any political power in a state essentially Protestant, and then continues.

"I wish I could avoid all offence to those of our Protestant brethren whom we call sectaries, but that also, I fear, is impossible. Beyond this, moreover, claiming to be a member of the Church of England, yet considering the Church of England, though of heavenly materials, yet a human fabric, the best of its kind that I know, but still, as human, liable to imperfection; I farther fear I must displease some, and even many, of the Church of England, especially ecclesiastics. These, however, if any may be my readers, I desire to apprise, that, being wholly unlearned in the science of divinity, and of little reading in ecclesiastical history, I may be open to correction from them; which, under claim still to use my own judgment, I shall be glad to receive; and, moreover, that among opinions I may offer, new, as far as my knowledge goes, many may within theirs, approved by them or otherwise, be old and familiar.

"With all these considerations I think it proper to declare, in my outset, the principles of my faith, that if these be offensive to any, they may avoid farther offence by laying aside my book; desiring all, however, to be assured, that of any thing in which I may be wrong, I most earnestly desire correction; and that I can be of nothing more satisfied than that it belongs not to me, nor to any man, or to any set of men, though the subject so becomes, and commands consideration, to be on that subject always assuredly, and with complete decision, right." Vol. I. p. 6.

It is not necessary that we should direct the attention of our readers to the peculiarities which the above extracts exhibit, in the matter of style. A grave examination of such fantastical notions concerning the true excellency of English composition, as seem to have been embraced by Mr. Mitford, is a labour which we would willingly spare ourselves. It is evident that he expresses himself in a manner thus different from other people, not from ignorance of

what is the common way of speaking and writing, but from principle. On this subject we cannot hope to change his opinions; and it is now too late to do so, even if we could. There is no fear lest they should be adopted by others; or even if there were, we should be sorry, in a case where our venerable author was concerned, to hazard any criticisms which were not grave and serious. Passing over this part of our duty therefore, we wish to make a few remarks upon the inconsistency of his professions, of attachment to the Church of England, and of a desire to join with the clergy of the Establishment, in furthering the great interests of piety and religion, with the production of a work in which every page teems with doubts and demurs, as to the extent of their authority in questions of divinity; or with objections to the creeds and to the articles of faith which not the Church of England only, but which Christians, in all ages, have concurred in believing. It may be very true, that many "respected clerical writers of the Church of England have acknowledged the value of the assistance of laymen, who have published their thoughts on religious subjects;" but we shall be surprised if Mr. Mitford can name any "respected clerical writer" of our Church who has praised the published thoughts of those laymen, who at different times have put forth to the world, new theories of divinity, in opposition to established opinions; or who upon the sole plea of being "*wholly unlearned in the science of divinity, and of little reading in ecclesiastical history*," have presumed to call in question all the conclusions to which those had arrived who were confessedly learned and well read in both. We should have been very glad to have had Mr. Mitford's opinions concerning the writings of our great divines; and would have listened with much respect to his criticisms upon their learning, or even to his doubts as to the justness of their reasoning on any particular points. But as Mr. Mitford is entirely ignorant of the language of the Old Testament, has no critical knowledge of the text of the New; as he has read neither the fathers of the Greek or Latin Churches, nor a single divine of any original authority even in our own Church; as he does not appear to have steadily consulted, or at least to have fairly studied even a single commentator of any repute, either concerning particular passages, or the general body of Scripture; we must confess that we are quite unable to understand any possible value which remarks such as those which he has presented to the public can possess, upon the several desultory points of divinity.

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which appear to have suggested themselves to his mind, in the course probably of a few weeks reading, which, now that he has done with Grecian History, he has found time to devote to the study of the Bible.

Without being at all aware of the general argument for the divine institution of sacrifices; or at least being very imperfectly so; apparently quite ignorant of the object for which they must necessarily have been instituted, *supposing their origin to be divine*; seeing not at all the important place which this institution occupies in the general argument of Christianity, Mr. Mitford comes forward with a theory of his own upon the subject, which we do not discuss with him, because no man's crude imaginations upon a question of this magnitude are entitled to consideration; not even those of a person whom otherwise we so much respect as our excellent author. We shall extract his theory in justification of our remark. Those who have studied the subject will readily understand why we do not think that it requires comment; as a specimen of divinity it is however curious and characteristic.

“ Presently, then, after the account of the fall, a matter is related altogether strongly commanding observation, but, in part, of questioned import. Sacrifice, without any previous notice of such a rite, is mentioned in clear terms, as an established duty of man, and as the means still graciously afforded by the Creator for immediate communication with himself. Together with the condemnation to mortality it had been declared that the spontaneous productions of the earth should no longer suffice for man's subsistence; by his labour he was thenceforward to earn his bread. It seems to me then enough implied that, with the institution of the rite of sacrifice, the grant, in a following part of scripture distinctly stated, of every inferior animal as lawful food for man, was made to Adam on his removal from Paradise; thenceforward wanted, not only as of quality best supplying the failure of the life-preserving fruit, but also, as the world, into which he was turned, is constituted, farther necessary for maintaining the multitudes to be born in it. Man's constitution however remaining, as far as holy writ informs us, unaltered, animal flesh in its natural state, was not suited to his power of digestion, as to that of the inferior carnivorous animals: the agency of fire, which man was indowed with ability to produce and use, with art of preparation, easy to him, but not within their capacity, were requisite.

“ The combination here then is eminently remarkable. When man, sinful and perishable, was suddenly turned from the ready plenty of Eden into the wide world; not to be led, as the inferior animals, by instinct, but indowed with reason, yet reason unformed and unexperienced, he would often want instruction, both

for supplying his needs and performing his duties. Accordingly, the Almighty still graciously allowed immediate communication with himself, through the rite of burnt-offering, which was to follow the meal of meat ensuing; for it is abundantly marked in Scripture, and by heathen writers, that the sacrifice, among both Jews and Gentiles, always afforded a meal. That meal, though thenceforward a main support of life and strength, must have been, till familiarity produced reconciliation to it, disgusting both in preparation, and in use. But its religious purpose is obvious. Man was thus at once reminded of his degradation, and of his final lot in this world; the salutary severity nevertheless being softened by the appointment of that very rite of burnt-offering, with all its degrading circumstances, for the exercise of his yet high privilege, peculiar to himself among surrounding animals, of communicating with his Creator." Vol. I. p. 48.

According to this doctrine, whenever a person, in the present day, sits down to a good dinner of roast and boiled, he is, or ought to be, "reminded of his degradation, and final lot in this world;" for there is nothing in the reasons of our author for such an opinion, which will not apply at least as pointedly to us as it did to the Jews in the time of Solomon, or at the coming of our Saviour.

If we follow our author from the Old to the New Testament, we confess that we are still at a loss to perceive in what respect it is, that the friends of Christianity in general, or of the Church of England in particular, are called upon to thank him for the "assistance" which he has rendered to the cause. If doubting respecting all the great doctrines of Christianity, without assigning any reason for such doubts, except that the author has never taken the trouble to read the works of those who have attempted to solve them—if this be rendering a service to Religion or to the Church, Mr. Mitford may fairly lay claim to be one of their greatest benefactors. With respect to the Nicene and Athanasian Creeds, he treats them with no more ceremony or respect, than if they had been the production of the curate in the country village where he lives, and had been sanctioned by no better or higher authorities than that of the squire and churchwardens of the parish. And even with respect to the Apostles' Creed, we are almost afraid to say how closely he pares it of every thing that is not matter of historical fact. In like manner he tells us, that he has never been able to understand the grounds on which the doctrine of the inspiration of the Scriptures is founded. Now it is certain that grounds for this doctrine have been assigned; and by good authority too. Moreover, it is certain that very intelligible reasons, to say the least of them, may be assigned,

shewing that doctrine to be almost involved in the supposition of the books of the New Testament having been written by those whose names they bear, and that the facts related in them, are true. But Mr. Mitford is not acquainted with these reasons, it seems. Now, whose fault is this? Or is it fitting the character of man, to put forth to the world his doubts upon such a subject, until he has conscientiously examined whether the arguments in proof of this doctrine are, or are not, entitled to respect? This surely is the least which the Church of England has a right to ask from one who professes to be her son, and to believe, to use our author's own quaint language, that the "reformation" has been "brought to the best perfection yet attained among national establishments, (however, as a human work, still imperfect) in the established Church of England."

We must give one specimen more of the kind of "assistance" with which our author, in the work before us, "having no allurements of worldly interest, or impulse of professional engagement," has endeavoured to support the labours of those, who might be supposed not exempt from suspicion in these respects. He tells us that he writes neither for the learned nor the unlearned. "There is a middle class; and to these I principally dedicate," says he, "my observations to come, as well as those already given, hoping them not wholly unadapted to it." As an illustration of the discretion with which our author writes, having this object in view, our readers may take the following specimen.

Mr. Mitford tells us, that "he respects highly our authorised translation of the Bible, though not as perfect; for it is a human work." With these words he prefaces a short commentary upon the two first verses of St. John, adding, that "*the English translation of that short but difficult, and contested passage, is perhaps as unexceptionable as any the language could furnish.*" Immediately after this he tells the "middling classes," (who cannot form an opinion as to the value of his criticism), that this said passage in the English "has a phrase concerning which a question may occur."

"'In the beginning,' says our version, 'was the word, and the word was with God, and the word was God. The same was in the beginning with God.' Throughout these two verses the order of the words of the original may be followed in English speech; and it is exactly followed, with, however, one remarkable exception in the important phrase, 'the word was God:' where, in the original, the words run, 'God was the word.' Which arrangement best expresses, in our language, the sense of the original, I will not undertake to say. To some minds, perhaps there may appear no differ-

ence of import made by the difference of order; with others it may be otherwise. Either phrase, however, indicates mystery, not within ordinary human understanding, and, therefore, I apprehend, not to be completely explained in human speech. The assertion, then, emphatically repeated, declaring that to be WITH God, which the intervening phrase declares to be God himself, can hardly fail to make difficulty for most minds, and so has suggested doubt of the authenticity of that intervening phrase, though supported by all known antient manuscripts in the original language. But the apostle, we are told, after having communicated in writing his correction of the wild fancies entertained in some Asiatic cities, visited those cities, and so might give any needful explanation. For us, I humbly apprehend, the gospel, as it has been transmitted to us, and as far as it can be understood by every one giving due attention to it, may be considered as affording all the information necessary, though parts of it may be, to some more, to others less, intelligible. So I understand the assurance that, from those to whom less is given less will be required. For the presumptuously disposed, extension of ground may seem provided for that trial, for which all holy writ shows man to have been placed on earth." Vol. II. p. 32—10.

He goes on to say,

"Hazard in translating from one language to another, evident, in what I have stated, farther shows itself abundant in prosecuting comparison of the translation of the first chapter of St. John's gospel with the original. In the second and third verses, the translation says, 'All things were made BY HIM, and without HIM was not anything made that was made. In HIM was life, and the life was the light of men.' But the original (nor is the observation new) would equally bear the version, 'All things were made THROUGH IT; namely, the word; and without IT was not anything made that was made. In IT was life.' Leaving the question whether the English preposition 'by,' or the English preposition 'through,' considerably different themselves, best represents the Greek preposition on the particular occasion, I will observe that the familiar use of metaphor by oriental writers, may, I suppose, justify the use of the masculine pronoun HIM, to represent the substantive 'the word,' of which, unless metaphorically used, the neuter pronoun 'it' would be the proper representative.

"Another matter, then, in comparing the translation with the original, will appear striking. In the course of fourteen verses, in the same chapter, one word occurring six times, is represented in the translation by three different phrases. That word\*, twice used in the third verse, is, on both occasions, rendered by our two words, 'was made.' Recurring in the sixth, the translation gives for it the phrase 'there was.' In the tenth and the fourteenth is found again the former phrase, 'was made,' and in the seventeenth, to represent

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\* *Eyvero.*

it, is given the single word 'came;' of import widely different from both the former. Another word, then, of the original, used in the third verse, and again in the fifteenth\*, is, on the former occasion, made synonymous with the word just noticed, being rendered 'was made:' in the latter a very different interpretation is given of it in the phrase, 'is preferred.'

"I desire here not to be understood to object to the authorised version, as not giving, in all these instances, the meaning of the original as nearly as in our language may be, or even, so far as I may presume to judge, as nearly as for the occasion need be." Vol. II. p. 32—12.

Now we really should wish to be informed, what is the purport of these and similar passages, which Mr. Mitford has written for the edification of the middling classes; or what is the conclusion at which our author ever wishes us to arrive, or at which he himself has arrived? If it was his intention, or if it be in his power to shew, that the received translation might be improved; that it does not convey the sense of the original; that the doctrine which has been built upon this passage, in conjunction with numerous others of the same purport, is erroneous; we should be prepared to listen with respect to his arguments. Is Mr. Mitford a Socinian, or is he not? So far as the weight of his name is concerned, it cannot much matter whether such loose, unconnected, rash, and unlearned divinity, as is contained in the volume before us, be intended to support the cause of Orthodoxy or that of Unitarianism. We should have been sorry, before the publication of this work, had we been told that Mr. Mitford was a disciple of Priestley; because we could not, in such a case, have known that his proselytism had not been the result of reading, and learning, and study: now that he has stated his avowed ignorance of "ecclesiastical history, and of divinity as a science," and has, moreover, given the *reasons* upon which he has formed his opinions; of course the authority of those opinions depends no longer upon the degree of weight which might belong to his name, but upon the value of the reasons which he assigns. We could wish, however, that he had published his work as a professed Unitarian, if he really be so; and if he be not, we should be pleased to learn to what communion, in matters of belief, he in fact professes to belong. We should be truly sorry if any unwary member of the Church of England, belonging to the "middling classes," (whether this word be applied to rank or to learning) should take up the volume before us, and suppose that

opinions, such as are contained in it, and principles of reasoning, so loose and dangerous, have the sanction of authority. It is the production of a very old and very respectable man; of a good classical scholar; and of an excellent citizen; but of one whose course of studies, and the peculiar character of whose mind and talents, would not seem, by any means, to qualify him for theological speculations. We have noticed the work, from the respect which is due to the name of its venerable author, and in order to satisfy the curiosity of our readers as to its character and merits. Had it come recommended to us solely by the weight of its own pretensions to attention, we should probably have spared both the author and ourselves the pain which it has cost us in thus freely delivering our opinion.

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**ART. X.** *Ultra Crepidarius; a Satire on William Gifford.*  
By Leigh Hunt. 8vo. 40 pp. 2s. 6d. Hunt. 1823.

A SATIRE ON WILLIAM GIFFORD, by Leigh Hunt! What must be the sensations of the college fellow, whose eyes seldom crossed by any thing more alarming than a piece of inconstructible Greek, or an obstinate paradox in mathematics, first catches, in wandering carelessly from his coffee and roll to the newspaper, a sight of the advertisement which blazons the above portentous title! His mind instantly recurs to the dreaded prodigy of old,—

“A falcon, towering in her pride of place,  
Was by a mousing owl hawk’d at and kill’d.”

Happy to perceive his newspaper is not *black-edged*, he explores its columns with hurried impatience, and discovering no further intimation of any national calamity, coolly investigates again, till he rests quite certain, that at present, at least, nothing has occurred explanatory of so fearful a portent; not, however, without considerable apprehensions for the future.

Now in pity to all persons thus affected, but who, nevertheless, may not have the fortitude to undergo “a satire on William Gifford by Leigh Hunt,” we have perused this work; and we have the satisfaction to assure less venturesome readers, that it is no prodigy. The owl has indeed attempted a flight, which is nothing new in the daring of folly:—“*Celum ipsum petimus STULTITIA*,” but the lordly falcon still “towers” in all “her pride of place,” far beyond

the assaults of her blinking foe, and perhaps all unconscious that the sober bird of darkness has been dissipating in aspirations so utterly unbecoming the gravity of dullness.

A phenomenon, however, may be worth observation, though no prodigy; and on that account we notice this book. It is certainly an extraordinary work; and long may it continue to be so; for, with an extraordinary degree of dulness,—a blank, dark chaos of unmeaning jingle, an Avernus where the creative spirits of wit and imagination have never dared to wave their wings,—it combines an atrocity of malignity which we never believe to have been before publicly expressed without an application of the corrective influence of Newgate or Bedlam; and an ingenious variation of vulgar invective, which would render it an inestimable treasure to the compiler of a Billingsgate lexicon. It is true, that the author of *Ultra Crepidarius*, and the approver and editor of Mr. Hazlitt's epistle thereto appended, might plead mental imbecility: still, as there seems reason to believe that this cause did not operate to an extinction of all consciousness concerning his motives and conduct, we shall act by him on the principles of British jurisprudence, and expose his cowardice, dulness, and malignity.

It is not necessary that we should say much of Mr. Gifford; that gentleman's character has long been before the world, and long may he continue to receive the respect and esteem of that public which his writings have so long amused, instructed, and improved! His is one of the most gratifying triumphs of genius over destiny. His talents have raised him, as they failed to do Bloomfield and Burns, to competence and literary ease. His distinction in this respect from other men of genius, otherwise similarly circumstanced, is, perhaps, mainly attributable to the popularity of those branches of literature, to the cultivation of which his genius especially led him, satire and criticism. But his broad though honest expression of hostility to vice and folly; his keen and scrutinizing glance, which never failed to detect their darkest and best sheltered abodes; his Herculean grasp, which dragged them, like Cacus, from the hiding-places of their deformity, and compressed them in its merciless hold, have always drawn on him the malevolence of bad men and fools, who, like the predatory monster above-mentioned, have been always struggling to effect their deliverance by suffocating their mighty opponent with smoke and venom. This may be all considered perfectly fair: "*dente lupus, cornu taurus petit.*" They fight with their natural weapons. But now, when the arm of Hercules is raised no more; when the high

and commanding intellect, which, when youth and vigour lent it their aid, would have blazed into annihilation, such insects as Hunt and Hazlitt; no longer deigns to scatter its lightnings on existences so mean, but, led by years and sickness, has retired to a loftier sphere of contemplation, for the dastardly assassin to watch his opportunity and disgorge the venom he has been five years\* in secreting on the declining veteran, is a depth in cowardly meanness, of which we believe Mr. Hunt has the honour to be the first explorer. The most common cant of modern "Liberalism" is "*De mortuis nil nisi bonum*," a precept which it would be absurd and injurious to obey in a very great number of cases. The only right feeling about it is grounded on the inability of the dead to defend themselves; and certainly, where the exposure of a dead person's failings can in no degree benefit the living, they should be left in "their dread abode." But that good feeling, which would lead us to suppress the failings of the departed, where their exposure would be useless, operates much more powerfully in favour of the living, whose infirmities incapacitate them from retaliation; for here there are feelings to wound. Had Mr. Gifford's fault been something much worse than the exposure and castigation of rant, folly, and ignorance, we can hardly conceive a necessity so urgent, as to exculpate from the charge of unmanliness and malignity the assailer of an unresisting old man. But liberalism differs from liberality. Human annals at least present, we believe, nothing similar to the present attempt; but a case is recorded in the history of inferior animals, which indeed bears some resemblance to that before us. When the lion, the terror of every mean and vulgar beast, lay weakened by sickness and age, the ass, who had so often fled in consternation from his roar, approached, not, however, without considerable hesitation (we are not told whether he waited "five years"), and *kicked* him!! We do not believe that Mr. Gifford can feel any pain from the libel of Mr. Leigh Hunt; but if he does, it must be that which the noble animal in the story experienced; an indignant bitterness of heart, that circumstances had reduced him to be kicked by an ass, for the hoof is too blunt a weapon to wound very acutely.

Having premised thus much on the feelings which dictated Ultra-Crepidarius, (a feeling which the polished wit of Pope

\* "The following *jeu d'esprit* (d'esprit!!!) is the 'stick' which is mentioned in the third number of the Liberal, as having been cut for Mr. Gifford's special use.

Have I these five years spared the dog a stick,

Cut for his special use, and reasonably thick?" Pref. p. 1.

Reasonably thick, indeed!



himself could never have atoned for) we now come to consider the expression, which is perfectly in unison, and as "liberal" (in the new acceptation of the term) as could be expected from so zealous a devotee of "liberal ideas." Of this we will now convince our readers by a few extracts. The first of these is extremely curious, as it shews the first motives which excited the dastardly sentiment which dictated the present libel; and exhibits in its full deformity the character of the author.

"My first notice of him was in his praise: to which, if I mistake not, I owe the importunate requests which Mr. Murray made me to write in the Quarterly Review. I was then a youth, and knew his writings only piecemeal. I did not write in the Quarterly Review; and I soon acquired knowledge enough to sound the shallow depths of the Editor. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ.* Hence the 'misquoting' criticism on the 'Story of Rimini.' Hence, and for no other cause, his unfeeling attack on Mr. Keats; for extraordinary genius was calculated merely to perplex him. Hence, in some measure, his unchristian hatred and misrepresentation of the christian temper of Mr. Shelley: for if ever faith and charity were separate, it was in the persons of these two men. Mr. Gifford's faith delights in scorning charity and extinguishing hope." *Preface, p. iv.*

Thus stands the case, Mr. Hunt fawns on Mr. Gifford, in the hope of rising, by his mighty aid, into reputation and popularity, objects to which his insatiable vanity has all along been directed, and towards which he has been straining with all the ridiculous impotence of the frog in the fable, in hope to emulate the size of the bull. Mr. Gifford, not caring to swallow the bait honied by the awkward hands of the Cockney, dares to express or sanction other sentiments than those of prostrate adoration for "Rimini"! Mr. Gifford dares to think that Mr. Leigh Hunt's word is not so highly valued at Parnassus, that it must stamp young Keats an exalted genius!! Mr. Gifford does not stop here, but, encouraged, it seems, by the success of his former audacity, ventures to question "the Christian temper of Mr. Shelley" the atheist!!! Mr. Shelley's works are not on our shelves, and we therefore speak from memory; but though we are disposed to allow the real sublimity of his genius, we cannot forget that the terrible sentence "there is no God" occurs in the works of this "Christian" writer, beside a vast quantity of most appalling blasphemy, and depravity.

Mr. Leigh Hunt being thus wounded in the most sensitive part, his vanity, and fearful of indulging his vindictive spleen while he had any chance of another castigation, has kept its

venom close stopt down, to ferment well, and acquire continual acidity, until he thought he might discharge the foul drench on his unresisting victim. "Now the charm is firm and good"; and forth it comes.

The title of "*Ultra-Crepidarius*" is not exactly what might be expected from the indiscriminating professions of modern liberalists; but when an adversary is to be abused, these gentlemen are not very precise either in terms or principles. Mr. Leigh Hunt, however, feels it in some degree necessary to explain this away, and avows the liberal creed with great zeal and earnestness.

"What are called," says he, "low origins and high origins, are, to me, matters of equal indifference. I have literally (whatever I may have had once) no sort of feeling with regard to those 'above me, or 'below' me, but such as are [is] made by moral or intellectual qualities."

Indeed! this is somewhat at variance with the title of Mr. Hunt's book, and his sickening obtrusions of his familiarity with Lord Byron.

But to pass from the preface to "the great work"—the book on which the rest of the libellous matter hangs. This is so dull and so monotonous that it is quite indifferent what part we select as a specimen. We shall, however, not be more burdensome to our readers than is necessary to warrant our exhibition of the writer; although some, perhaps, will be content with the evidence furnished by his title-page. We must endeavour, as far as we understand it ourselves, to possess our readers of the "story", in explanation of what follows. Mercury has lost one of his shoes, which it seems, Venus had sent to Ashburton in Devonshire, as a pattern for a new pair: the deities journey together to Ashburton in quest of it, Mercury with "a fine overlooking of face", an expression which we leave to the interpretation of our readers, suggesting in the way of conjecture that it may mean that he neglected to wash it; where they are stopped by a shoe, which is "instinct with life", and is identified with Mr. Gifford; And this is called "Satire."

"O ye shades  
Of Pope and Dryden, are we come to this?  
That trash like this not only not evades  
Contempt, but from the bathos' vast abyss  
Floats, scumlike, uppermost, and these Jack Cades  
Of sense and song above your graves may hiss!"

Mercury, somewhat offended at the lax notions of respect for his godship entertained by the shoe,

"Denounced it in words that shall die on no shelf:"

most probably: it does not however follow that they will live there. We will give them the chance of our pages.

“ ‘ Vile Soul of a Shoe,—that with decent self-knowledge  
Had honoured the good man that made thee at college,  
And walked through the world, if with not many graces,  
At least in good steps and calm classical places,  
My very stray slipper that passed thee, and hit,  
Might have done thee some good, for it brushed thee with wit;  
But every thing, even Adversity fails,  
To refine the grain in thee: the calf-skin prevails.  
Attend then my curse, while thou shrinkest into thee,  
And let the ambition thou spoilest, undo thee.

“ ‘ As soon as I finish my words, thou shalt be,  
Not a man, for thou canst not, but human to see:  
Thy appearance at least shall be taken for human,  
However perplexing to painter or woman.  
In ev’ry thing else, thou shalt be as thou art;  
A thing made for dirty ways, hollow at heart.  
Serve an Earl, as thou say’st; and, in playing the shoe,  
Let the stories told of thee, malicious or true,  
Only lead thee hereafter to scandalize too.  
But let not an Earl stop thy progress; go higher,  
And at every new step show addition of mire,  
Like one, who, in climbing a loose moulded hill  
Finds his foot growing heavier and dirtier still,  
Strain after all those, who ascend to the crown;  
But all who are falling, assist to kick down:  
Then getting at top, gape with sycophant joy,  
And poking about for becoming employ,  
Make signs thou art ready, with pliable span,  
To clasp any foot, that would trample on man.  
But despair of those nobler ascents, which thou’lt see  
Stretching far overhead with the Delphian tree,  
Holy ground, to climb up to whose least laurel’d shelf  
Thou would’st have to change natures, and put off thyself.  
Stop, and strain at the base; yet, to ease thy despair,  
Do thy best to obstruct all the feet that come there,  
Especially younger ones, winged like mine,  
Till bright, up above thee, they soar and they shine;  
Should even the graves, such as lie near the spot,  
Of critics and note-makers, help thee a jot.  
Be sure to pretend that the heap’s of no use,  
And repay those who gave thee a lift with abuse,  
Dig into their errors, their merits conceal,  
And then shudder to think that the dead cannot feel.  
All things, in short, petty and fit, say and do,  
Becoming a man with the soul of a shoe.  
Boast thy origin once, because good common-place  
Has pronounc’d such behaviour a merit and grace;

But after that once, be consistent, and show  
 A great horror of lowness, because it is low:  
 Pick out for thy path, through the region of letters,  
 The very worst tracks that dishonour'd thy betters;  
 Like boys, who to get a sensation and splutter,  
 Prefer, to the pavement, a kick through the gutter;  
 Thus, edit no authors but such as unite  
 With their talents a good deal of dirt or of spite;  
 Ben Johnson, because he was beastly and bluff;  
 And Massinger,—mince through his loathsomer stuff;  
 And Persius,—‘let him be writ down’ Imitated,  
 And say to poor Juvenal, ‘Thou art translated.’  
 These Latins will help too thy fondest of *penchants*,  
 And swell thy large hate with the hates of the ancients.  
 But as for such writers as Shakespear and others,—  
 Low fellows, who treated all men as their brothers,  
 Base panders, whose heads ran on love and a wood,  
 Blasphemers, who thought the great Jupiter good,  
 Who had right to be naked, and yet not ashamed,—  
 Be sure to inform us, that they may be damn'd.  
 I hear some one say, ‘Murrain take him, the ape!’  
 And so Murrain shall, in a bookseller's shape;  
 An evil-eyed elf, in a down-looking flurry,  
 Who'd fain be a coxcomb and call himself Murray.  
 Adorn thou his door like the sign of the Shoe,  
 For court-understrappers to congregate to;  
 For Southey to come in his dearth of invention,  
 And eat his own words for mock-praise and a pension;  
 For Croker to lurk with his spider-like limb in,  
 And stock his lean bag with way-laying the women;  
 And Jove only knows for what creatures beside  
 To shelter their envy and dust-licking pride,  
 And feed on corruption, like bats, who at nights  
 In the dark take their shuffles, which they call their flights,  
 Be these the Court-critics, and vamp a Review;  
 And by a poor figure, and therefore a true,  
 For it suits with thy nature, both shoe-like and slaughtery,  
 Be its hae leathern, and title the *Quarterly*.  
 Much misconduct it; and see that the others  
 Misdeem, and misconstrue, like miscreant brothers,  
 Misquote, and misplace, and mislead, and misstate,  
 Misapply, misinterpret, misreckon, misdate,  
 Misinform, misconjecture, misargue; in short,  
 Miss all that is good, that ye miss not the Court.  
 Count the worth of a mind, not from what it produces,  
 But what it will take to fall in with abuses.  
 Is any one ardent, sincere, independent?  
 What distancing virtue! Pray try make an end on't.  
 Does any discover what you never could?  
 Pretend it's a trifle no gentleman would.

Does a true taste appear for the authors you exult?  
 Take pains, by your scorn, to shew you never had it.  
 In short, be the true Representative Tool  
 Of a whole 'Court of Cobblers' got up into rule.  
 Alas for the country of Harley and Prior!  
 But office shall then be a shop so entire  
 For any dull fellow to keep that can serve,  
 While Britons, turn'd beggars, are told to go starve,  
 That a whole set of dunces,—yes, Pope thine own hand,  
 Thy *Dunciad* itself, shall rule over the land!  
 As gutters dive down to re-issue in ditches,  
 Thy divers for pay shall emerge with new riches.  
 Then quality's fools, long be-libell'd in vain,  
 In the Stuarts, the Georges, and 'Jenkies' shall reign:  
 Then Cymons (not Greek, not yet mended by Cupid)  
 Shall lord it with faces triumphant as stupid:  
 Happy Page shall be Best, well aware of his fury,  
 Concanean be Croker, and Lintot be Murray:  
 In Southey poor Blackmore, beginning to doat,  
 Shall not only turn a new stove, but his coat:  
 The Wards and Welsted's shall pamper their spleens,  
 And club in Scotch papers and Scotch Magazines:  
 And finally, thou, my old soul of the critical,  
 Noting, translating, high slavish, hot critical,  
 Quarterly-scutcheon'd, great heir to each dunce,  
 Be Tibbald, Cook, Arnall, and Dennis at once.  
 In one thing alone display nothing in common  
 With dunce any more than with genius,—'hate woman.'  
 (Here Venus entreated, and fain would have gone,  
 But the God only clasp'd her the more, and went on:)  
 "Hate woman, thou block in the path of fair feet;  
 If Fate want a hand to distress them, thine be it;  
 When the Great, and their flourishing vices, are mention'd,  
 Say people 'impute' 'em, and show thou art pension'd;  
 But meet with a Prince's old mistress *discarded*,  
 And then let the world see how vice is rewarded."

"He said. The poor Shoe, turning restless and wan,  
 Gave a groan, and began struggling up into man.  
 First the straps, falling stiffly, and thrusting the ground,  
 Became arms, by whose help it arose, turning round;  
 Then the toe split in two, and increasing in size,  
 Undertook to support him as legs and as thighs;  
 And lastly from out of the quartering there look'd  
 A face at once lachrymose, rude, and rebuk'd.  
 Such a face! Such a spirit! For what is a face,  
 But what the soul makes it, for worth or disgrace?"

"Like a rogue from a regiment be-drumm'd and flog'd,  
 It slunk out of doors, and men call'd the thing *Cremorne*."

This, it might be fairly supposed, would have been a sufficient gratification of the most inveterate malignity. It is, not, however sufficient for Mr. Leigh Hunt. His expressions, it seems, are unequal to the task of conveying his feelings; his powers flag, but his will remains. Mr. Hazlitt, therefore, a gentleman less easily fatigued with the work of vituperation, is called in, lest Mr. Hunt should be compelled to fight single handed. Mr. Hunt has certainly shewn judgment in the selection of his champion; he is quite equal to the dirty work; he has a command of Billingsgate certainly surpassing that of any author whom we ever read; not excepting Mr. Leigh Hunt himself, whose excellencies in this respect are cast into deep shade by this matchless "Liberal." There are five and twenty pages entirely filled with the most rancorous libelling, without a sparkle of wit or a grain of argument. We have read them in our critical capacity, and nothing but the necessity of reading them in order to holding up their author and editor to detestation, could have prevailed with us to wade beyond the six first pages; nor do we believe that any of our readers, however desirous of judging for themselves, would incur for this privilege the penalty of a perusal. It is indifferent from what part of the letter we make our selections; but we shall give the matter of about two pages, as a fair specimen of the whole.

"There cannot be a greater nuisance than a dull, envious, pragmatical, low-bred man, who is placed, as you are, in the situation of the Editor of such a work as the Quarterly Review. Conscious that his reputation stands on very slender and narrow grounds, he is naturally jealous of that of others. He insults over unsuccessful authors; he hates successful ones. He is angry at the faults of a work; more angry at its excellencies. If an opinion is old, he treats it with supercilious indifference; if it is new, it provokes his rage. Every thing beyond his limited range of inquiry appears to him a paradox and an absurdity; and he resents every suggestion of the kind as an imposition on the public, and an imputation on his own sagacity. He cavils at what he does not comprehend, and misrepresents what he knows to be true. Bound to go through the nauseous task of abusing all those who are not, like himself, the abject tools of power, his irritation increases with the number of obstacles he encounters, and the number of sacrifices he is obliged to make of common sense and decency to his interest and self-conceit. Every instance of prevarication he wilfully commits makes him more in love with hypocrisy, and every indulgence of his hired malignity makes him more disposed to repeat the insult and the injury. His understanding becomes daily more distorted, and his feelings more and more callous. Grown old in the service of corruption, he drivels on to the last with prostituted impotence and shameless

effrontery ; saves a meagre reputation for wit, by venting the drib-  
 blets of his spleen and impertinence on others ; answers their argu-  
 ments by confuting himself ; mistakes habitual obtuseness of intel-  
 lect for a particular acuteness not to be imposed upon by shallow  
 appearances ; unprincipled rancour for zealous loyalty ; and the  
 irritable, discontented, vindictive, peevish effusions of bodily pain  
 and mental imbecility for proofs of refinement of taste, and  
 strength of understanding.

\* \* \* \* \*

“ Your employers, Mr. Gifford, do not pay their hirelings for  
 nothing—for condescending to notice weak and wicked sophistry ;  
 for pointing out to contempt what excites no admiration ; for cau-  
 tionally selecting a few specimens of bad taste and bad grammar,  
 where nothing else is to be found. They want your invincible pert-  
 ness, your mercenary malice, your impenetrable dullness, your bare-  
 faced impudence, your pragmatism self sufficiency, your hypocri-  
 tical zeal, your pious frauds, to stand in the gap of their prejudices  
 and pretensions, to fly-blow and taint public opinion, to defeat in-  
 dependent efforts, to apply not the sting of the scorpion but the  
 touch of the torpedo to youthful hopes, to crawl and leave the  
 slimy track of sophistry and lies over every work that does not  
 ‘ dedicate its sweet leaves’ to some luminary of the Treasury  
 Bench, or is not fostered in the hot-bed of corruption. This is  
 your office ; ‘ this is what is looked for at your hands, and this you  
 do not baulk’—to sacrifice what little honesty and prostitute what  
 little intellect you possess to any dirty job you are commissioned to  
 execute. ‘ They keep you as an ape does an apple, in the corner  
 of his jaw, first mouthed to be last swallowed.’ You are, by ap-  
 pointment, Literary Toad-eater to Greatness, and Taster to the  
 Court. You have a natural aversion to whatever differs from your  
 own pretensions, and an acquired one for what gives offence to  
 your superiors. Your vanity panders to your interest, and your  
 malice truckles only to your love of power. If your instinctive or  
 premeditated abuse of your enviable trust were found wanting in a  
 single instance ; if you were to make a single slip in getting up  
 your select Committee of Inquiry and Green Bag Report of the  
 State of Letters, your occupation would be gone. You would  
 never after obtain a squeeze of the hand from a great man, or a  
 smile from a punk of quality. The great and powerful (whom you  
 call the wise and good) do not like to have the privacy of their self-  
 love startled by the obtrusive and unmanageable claims of literature  
 and philosophy, except through the intervention of persons like  
 you, whom, if they have common penetration, they soon find out  
 to be without any superiority of intellect ; or, if they do not, whom  
 they can despise for their meanness of soul. You ‘ have the office  
 opposite to St. Peter.’ You ‘ keep a corner in the public mind,  
 for foul prejudice and corrupt power to knot and gender in ;’ you  
 volunteer your services to people of quality, to ease scruples of

mind and qualms of conscience; you 'lay the flattering unction, of venal prose and laurelled verse to their souls. You persuade them that there is neither purity of morals, nor depth of understanding except in themselves and their hangers-on; and would prevent the unhallowed names of Liberty and Humanity from being ever whispered in ears polite! You, Sir, do you not do all this? I cry you mercy then: I took you for the Editor of the Quarterly Review!" P. 30.

It is satisfactory to see a bad cause thus defended. The only proper way to treat such attacks, is to employ the strong arm of the law. It is not that Mr. Gifford's character requires this or any other justification; but it is right that attempts at assassination, however unsuccessful or desperate, should be punished for the sake of example. It is not to be expected, that the author of "Ultra-Crepidarius" can be made to feel shame. That passion must long have been extinguished in his breast; but he knows what fine and imprisonment mean, and these are appeals which his feelings will not withstand.

ART. XI. *An Outline of the System of Education, at New Lanark.* By Robert Dale Owen. 8vo. pp. 104. Longman & Co. 1824.

MR. Owen of Lanark is an indefatigable man; and continues to correspond with the Old and New Times in the hope of reforming the world. Mr. Robert Dale Owen undertakes to assist him in the task, and the *Outline* informs us of the manner in which they intend to proceed.

As the *Infant-Schoolmen* are again at work endeavouring to counteract the National system of education, our readers may perhaps be disposed to refresh their memories by a glance at New Lanark. There it was that Infant Wisdom had its birth, and the cradle of a system which from such humble beginnings has now reached the Freemasons' Tavern, united Mr. Wilberforce and Mr. Brougham, charmed Lord Cathorpe and Mr. William Smith, and extorted the praises of Friend Allen himself, is an object which the curious will not disdain to inspect. We propose therefore to let Mr. Robert Dale tell his own tale.

Having denounced rewards and punishments as unjust and prejudicial the following system is substituted in its stead.

U u



" If happiness be ' our being's end and aim,' and if that which promotes the great end of our being be right, and that which has a contrary tendency be wrong,—then have we obtained a simple and intelligible definition of right and wrong. It is this: '*Whatever, in its ultimate consequences, increases the happiness of the community, is right; and whatever, on the other hand, tends to diminish that happiness, is wrong.*' A proposition, as once clear in itself, and encouraging in its application; and one which will scarcely be rejected but by those who are unaccustomed to take a comprehensive view of any subject, or whose minds, misled and confused, perhaps, by words without meaning, mistake the *means* for the *end*, and give to those means an importance, which is due to them only in as far as they conduce to the end itself, the great object of all our pursuits, and the secret mainspring of all our actions.

" Every action whatever must, on this principle, be followed by its natural reward and punishment; and a clear knowledge and *distinct conviction* of the necessary consequences of any particular line of conduct, is all that is necessary, however sceptical some may be on this point, to direct the child in the way he should go; provided common justice be done to him in regard to the other circumstances, which surround him in infancy and childhood. We must carefully impress on his mind, how intimately connected his *own* happiness is, with that of *the community*. And the task is by no means difficult. Nature, after the first impression, has almost rendered it a sinecure. She will herself confirm the impression, and fix it indelibly on the youthful mind. Her rewards will confer increasing pleasure, and yet create neither pride nor envy. Her punishments will prove ever watchful monitors; but they will neither dispirit nor discourage." P. 12.

Mr. Owen does not inform us at what age his young people begin "to connect their own happiness with that of the community;" but we infer from what follows that it is in the second or third year of their age.

" A child who acts improperly, is not considered an object of *blame*, but of *pity*. His instructors are aware, that a practical knowledge of the effects of his conduct is all that is required, in order to induce him to change it, And this knowledge they endeavour to give him. They show him the intimate, inseparable, and immediate connection of his own happiness, with that of those around him; a principle which, to an unbiassed mind, requires only a fair statement to make it evident; and the practical observance of which, confers too much pleasure to be abandoned for a less generous or more selfish course." P. 15.

In ancient days a journey to Lanark was a formidable undertaking. Thanks to the *Soho* and other vehicles of that description, we may travel thither now with very little inconvenience. And we cannot help flattering ourselves that the day

will come when we shall hear and see the wonders that are wrought therein. "The garb of old Gael" must yield to the habiliments adopted at Lanark.

"The dress worn by the children in the day school, both boys and girls, is composed of strong white cotton cloth, of the best quality that can be procured. It is formed in the shape of the Roman tunic, and reaches, in the boys dresses, to the knee, and in those of the girls, to the ankle. These dresses are changed three times a week, that they may be kept perfectly clean and neat." P. 33.

These infant Catos are imbued at an early age with more than Roman learning.

It has been deemed necessary, in order to meet the wishes of the parents, to commence teaching the children the elements of reading, at a very early age; but it is intended that this mode should, ultimately, be superseded, at least until the age of seven or eight, by a regular course of natural history, geography, ancient, and modern history, chemistry, astronomy, &c. on the principle, that it is following the plan prescribed by nature, to give a child such particulars as he can easily be made to understand, concerning the *nature and properties* of the different objects around him; before we proceed to teach him the *artificial signs* which have been adopted to represent these objects. It is equally impolitic and irrational, at once to disgust him by a method to him obscure or unintelligible, and consequently tedious and uninteresting, of obtaining that knowledge, which may, in the meantime, be agreeably communicated by conversation, and illustrated by sensible signs; and which may thus, by giving the child a taste for learning, render the attainments of reading and writing really interesting to him, as the means of conferring increased facilities, in acquiring further information." P. 34.

In addition to natural history, geography, chemistry, and astronomy, which are to supersede the alphabet until the children are seven years old, they are also to learn toleration, liberality, and other branches of modern learning, at the same tender age.

"To the latter will belong such simple and distinct details, as may explain the phenomena of nature, of science, or of civilization, together with such as tend to create enlarged ideas, to repress illiberal or uncharitable sentiments on any subject, or to teach children to value every thing for its real worth, and prevent their being misled by the relation of events, which are too often held up as glorious and praiseworthy, but which, reason teaches us, are equally irrational and injurious to the happiness of the community." P. 34.

"The minds of the children are thus opened and they are pre-

vented from contracting narrow, exclusive notions, which might lead them to regard those only as proper objects of sympathy and interest, who may live in the same country with themselves—or to consider that alone is right, which they have been accustomed to see—or to suppose those habits and those opinions to be the standard of truth and of perfection, which the circumstances of their birth and education have rendered their own." P. 47.

This is the *ne plus ultra* of modern philosophy. Upon the subject of religion Mr. Dale is not as candid as his father, the latter having publicly rejected Christianity, while the former affects to acknowledge it. Was this worldly wisdom acquired under his parents instruction?

"RELIGION.—The founder of the schools of New Lanark has been accused of bringing up the children without religion.

"The direct and obvious tendency of the whole system of education there, most fully warrants, as it appears to us, a representation the very reverse of this; and as much has been asserted, and still more insinuated on the subject, we may be allowed to state our reasons for this opinion.

"An acquaintance with the works of the Deity, such as these children acquire, must lay the basis of true religion. The uniform consistency of such evidence, all nations, and all sects, at once acknowledge. No diversity of opinion can exist with regard to it. It is an evidence with which every one is really anxious that his children should adopt a true religion, must wish them to become acquainted; whether he may have been born in a Christian country, or be a disciple of Mahomet, or a follower of Bramah. Because simple facts can never mislead, or prejudice the mind. They can never support a religion which is false; they must always support one which is true. He who hesitates to receive them as the basis of his religion, tacitly acknowledges its inconsistency. 'And where there is inconsistency there is error.' If the subsequent religious instruction, which a child is to receive, be true, then will the instructor derive, in teaching it, the greatest assistance from the store of natural facts, which the child has previously acquired; because true religion must be completely in unison with all facts. If such subsequent instruction be false, then will it certainly become a difficult task to induce a belief in its truth, because a child, whose mind has been thus prepared, will probably soon discover, that it is not in accordance with what he knows to be true; but every one must admit the advantage of such a difficulty. Even supposing a child instructed in true religion, and believing it implicitly, without however, having acquired that belief by deducing its truth from known or well accredited facts,—upon what foundation can such a belief be said to rest? The first sceptic he may converse with, will probably excite a doubt of its truth in his mind; and he himself, being unable to defend his opinions, and having no means of reasoning on the subject, may soon become a violent opposer of that religion, which, though true, had yet been taught to

him before he had acquired sufficient knowledge to understand its evidence, or was capable of judging of its truth or falsehood." P.52.

"At New Lanark, every opportunity is embraced of inculcating those practical moral principles which religion enjoins; and of storing the minds of the children with the most important and striking natural facts; but the consideration of any abstruse doctrines is, as far as the religious views of the parents will admit, reserved for an age, when the pupils shall be better fitted to judge for themselves, and to weigh, with an accuracy, which it would be folly to expect from a child, the opposing arguments that are employed to support or to attack disputed points. By this means, the real interests of truth *must necessarily be promoted*; for it is evident that an individual, whose judgment has been thus informed, must be much less likely to reject truth, or to receive error, than it is possible for the unprepared mind of an infant to be.

"It appears to us, that if an individual be sincere in his religious profession, whatever peculiar tenets he may hold, he must, on mature consideration, approve of the plan, which is now suggested as the most certain method of *disseminating his particular opinions* over the world. And simply because each individual believes his own opinions to be true, or he would not entertain them.

"If it be admitted that a very large majority of the religions of the world are false—and it is certain, that only one *can* be true—then does the admission furnish an additional argument in favour of this mode of instruction. For it is very unlikely that any false religion would endure such a test: and it is certain, that a religion founded on reason and on truth, must be essentially promoted by it to the exclusion of all others.

"We shall not enter into any arguments in support of the doctrines propounded by Calvin; nor shall we question their truth or accuracy: the discussion is irrelevant to our present purpose; but it appears to us evident to a demonstration, that if these doctrines are true, we cannot adopt a more effectual method of inducing the whole world to become Calvinists, than that now recommended. If false, the sooner they are exploded the better.

"It is a fair question, whether too little interference in so delicate a subject as that of religion, or too great latitude in religious toleration, can ever exist? That an opposite system has excited the most bitter and violent of animosities, that it has armed the neighbour against his neighbour, the father against his children, has destroyed the peace and harmony of families and of nations, has deluged the world with blood, and under the sanction of the most sacred name, countenanced atrocities, during the relation of which we seem to listen to the history, not of men, endowed with reason, but of demons, possessed with an infernal spirit of savage madness—these are facts, which every page of our history must establish. Can we be too tenacious in maintaining a principle, the practical influence of which, is to prevent *the possibility* of their recurrence?

"This is the principle that has always regulated the religious in-

struction, in the New Lanark Schools. An endeavour has been made to rescue human nature from the imputations thrown upon it by the conduct of individuals, actuated by intemperate religious zeal—a conduct, which has often seemed to justify the strongest expressions regarding human deceit and human depravity. At New Lanark these imputations find no support: in supporting the system adopted there, no cause of complaint has arisen against the natural depravity of our nature. On the contrary, experience seems completely to warrant the opinion, that our nature is a delightful compound, capable, no doubt, of being formed to deceit and to wickedness, but *inherently* imbued neither with the one nor the other—that if fear be excluded as a motive to action, a child will never become deceitful, for it will scarcely have a motive to deceive.—That if a child be taught in a rational manner, it will itself become rational, and thus, even on the most selfish principle avoid wickedness—and that our only legitimate cause for surprise is the consideration, that human nature, as it now exists, is neither so deceitful nor so wicked as the present arrangements of society would seem calculated to make it.

“ We should apologise for this digression, but that we feel the importance of the subject, and the necessity that those who would improve and re-form the rising generation, should not create to themselves imaginary difficulties, where no real difficulties exist; and that we have seen how much evil may be done, when a teacher first takes it for granted, that all his pupils are all depraved and irrational beings, and then treats them as such. The very tone and manner, which such an idea produces, destroys confidence and creates distrust and dislike. When confidence is lost and dislike excited, the case becomes indeed hopeless; and the teacher, whatever be his talents, will meet with real and increasing difficulties, and daily discover fresh cause for distrust and vexation. Unjust suspicion first *creates* its object, and then glories in the penetration which *discovered* it. His pupils must consider that they have no character to lose, and are thus deprived of a great inducement to virtue. They will thwart him in all his measures, and deceive and oppose him on every occasion; because children will not act generously, unless they be treated with generosity.

“ Before concluding this important subject, it may be necessary to say, that no allusion has been made in this place to a fact which has already been stated; viz. that the scriptures are and have always been steadily read, and the catechism regularly taught there—because this has been done, not as being considered the proper method of conveying religious instruction to the minds of young children, but because the parents were believed to wish it; and any encroachment on perfect liberty of conscience, was regarded as the worst species of tyrannical assumption.” P. 63.

We shall here conclude our extracts, passing over the remarks upon singing and dancing, which are subjoined to the chapter on religion. To such a religion as Mr. Owen's

they form an appropriate appendix. He is surprised that his father should have been accused of infidelity. And he writes a treatise upon the religious instruction of the young, scrupulously avoiding to mention Christianity or the Bible, but arguing against them, and rejecting them under the pretence that he is contending with Calvin. A child of seven years old, who has learned philosophy at Lanark, may not possess sufficient common sense to perceive the drift of his instructor's observations. But an unsophisticated English lad would see through the whole scheme in an instant.

The fact is, that Mr. Owen, the father, was blamed by some of our crafty infidels for avowing his disbelief of Christianity; Mr. Owen, the son, has taken the hint; and withholding an admission which did credit to the family honesty, perseveres in the nonsensical scepticism which renders it impossible to denominate them Christians. If things proceed in the same train for another generation, we shall have the grandson of the great philanthropist retaining the *no religion* he has inherited, and covering it with a Jesuit's or a fanatic's cloak.

In the mean time the book before us will do good. The nation is once more to be pestered with the speeches, solicitations, and subscriptions of those who desire to educate the poor without the assistance of the clergy. The pretence is the instruction of children between two and seven years of age. The object is to prop up the sinking cause of Joseph Lancaster; to get rid of the Prayer-book, the Creed, and the Catechism, and to make the mass of the population dissenters in their infancy.

Nobody can read the speeches and pamphlets produced upon the occasion without perceiving that this is their drift. But those who wish to see the system in its brightest colours, should consult the "Outline" of Mr. R. D. Owen. How such a man and such a scheme can be encouraged by our pious sectaries, we shall not undertake to explain. We may venture, however, to declare, that his task is not more ridiculous or more mischievous than that which is talked by greater men, and greedily swallowed by their admirers. If they have talked too loud, or swallowed too eagerly, and thereby defeated a long meditated attempt, we have to thank them for saving us the trouble of exposing their conduct, by doing it so effectually themselves.

**ART. XII.** *An Introductory Lecture to a Course in Comparative Anatomy, illustrative of Paley's Natural Theology.* By John Kidd, M. D. Regius Professor of Medicine in the University of Oxford. 8vo. 72 pp. 2s. 6d. Rivingtons. 1824.

OUR philosophical infidels are become more cautious and circumspect than they were a few years ago. They have learned that Christianity is not to be rejected in a moment, even at the bidding of a physiologist or a chemist. They have received an intelligible hint, that they must confine themselves to their own business. The geologist who furnishes his receipts for the formation of her worlds, the phrenologists who babble about the development of our organs, and the anatomist who demonstrates the non existence of spirit, have consented, for obvious reasons, to keep their opinions to themselves; and Professor Kidd judiciously avails himself of this time of peace, to promulgate and strengthen very different notions. At the recommendation of several distinguished members of his University, he professes to illustrate Paley's Natural Theology by "a Course of Comparative Anatomy," and determines to publish the excellent Lecture by which that Course was introduced to his pupils. We sincerely rejoice at his conduct; and with the hope of making his observations more extensively known, we extract, without much selection, from his pamphlet.

"As every subject is probably viewed by each individual in some peculiar light, in a light, that is, modified by his habitual train of reflection, I would beg permission, in the commencement of these Lectures, to make a few observations on the application and value of the argument employed by Paley in the work above mentioned.

"Being fully persuaded then that the supposition of pure intellectual atheism involves an intellectual absurdity; in other words, that the pure or unmixed application of the intellectual powers, supposing them to be in any degree sufficient for the process of reasoning, can never lead to a conclusion involving the disbelief of a Creator; being fully persuaded of this point, I feel that so far it is unnecessary to hold any argument on the subject; and that Paley, without making any appeal to the understanding of a supposed atheist, might have simply held up to view the manifestation of the power and wisdom of God, evidenced in the works of creation, as a subject worthy both of philosophical and religious contemplation. But atheism apparently exists and has existed in all ages of the world; and is from time to time either openly professed or insidiously recommended by those, whose intellectual powers, however distorted or diseased, give general proof of original strength and soundness. Nor is it difficult, whether to those who admit the

original depravity of our nature, or to those who have simply by observation penetrated the recesses of the human heart, to discover the existence of motives that would lead either to the profession of atheism, or to a wish that the doctrine were true. For, without entering more minutely into a question, the discussion of which belongs rather to others, it is evident from antecedent reasoning, that a profligate man, whose life is systematically at variance with what are generally acknowledged as the moral laws of God, would first wish to escape the punishment consequent on the infringement of those laws; and would thus be led to hope, that the author of those laws had no existence but in the opinion of mankind. And such a wish is probably implied in that passage of the Bible; 'The fool hath said in his heart, There is no God:' for since in the language habitual to Scripture wickedness and folly are convertible terms, and as what we are affirmed to say in our heart may naturally be understood as expressing the object of our affections, rather than the conviction of our understandings; hence those words may be interpreted as implying the hope, rather than the belief of the fool, or wicked man. On the other hand, the outward profession of atheism may be traced to many sources. Those men, for instance, who live a depraved life may choose to profess a disbelief in God, in order to obviate the accusation of inconsistency in living directly in opposition to his laws: or intellectual pride, that absurd yet baneful error of our nature, may lead some to the profession of a doctrine, on the discussion of which more humble, and therefore to them more contemptible minds may fear to enter. Some, again, may gratify their vanity by the invention or application of specious arguments, for the purpose of influencing others, less wicked perhaps, but still weaker than themselves; while these their disciples may on their part be gratified by supposing, that they see the solidity of the arguments of a favourite leader: for that such reciprocal feeling may take place between opposite characters is manifested on various occasions.

'Doubtless the pleasure is as great

'Of being cheated, as to cheat.'

"To us perhaps the evil of atheistical doctrines is rather an object of wonder than of fear: for during a long period in which the cause of irreligion has been both openly and insidiously advocated, by writers neither unlearned nor unpopular, the infection happily has reached a very few of the thousands who have been educated in this University.

"Of any fear to be entertained from the writings of Lucretius, I could never myself see any rational ground. But as I have known that fear expressed by one whose opinion ought not to be treated with indifference on any subject connected with intellectual education, I will take this opportunity of shewing (in one instance for the present) how easily the reasonings of the Epicurean philosophy, if they deserve the name of reasoning, may be combated on this point.



" There is not perhaps in the whole poem of Lucretius a more beautifully poetical passage than that, in which the helplessness of human infancy is contrasted with the early development of the powers of brutes : and certainly I could not select one more fitted for the present occasion, because it will give me an opportunity of introducing, and also of amplifying, one of Paley's most favourite instances of contrivance in the structure of the human body.

" The passage to which I allude is in the 5th book, line 223.

" Tum porro Puer, ut sævis projectus ab undis  
 Navita, nudus humi jacet, infans, indigus omni  
 Vitali auxilio, cum primum in luminis oras  
 Nixibus ex alvo matris natura profudit :  
 Vagituque locum lugubri complet, ut æquum est,  
 Cui tantum in vita restet transire malorum.  
 At variæ crescunt pecudes, armenta, feræque,  
 Nec crepitacula eis opus sunt, nec cuiquam adhibenda est  
 Almæ nutricis blanda atque infracta loquela ;  
 Nec varias quærunt vesteis pro tempore cœli.  
 Denique non armis opus est, non mœnibus altis,  
 Quæis sua tutentur, quando omnibus omnia large  
 Tellus ipsa parit, naturaque dædala rerum.

" The helplessness above described arises in a great measure from the imperfect state of that bony column called the spine, on which the body principally depends for the due exercise of its powers.

" I will first therefore shew, how admirably this column is calculated for the intended purpose in the adult state ; and, in afterwards examining the state of the same column in the infant, we shall observe, that in the midst of the most decided marks of weakness and imperfection, there is an extraordinary instance of strength and perfect growth in precisely that part of the column, which could not have been left in an incomplete state without manifest, immediate, and constant danger to the individual. And in reasoning on the subject, we soon perceive how that very helplessness and imperfect state of the physical powers in infancy, so ill understood and appreciated by the Epicurean, contribute to the fuller developement of the moral character, not only of the individual, but of his parents also, and of all his immediate connections. The mutual affection, for instance, that takes place and is cemented between the infant and its mother during the lengthened period in which the latter nurses her offspring—the stimulus which is given to the exertions of the other parent in supplying the increasing wants of those who depend on him for support—and the general feeling and expression of good-will and attachment which binds together the numerous individuals of the same family—all coincide to increase the sum of human happiness and virtue. Whereas, let the Epicurean infant be born with all his powers complete, and let him exert those powers as soon as born, independently of the assistance of parent, or sister, or brother ; and

what would then remain of those endearing relations but the empty name?

"In considering the office of the adult spine, we find the following qualities requisite:—great strength combined with great flexibility, together with a general convenience of form for the attachment and secure lodgment of many important organs. Let us then examine how these qualities are attained; and first with respect to strength.

"To this end its pyramidal form is obviously conducive, and the arrangement of the solid matter of which it is composed is such as to contribute to the same effect: for that solid matter, instead of being collected into one compact mass, is diffused in such a manner as to resemble the structure of sponge; and it is well known with reference to the strength of artificial columns, that the same quantity of matter being given for each, those columns which are hollow are stronger than those which are solid.

"Again, the whole column is made up of numerous parts, called *vertebræ*, which are so bound together by strong and elastic bands or ligaments, as to lessen the chance of its being broken in the act of bending; and these *vertebræ* being applied to each other throughout by broad horizontal surfaces, are thus best calculated to support the perpendicular pressure of the superincumbent parts.

"The effect of general strength is further accomplished by the mutual locking in of the projecting portions or *processes* of the several *vertebræ*; and the same effect is accomplished to an additional extent among those *vertebræ* which belong to the thorax or chest, by the mode of articulation between the *vertebræ* and the ribs; each rib being united, not entirely to the side of its corresponding *vertebra*, but partially to the upper and lower side of two contiguous *vertebræ*.

"The flexibility of the spine is secured to the utmost requisite extent by the number of articulations or joints which it possesses, and which amount to more than twenty, as well as by the elasticity of the substance constituting those joints: and the projecting parts or processes of the several *vertebræ* which serve for the insertion of the muscles and tendons which are to move the whole, are differently disposed in the neck, the back, and the loins, so as to be accommodated to the degree and kind of motion in each: thus the *vertebræ* of the neck admit of a lateral motion to a greater extent than those of the back; and the *vertebræ* of the back admit of flexion and extension to a greater degree than those of the neck; while the *vertebræ* of the loins, being intended for support rather than flexibility, have their processes so distributed, as to contribute principally to the former of those effects." P. 3.

"Thus far we have seen the conditions of the adult spine, calculated as they are most admirably for flexibility, strength, and security: let us now examine it in the age of early infancy, and we shall see, that at that period, when the conditions of strength and flexibility are not required, inasmuch as the individual is con-

stantly supported in the nurse's arm, the parts in which these conditions are observable are not yet formed, or not completed; while those parts which are essential to the security of the life of the individual are as in as perfect a state as at the age of manhood. In other words, the bodies and processes of the several vertebræ in which the strength and flexibility of the spine depend, are in early infancy still in a soft or cartilaginous state; while the annular portions which constitute the spinal canal are completely ossified, so as to give as great a degree of security to the spinal marrow as at the age of manhood.

"The value then of Paley's argument is important, both as tending to counteract the influence of those who would inculcate atheistical opinions, and in assisting those whose reasoning powers may be insufficient to detect the fallacies by which such opinions are supported; or whose information may be too limited to enable them fairly to appreciate either the real character or the true bearings of the facts on which such opinions are grounded." P. 12.

The remarks upon the brain, a part of the animal structure which is treated with more attention now than it ever was before, are not only interesting at the present moment, but highly important and curious in themselves.

"It is of importance to observe, with reference to those physiologists who maintain, that the material condition of the brain is necessary to or actually confers the power of thinking, that the evidence of the exertion of that power is as strong, nay even stronger, in some animals that have no brain, as in those whose brains are developed in a very high degree; I had almost said, as strong as in ourselves: and, if we look to the habits of many of the insect tribe, (the bee may be taken as *instar omnium*,) I should probably be justified in the assertion." P. 42.

"On the supposition that the brain is the organ of the intellectual powers, physiologists have been led to compare the proportions of the whole and of various parts of this organ in man and brutes. It has been supposed by some, that the intellectual faculties may be in proportion to the absolute size of the brain; such an opinion being grounded on the fact, that the human brain is larger than that of the horse or ox. But, on the other hand, the brain of the whale and of the elephant is larger than that of man; though the intelligence even of the elephant bears no proportion to that of the human mind. Again, the brain of the monkey and of the dog is smaller than that of the ox or the ass; yet the former come much nearer to man with respect to their intellectual faculties. Neither do the dispositions or qualities of animals appear to be connected with the absolute size or their brain; for animals most different and even opposite in disposition may be ranged in the same class in respect to the size of their brain. For instance, the tiger and the deer; and, among birds, the hawk and the pigeon.

It would appear at first sight, that the comparison of the size of

the brain with the size of the body would give a more uniform result. Thus, a crocodile 12 feet in length, a serpent 18 feet in length, and a turtle that weighs from 300 to 500lbs. have each of them scarcely a sufficient quantity of substance in their brain to weigh one drachm; and the slight degree of intellectual power manifested by these animals corresponds with these proportions. But it will presently be shewn, that the proportional size of the brain is not a more certain criterion than the absolute size.

Cuvier considers the brain in the human subject as equalling from about  $\frac{1}{33}$  to  $\frac{1}{37}$  of the bulk of the whole body. Dr. Gall, thinks it equal from  $\frac{1}{40}$  to  $\frac{1}{60}$  of the bulk of the whole body. If we take the mean of those numbers, it will be about  $\frac{1}{48}$ .

It is unnecessary to point out the value of these observations. They are worthy of the Chair from which they were delivered; and cannot fail to promote the good intentions of their author.

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OUR attention has been directed to a letter addressed to Lord Kenyon in answer to our review of Bishop Chase's Appeal. We regret that the writer has put himself into such a furious passion. As soon as he recovers his temper we shall be ready to consider what he has to say. As long as he prefers railing to reason, he may rail on.

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